

ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY



17

THE GREAT CRONIN MYSTERY

Or the Irish Patriot's Fate



Frontispiece.

THE GREAT CRONIN MYSTERY

OR

THE IRISH PATRIOT'S FATE

A Complete and Accurate History of the Assassination of
Dr. Patrick Henry Cronin, the Search for the Murder-
ers, the Inquest, the Trial, and the Verdict.

BY ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS DETECTIVES.

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Illustrated with nearly one hundred original engravings of scenes and
incidents in the case.



P. H. Brown U.S.

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PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

In placing this volume before the public the publishers feel it their duty to announce that it is not a work of fiction. It is rather a book of reference, issued for the purpose of giving a truthful account of the greatest crime of the age. While the newspapers of the country have been publishing reports of the case from day to day, these reports are confusing, and in many cases totally inaccurate. There is an unmistakable demand, in every part of the English-speaking world, for a reliable and fair record of the solid facts of the case, and, while the consecutive arrangement of these facts in book form will present a history of one of the most remarkable cases on record, at the same time the recital will be found of thrilling interest to old and young. The startling account of this terrible crime will be found stranger than any fiction.

THE CRONIN MYSTERY

CHAPTER I.

A CIRCUMSTANCE UNPUBLISHED.

I AM a detective!

Not one of those fellows written about in the thousand and one exciting and highly improbable so-called "detective stories." I do not carry twenty or thirty complete changes of costume around me continually, neither have I my pockets filled with wigs and whiskers, mustaches and false eyebrows, etc., etc. I cannot outrun a horse, or excel a fish in his natural element. I am a fair runner, a pretty well trained athlete, a good judge of character, and can form a pretty good theory as to the whys and wherefores of my profession. I am simply an ordinary matter-of-fact, commonplace, every-day sort of man, well up in my business, and manage to live by my labors.

The ideas of the majority of people regarding detectives are very peculiar, I may say, radically and entirely wrong. The work is not easy by any manner of means, and not always well paid. Of course, like any other business, the most skillful operatives receive the best wages, and I *will* say, modestly, that I have been rather more successful

than many of my fellows, and so cannot complain. I have devoted myself of late to that branch of my profession known as "shadowing," which consists principally in keeping some particular individual continually in sight — keeping so close to the party in question as to form a part and parcel of his very shadow — providing he casts one — and so comes the title.



Some Amateur Lake View Detectives.

"Shadowing," although monotonous, tiresome work, is well paid for, that is, if you are employed by a jealous wife or husband to keep track of the other (not always the *better*) half; for wives and husbands are not always faithful, and many of them need watching, and jealousy furnishes considerable work for the "shadower." My name, it is not necessary to state. I am well known in the city of Chicago, and I do not think it necessary to inform the public of that which would not enlighten or

benefit them any as to the subject upon which I am about to write, and so I withhold my cognomen, not because I am ashamed of it, but for the reason I have stated above.

My office is situated in a prominent part of the city. From my front window I can look out on the scene of life and bustle which passes along before my eyes from early morning until late at night. A business man must needs be located where the exigencies of his business call for his presence, and also where he can be found when needed. It costs me quite a sum for rent, but I can afford it. I like to have things of the very best, no matter what they cost. Money is provided for the purpose of bringing contentment and pleasure, and, although it does not always do so in my case, I must say that it fulfills its proper mission in the world.

I am married, and am the happy, proud father of two fine children. A business man should have a wife. A woman's advice is worth a great deal to a man sometimes. Most women have pretty clear ideas, and shrewd heads upon their shoulders.

The little clock upon my office desk had just chimed the hour of 4 p. m. on the 4th day of May, 1889.

I had been out during the forenoon attending to a case which required but little skill. A boy had robbed his father, abstracted a small amount of money from the till, while the parent's back was turned, and had run away from home with his spoils.

The father—an honest German—had put the case into my hands the day before.

“Pring de poy pack to his home,” he had said, with tears in his eyes. “I vont sent him to chail. He vas a goot poy, but he goes mit a pad gang. If he gomes pack, I’ll forgif him eferyting.”

I found the boy, took him home, received a twenty-dollar goldpiece for my trouble, and was satisfied with myself and the world at large, as I lay back upon the lounge in my office and heard the clock strike four.

The silvery echo had scarcely died away before I heard the sound of a heavy tread in the hall outside my door.

A man, beyond the possibility of doubt, and a man to see me; for, the next moment, my door opened, and a genuine specimen of the *genus homo* entered.

I have always made it a rule to take in the peculiarities of new acquaintances the moment I see them first. I study the eyes, mouth, nose and general make-up. I said before that I was a pretty good judge of character, and I have perfected myself simply by using my eyes in the manner described.

I knew my caller before he had advanced two steps into the room. He carried his character upon his face. Not a good character, either—one that I would not have felt proud of if I had been the possessor of it. Treacherous, deceitful, mercenary—that was what the shifting eyes and thin, peaked nose told me.

"This is the —— detective agency?" he said, in a squeaky voice.

I replied in the affirmative.

"I would like to see Mr. ——," he continued.

I rose, bowed respectfully, not cringingly, and informed the fellow that I was that individual.

He breathed a sigh of apparent satisfaction.

"I want to see you upon an important affair," he said, sitting down and dropping his hat upon the floor. "That is, it's important to me."

"Go ahead," I replied.

He looked cautiously around the room.

"There is no one present, nor in hiding," I said, to reassure him.

"I wouldn't want any one but you to hear what I have to say," he said, in a confidential tone; "you see, it's about my wife."

I understood the case at once, but allowed him to proceed.

He did so.

"You see, we have been married for four years. I am pretty well fixed, and I think my money won her. I have found out that she had a fellow running after her before I married her, and I have pretty good reason to think that he runs after her some now. She goes out at night, and sometimes don't get back until past midnight. When I ask her where she has been, she says she has been visiting some friends. Now, I'd like to know where these friends are."

"Why don't you follow her and find out," I cut in, shortly.

His face fell.

"I've tried to several times, but she always manages to give me the slip; I heard about you, and so I came to see if you wouldn't take hold of this job."

A fool as well as a scoundrel, I put the fellow down to be.

I hesitated about taking hold of the case. In my heart I did not blame the woman for seeking a more agreeable companion than the fellow, but detectives must not have hearts, and men of business must not throw any of it away from them. I was working for money. This man's money was just as good as that of any one else, so I said, in a tone far from being pleasant or even courteous: "How much is there in it?"

"How much am I willing to pay?" he asked.

"Yes."

"How much do you want?"

"Ten dollars per day — that is, from 10 a. m. until 10 p. m." I thought this would sicken him. It did. His face fairly turned white.

"Pretty high," he commented.

"The work is not pleasant," I replied.

He brightened.

"She never goes out in the day-time. I only want her watched at night," he said.

I looked him in the face impatiently.

"What do you propose to do with your knowledge, even if I succeed in furnishing you with any?" I said.

"I have not made up my mind," he replied, in

a tone that implied that he had not thought that far ahead.

"Then, you merely have suspicions that you wish verified?" I inquired.

"Yes; that's about it."

"Very well; I'll 'shadow' your wife until I find out, beyond doubt, that she is false to you. You will pay me five dollars for each evening that I work, providing I am not compelled to be out past midnight. For every hour past that time, you will pay me an extra dollar, and, when I furnish you with positive information, you are to pay me fifty dollars. Is that satisfactory?" He hesitated a moment, and then said my terms were satisfactory. I smiled grimly. Like many other people, who ever look for the best of it, he had accepted terms which were far more expensive than my first offer. It would cost him considerably more than ten dollars per day, or I was greatly mistaken.

"Very well, then," I said; "when shall I begin?"

"To night," he said, quietly, "I know she is going out to-night. You can be watching for her outside my house."

I inquired as to the location of her residence; found it was upon Division street, and then, after promising him that I would be on hand at 6:45, got rid of him. I breathed a sigh of intense relief when he was gone.

I have a feeling of contempt for some people, particularly such people as this fellow who had just left me.

But a glance at my recorder of passing time warned me that I had no time to lose. I hurried from my office, locked my door securely, and made my way homeward.

My wife had been shopping during the day, and had a long story to tell me about an astonishing bargain she had seen at "The Fair," and the surprising low price of silk at the "Boston Store," etc., etc.

I cut her short. I had heard this same old story so often before that it had grown monotonous to me.

"Buy what you please," I said, removing my coat. "I will supply the money; only don't tell me about it. What pleases you, pleases me. You know that."

"I thought you would like to hear about where I have been," she murmured, in a slightly disappointed tone.

"I do, dear," I replied. "But I am in a hurry to-night," and I kissed her.

A few kisses go a great ways with a woman, particularly if the woman is your wife, and is inclined to think anything of you at all. There are plenty of women who love their husbands. My wife hustled about, and soon had supper ready. I ate it, with my two little ones on either side. I can enjoy my meals much more when surrounded by my little family.

Supper being over, I dressed myself in plain dark clothing, pulled on a slouch hat, and, after kissing my wife and babies, left the house.

I reside on the West Side. The Madison street cars run within a short distance of my house. I boarded one, and was soon creeping along toward Clark street. I shall be thankful when the West Side cable gets into working order. The horse-car system is certainly rather trying to the nerves of a man who is in a hurry. I arrived at the corner of Clark and Division streets at precisely 6:45. In five minutes I was standing before the residence of



Dr. Cronin's Office in Windsor Theater.

my patron, if I can apply that title to the man who called upon me in the afternoon. He was waiting for me, and seemed delighted to see me.

"You are just in time," he whispered. "She is putting on her cloak and hat up-stairs. Step aside, and I will show her to you as she passes by."

He led me to an alley not far from his residence. We had no sooner concealed ourselves than a neatly draped woman passed.

"That is my wife," whispered the fellow.

In a second I was out upon the street, following closely behind her. She did not seem to notice me. In fact, she seemed oblivious to the fact that there was any one upon the street at all, for she walked rapidly along in the direction of Clark street, looking neither to the right nor left. Reaching Clark street, she turned to the left and walked in the direction of Lincoln Park. As she passed the Windsor Theater building, I observed a horse attached to a light buggy, not remarkable for beauty or convenience, driven up in front of the building. There was nothing remarkable about the horse or buggy excepting the fact that the horse was white, and I suppose it was that circumstance that attracted my attention. My wife has hair which is termed "red" by the vulgar; "auburn" by those who make these things a study, and there has been much sport between us on this subject. Whenever we go out together, it seems as if the white horses spring up as if by magic. The street-cars have them attached, every wagon or dray we pass seems to have the inevitable white horse. So, as I saw the buggy drive up, a smile came to my lips, and I muttered to myself:

"Mary ought to be here."

Mary is my wife.

I followed my lady along Clark street until she reached Center street. Then she turned toward Lincoln avenue. It is hardly necessary to relate the long chase she led me; suffice it to say, I discovered enough to assure me that the husband had

ample cause to suspect his wife. She was, beyond peradventure, visiting another, and, I must say, far more attractive man. I followed her home, and then returned to my own humble domicile.

The clock was striking eleven when I turned in, rather tired, for I had walked a long distance.

I awoke much refreshed in the morning. I seldom go out of the house on Sunday. Six days a week is enough for any ordinary man to work, and I believe I mentioned once before that I am only an ordinary man. Nothing occurred to cause me to break in upon my rule this particular day. Sunday, May 5th, I put in the day in the society of my wife.

The following morning I was eating my breakfast, when, in looking over the *Herald*, I observed a headline which riveted my attention. It was this:

“IS P. H. CRONIN ALIVE?”

A startling question truly. I glanced over the article hastily, and found that Dr. Patrick H. Cronin had been called out to visit a patient at about seven o'clock on Saturday evening, and had not returned to his residence up to that time.

I mentioned the fact to my wife.

“Perhaps the patient required his presence,” she said.

“He would surely have sent word home to that effect,” I replied.

“Men don't always stop to think,” she retorted, pouring out the coffee.

I agreed with her.

Men don't always stop to think! Some of the gentle sex are like the men, in that respect.

I finished my breakfast, stuck the paper in my overcoat pocket, and started down town.

I reached my office, and sat down to thoroughly peruse what each of the city papers had to say regarding the mysterious disappearance of the missing doctor.

I read them all; and the more I read, the more deeply interested I became.

Here was mystery — a chance for a man to win fame and fortune.

I threw the papers from me, and rose to my feet. I had resolved upon one thing. I would investigate this mysterious affair, and, if possible, find Dr. Cronin, living or dead.

I wrote a note to my caller of Saturday, informing him of my discoveries on the night of the 4th, and instructing him to engage another detective if he wished further light thrown upon his wife's actions.

Then I went out upon the street to begin my investigation, and this is what I discovered:

CHAPTER II.

THE DOCTOR'S LAST CALL.

AT about 7:15 on the night of May 4th, Dr. P. H. Cronin was busily engaged with a number of patients at his office and residence, 470 North Clark street. The doctor was a well-known and skillful physician, and celebrated from the fact that he had ever been a leading mover in the many Irish Nationalist societies, and was leader of one of the Chicago factions of one of the principal of these organizations, working for the good and welfare of the "little isle so green."

Although an American citizen, he was born in Ireland, coming to this country when but a boy, and the love which many true Irishmen have for their native land filled the heart of the prominent physician, and many were the deeds of kindness and patriotism performed by him for his country's sake. His office was well filled with patients this particular night, and he was attending to them as quickly as possible, wishing to dispose of them, as he had an appointment to keep this same night—an appointment with the stockholders of the *Celtic American*, an Irish-American newspaper, which he founded and published.

As he was engaged in consultation with one of his patients, a loud rap sounded through the house, a rap that caused the waiting patents to look from one to the other in amazement, and brought the

wife of Mr. T. T. Conklin, with whom the doctor boarded, to the door. A man stood in the hall.

"What do you want?" demanded the lady, sharply.

"Dr. Cronin," was the brief reply.

The lady hesitated.

"I don't think you can see him," she said, shortly. "He is very busy attending to his patients."



Mr. and Mrs. Conklin.

The man (a young fellow, whose breathless appearance indicated severe exertion but a short time before) seemed much put out.

"I must see him," he cried, excitedly; "it is important."

"You will have to wait, then," replied Mrs. Conklin.

The man muttered an oath under his breath.

"I can't wait," he said. "A man has been nearly killed, and the doctor must come."

"Oh, if that is the case, I'll inform the doctor," cried Mrs. Conklin; and in a few moments the doctor made his appearance.



Dr. Cronin's office in Chicago Opera House Building.



Dr. Cronin's reception room in Chicago Opera House Building.

"What is it?" he demanded, fixing a sharp look upon the fellow.

"A man has been nearly killed at Sullivan's ice house, in Lake View," answered the anxious man; "and, if some medical assistance does not reach him soon, he'll die. He is at Sullivan's house, at 224 Lincoln avenue. Sullivan is not at home himself, but he has spoken so often of you that I thought I had better call you in the case."

"All right," said the doctor; "I'll go with you."

He went to his own room, secured his case of medical instruments, and a large bunch of absorbent cotton, such as surgeons use, lint and bandages, and left the office with the young man.

In front of the door stood a white horse attached to a top buggy. The stranger got in first, and then held out his hands for the case of instruments and the bundle of cotton.

The doctor was about to follow, when Frank T. Scanlan, of 34 Bellevue place, came along, and asked the doctor if he was going to be present at the meeting of the stockholders of the Celtic-American Publishing Company. The doctor exclaimed: "Ah, Frank, I am glad you came along, as I don't know when I can get off. Here are my keys to the office. You can open it for the meeting. Tell the Catholic Foresters that I can't be there either. I am called to attend a man who is badly hurt, up at Sullivan's ice house."

"When will you be back?" inquired Scanlan.

"The Lord only knows," replied the doctor. So saying, he sprang into the buggy beside the im-

patient stranger, who was muttering and complaining at the delay.

The whip was applied to the horse, and the buggy sped along, going north on Clark street, and was soon out of sight. The night passed, and the dawn of the Sabbath day came. The doctor was still absent. The day passed without bringing either the missing man or news of his whereabouts. Mr. T. T. Conklin, with whom the doctor had boarded for nearly ten years, grew alarmed, also his wife. It was a well-known fact that the doctor was not a drinking man, and was usually very punctual in his habits. His continued absence alarmed the Conklins, and so the police were notified. In the interview which I had with Mr. Conklin, I ascertained but little. I asked the question:

"What sort of a looking man called for him?"

"He was a man of about medium size, rather stout, with straight black hair and mustache."

"How was he dressed?"

"My wife, who saw him, did not note his dress. I believe, however, she saw a slouch hat in his hand."

"Did she notice what kind of a horse he drove?"

"Yes; it was a white horse, and the harness was a bright one. The buggy was covered."

I left the house.

I had not collected my thoughts as yet. There was not much to work upon, but I rapidly ran over what I had found out, and outlined a plan of action. I determined first of all to visit Mr. P. O. Sullivan, the iceman, and ascertain how seriously the man



Dr. Cronin leaving his home on the eventful night of May 4th,
with the unknown, in Dinan's buggy.

was injured for whose sake the doctor had been called in. I also meant to search the city for the horse and buggy, which I firmly believed to be the same I had seen upon the night of May 4th while "shadowing" the faithless spouse of my four o'clock visitor of the afternoon.

One thing more I had heard, but was not positive of the truth of the report, that a blood-smeared



Ice Dealer Sullivan's Residence.

trunk had been found in Lake View by two officers of the force of that place.

"I will look into that also," I muttered, as I turned my feet into the direction of Lake View.

"It may have something to do with the case, and I need all the information I can get."

I went to a livery stable, hired a horse and buggy, and drove to Lake View.

I found Mr. P. O. Sullivan at his ice house, at the corner of Seminary avenue and Belmont street, Lake View.

"Has Dr. Cronin been here?" I inquired.

"No," he replied.

I stated the circumstances of the doctor's departure from home, and asked him if he could explain matters in any way.

He replied that he could not, and stated that he did not know who the stranger could have been.

"Was there any accident in your ice house," I asked.

"No, sir," he replied, firmly. "I have but four men in my employ here, and none of them were injured."

"Then, you did not call on Dr. Cronin or send for him?"

"No, sir. The man who did call, used my name without authority."

"Did you know Dr. Cronin?"

"Yes; I met him several times, and we were quite friendly."

"Then, you do not know how it happened that he was summoned to your ice house?"

"I do not; I cannot understand what were the motives of the man who called for him."

This was all Mr. Sullivan knew of the mystery. Not much surely. Mr. Conklin interviewed him also, but made no better progress than I had.

I hurried to the police station. Captain Villiers, Chief of the Lake View Police, had nearly all his

men at work upon the case, and they were moving heaven and earth to find some trace of the missing man. Comparatively little had been found out. One of the force, a man by the name of Broderick, furnished a scrap of information. He said that about twelve o'clock Saturday night, he saw a covered buggy drawn by a light horse going north on Seminary avenue, near Belmont street. "I did not pay much attention to the rig," he said, "for I had every reason to believe it was all right. There were two men in the buggy, a small man and a large one. The large one wore a heavy mustache." Dr. Cronin is a large man, and wears a heavy mustache. "There might be something in this," I thought.

"Did you notice whether the larger man had a case or box with him?" was asked Broderick.

"I did not."

"Did you notice how the small man was dressed?"

"No."

"Were the pair talking?"

"Apparently not. The large man was reclining in the buggy; the other was driving."

"When did the rig go?"

"Well, I can't say exactly when it went north, but I saw it a little while afterward, coming south at a pretty lively clip."

"How many men were in it when you saw it the second time?"

"I think only one."

"The big man, or the little one?"

"The little one."

"Didn't it strike you as queer that he should be returning alone?"

"Rather; but so many rigs pass up and down during the night that I don't pay much attention to them."

I left the station house. There might be something in this, or nothing. The resemblance between the rigs was, of course, a peculiar circumstance, and the fact of there being two men in the buggy when first seen, and only one the second time, furnished at least a clue worth following out.

I pursued my investigations still further, but found but little new excepting one singular fact, and that was, that the iceman, Mr. P. O. Sullivan, had, about ten days before the mysterious disappearance of the doctor, tried to make a contract with Dr. Cronin to attend his four men at any time. He had stated that they were continually exposed to danger, and that a doctor's services were continually in demand. Mr. Sullivan had not stated these facts to me during our interview. Probably he had forgotten it. I could not come to any satisfactory conclusion about the matter.

The finding of the bloody trunk I ascertained to be true. I inquired into it, and this is what I learned:

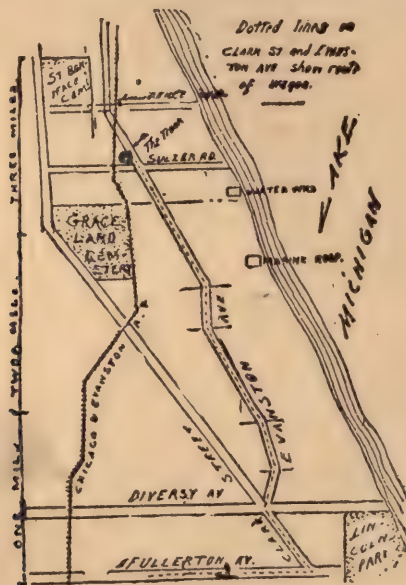
CHAPTER III. •

THE BLOODY TRUNK.

OFFICERS Smith and Hayden, of the Lake View police, were at Clark and Diversey streets at two o'clock Sunday morning, May 5th, when they saw a carpenter's wagon drawn by a bay horse, rumbling at a furious rate toward the north. The officers of Lake View are under instructions to hail passing vehicles and prowlers after midnight. Officer Smith stepped out upon the pavement to look at the two men who sat upon the driver's seat. The wagon was driven at such speed, however, that the officer did not have time to look into the faces of the two mysterious men or command them to stop. There was a large trunk in the wagon. Both officers saw this receptacle. When the wagon had disappeared, Officer Smith became suspicious of the two drivers, and told Officer Hayden so. The two policemen patrolled their beats until about 3:30 o'clock, when they again met at Clark and Diversey streets. They had been there but a few moments when they heard a vehicle rumbling over the pavement. It proved to be the same old carpenter's wagon with its mysterious occupants, and its old bay horse. But there was no trunk in the wagon this time.

Officer Hayden again walked out upon the pavement to look at the men in the driver's seat. One of the men wore a black derby hat. His companion wore a soft hat. Both were young and

muscular. There was no name on the wagon. Officer Hayden saw all this, but he could not get a good view of the men on the seat. He did not hail them, because he thought the movement of a trunk at this time of year was not extraordinary. The wagon rolled back toward Chicago, and Officer Hay-

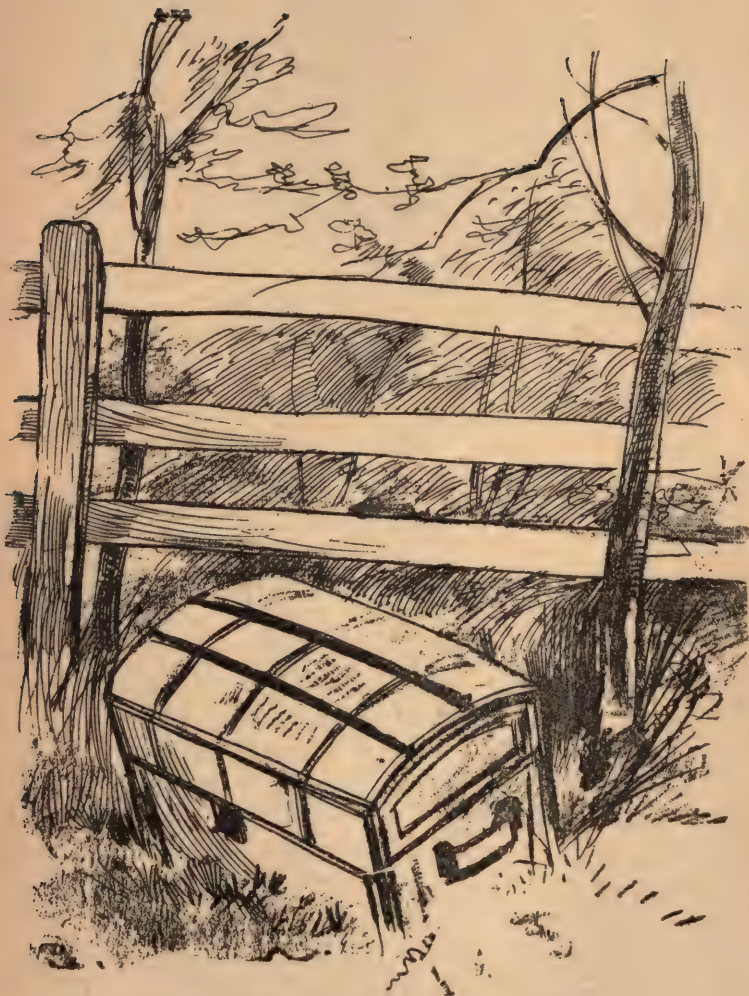


The Wagon Route.

den dismissed the incident from his mind. Officer Smith, however, was greatly disturbed, and told his companion so several times during the early morning hours. Alderman Chapman, of Lake View, was driving along Evanston avenue, between Graceland and the German Catholic Cemeteries, at 7:30 o'clock the same morning, and, when he

The Escape of the Murderers with Dr. Cronin's Body.





Position and locality of the bloody trunk.

reached a point five hundred yards from Sultzer street, he saw three men standing around a trunk which stood back of a bush with one end thrust into the ditch which runs near the thoroughfare. Alderman Chapman alighted and went to the spot. The cover of the trunk had been forced open. The interior of the trunk was bespattered with blood, and partially filled with absorbent cotton, which was saturated with gore. Alderman Chapman drove hurriedly to the Lake View Police Station, and gave the alarm. Captain Villiers and a detachment of officers leaped into the patrol wagon and made a furious run to the lonely spot where the trunk stood. When they got there they found a large crowd of gaping men and boys who had trampled the grass in every direction. The trunk was taken to the station-house.

The first thing Captain Villiers did after he cleared his private room of the curiosity seekers who had swarmed into the station-house was to make a careful investigation of the trunk. He found enough evidence to satisfy him that a grown person had been murdered, thrust into the trunk, and then carted to the spot between the two cemeteries. The trunk was new and large. A man six feet tall could be cramped into it. A trunk dealer who was summoned to the station-house by Captain Villiers says that it was made either in Racine or Milwaukee. It was of cheap pattern, and was evidently purchased for the purpose for which it was used. The trunk had been locked after the body had been placed in it, and the cotton had been packed about the wounds

in order to stanch the flow of blood, and thus insure greater safety in its transmission from place to place. Before the body was removed the lock of the trunk had been broken by two sharp blows with a blunt instrument. The marks of these blows were on both sides of the lock. In their haste to remove the body the murderers had thrown the cover back with such force that one of the sheet-iron hinges was broken. Captain Villiers picked the cotton out, and placed it upon his table. Captain Villiers used to be a doctor, and his examination of the cotton leads him to believe that the murder must have been committed some time after midnight.

Some of the absorbent material was still soft with blood, and there was a pool of fresh blood in one corner of the trunk. Careful examination of the cotton revealed other things to the officer. He found a lock of dark brown hair, which was almost as fine as a woman's, but not so glossy. This was the only possible tangible clue as to the identity of the victim. The lock of hair was placed under a microscope. It was found to be filled with blood and particles of cotton. The lock looked as though it had been chopped off with a blunt instrument. It had not been pulled out of the scalp, but the hairs were all of uneven length, and looked as though they might have come off the cranium near the forehead. The inside of the cover was bespattered with blood. Some of the life fluid had trickled down the exterior of the trunk, presumably when the body was dragged out upon the ground. There

were no marks on the trunk, and, aside from the lock of hair, there is absolutely nothing left for the officers to hold for identification.

Captain Villiers was quickly satisfied that a diabolical murder had been committed, and at once issued orders to his subordinates to begin a thorough search for the body, which he believed to be lying in the neighborhood of the spot where the trunk was found. A patrol wagon, filled with officers, was out the entire afternoon. The men searched all the brush, prairie and vacant houses for miles around, but could find no trace of the corpse. So many persons had trampled the grass at the spot where the trunk was found that the officers could not discover tracks of any vehicle. Evanston avenue is so well paved that search along this much-traveled highway would be useless. The officers scoured the grass, examined the fences, and went even so far as to invade the cemeteries. Not a drop of blood nor a particle of cotton could be found anywhere. Three boards of a fence were down at Argyle street, but there was no evidence that they had been removed for the purpose of assisting men in the removal of a body. Captain Villiers does not know who first discovered the trunk. One man whom he saw says the trunk was not along the Evanston road at six o'clock. Alderman Chapman was the first one to give the alarm, but he declares there were men at the spot an hour before he came along in his buggy.

It was six o'clock Sunday evening when Officers Smith and Hayden came into the station to report

for their night work. The instant Smith entered the captain's private room he declared that the bloody trunk lying before him was the one he had seen in the mysterious carpenter's wagon when he stood with Officer Hayden at Clark and Diversey streets early in the morning. Officer Hayden was equally positive in his identification of the trunk. Captain Villiers, the instant the officers told their stories, became intensely excited. The report that Dr. Cronin was missing under the most alarming circumstances, and the gory evidence of a murder lying before him, seemed to inspire the captain with the belief that perhaps the mystery surrounding the well-known doctor's disappearance had been solved. He at once issued orders for a search for the mysterious wagon and its equally mysterious occupants. Captain Villiers believed that the victim received but one wound, and that that had been inflicted at the base of the brain. He arrived at this opinion because of the small amount of absorbent cotton used to stop the flow of blood, and the ragged bunch of hair found in the trunk. His search after the body will be resumed in the morning, when he will drag the clay ponds at Perry and Argyle streets and Wrightwood avenue. The captain will also drag the ponds in Graceland Cemetery.

CHAPTER IV.

FURTHER INVESTIGATION.

I HAD fully made up my mind to one thing as I made my way homeward that night, and that was, that Dr. P. H. Cronin had been murdered.

Despite the assertion of many to the contrary, this idea had entered my mind, and refused to be dismissed. I believed that the doctor had been



I wonder if he is in there?"

foully dealt with, and that the trunk had been used to convey his dead body from the place where he had met his death to some place of concealment. I had much to do. I wished to find the horse and buggy used that night; also the driver of the mysterious wagon which carried the trunk, but, above all things, I most desired to find the body of the murdered man.

I slept but little that night, revolving matters in my mind, and arose with a dull headache. I learned, through the morning papers, that Captain Villiers, of the Lake View police force, had taken the lock of hair found in the trunk to the barber where Cronin got shaved, Mr. Buck, of 474 North Clark street. The barber positively declared that the hair was not Cronin's, being too fine and too long. He stated that he had cut the doctor's hair but the Thursday before his disappearance, and that the hair found could not possibly be that of the missing man.

On the other hand, Mr. and Mrs. Conklin were almost as positive that the hair surely came from the head of the doctor. Mrs. Conklin ridiculed the barber's statement.

"What does he know about it?" she said. "That is Dr. Cronin's hair, or exactly like it. The doctor's hair was very fine and silky. It is his hair, and I believe he has been murdered."

Both husband and wife united in expressing their firm belief that the missing man had been murdered. I agreed with them in my mind. I believed that a foul deed had been done. Captain Schaack, of the Chicago police, expressed his opinion that the hair was not that of the doctor. I had my own ideas, but kept them to myself. If the hair was not that of the doctor, whose was it?

The blood which was found in the trunk, being examined by experts, was pronounced that of a human being. The hair was undoubtedly so. Whose, then, could it have been?

All these facts passed in review before my mind.

I determined to put in the day searching for the body of the man I firmly believed to have been murdered, and so engaged a horse and buggy, as upon the preceding day, and started for Lake View.

I did not care to have it generally known, even to the police force, that I was interesting myself so thoroughly in the case. Being a private detective,



Detectives Traversing the Lake View Sand Hills.

and not on the best of terms with all the members of the force, I thought it best to keep my own counsel regarding the matter, and so went all alone. I first drove to the spot where the trunk had been found, and found a body of Captain Villiers' men there before me. They were thoroughly examining every available spot where a body could have possibly been hidden, and had even gone so far as to search through the cemeteries, which were not far

distant. As I have stated, the trunk was found on a vacant lot, midway between two cities of the dead. The ground was surrounded by a gaping crowd. There is a fascination about mysterious crime that attracts almost any one, and men, women and children were crowding about the place in the way of the searching officers, offering suggestions, which were of no earthly benefit or value for the greater part.

Remaining a silent spectator for some little time, and seeing that I could not prove of any benefit to those already there, I left the spot and began my search in other parts of the district. I put in one of the hardest day's work I had ever done. My buggy got stuck in the mud and sand of the unpaved streets, and, in crossing a lot, I was obliged to call upon a young man for assistance to extricate my buggy, as it had gone down to the hubs of the wheels in the sand.

After a tiresome, fatiguing experience, I gave up my search for the day, and drove slowly homeward, driving my hired team to the livery stable from where it came. I went home to supper. A letter was awaiting me. My wife called my attention to it while I was eating. I tore it open and read it. It was from my visitor of Saturday, and read as follows:

"*Mr.*———.

"DEAR SIR — Your letter, in which you stated your discoveries of Saturday night, reached me all right. I don't want to engage another detective. I think you will find it to your advantage to follow

up this case to the end. My wife has been acting very strangely since Saturday night, and, if you will be in your office to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, I will call and see you, and tell you all about it.

Yours,

“_____”

I expressed myself in a contemptuous manner. I wanted nothing to do with this fellow in his family affairs. I had other fish to fry. I tried to dismiss the matter from my mind, but for some reason the matter refused to be dismissed. It still lingered even after I had gone to bed. I could not sleep. Finally, I resolved to be in my office the next morning at the hour appointed, and hear what the man had to say. Strange to say, as soon as I came to this conclusion, sleep came to me at once. I was up early, and was waiting in my office when the clock struck eight.

My man was not punctual. It was fully fifteen minutes past the hour when he shambled in. A quick glance at his coarse features revealed to me the fact that he was terribly worried. He threw himself heavily into an arm-chair, without even saying “By your leave,” and remained perfectly silent. I waited for a few minutes for him to speak, and, seeing that he did not make any attempt to do so, I said, testily:

“You want to tell me something. If so, come, speak out. Don’t keep me waiting, as I have important business on hand, which I am anxious to be about.”

He started nervously in his chair, and muttered an apology for his fit of absent-mindedness.

"I am worried," he explained.

"What about?"

"My wife."

I smiled. This coarse-looking brute showed more anxiety about the woman than I would have thought him capable of. But I had no time to throw away.

"Come, spit it out," I cried, impatiently. "What is it you wish to tell me?"

"You saw where my wife went Saturday night," he said, sinking his voice to a whisper.

"Yes, I stated that in my letter to you."

"Did you follow her when she left the house the second time?"

I started, "The second time!" I cried, amazed.

"Yes."

"No; I did not know she went out again after returning to her home."

"She has fooled you," he said. "She said as much."

"What do you mean," I cried.

"This: When she came into the house the first time, she smiled when I asked her if she had enjoyed her visit to the friend she had gone to see. 'I only had a little walk,' she said. 'There was a man following me, and I did not go to my friend's.'"

"But I saw her enter a house with a man she met upon the street," I exclaimed.

"She did that to throw you off your guard."

"Do you think so?"

"I know so. She went out again in an hour after she had returned from the first trip. It was nearly two o'clock when she got home."

I rose and walked the floor. This woman was a shrewd one. Perhaps there was something worth watching in her action.

"She has not been out since?" I asked.

"No; she has remained in the house; but she seems very nervous; reads the papers, all she can get. You know we don't live far from the office of Dr. Cronin, and she seems greatly interested in the case."

"Oh! she does, eh?" I cried.

"Yes."

"Did you know the doctor?"

"Well; he treated my wife at one time."

"He was said to be a skillful physician."

"I believe he was."

"You say she reads all the papers?"

"Yes. She seems to be expecting to find something in them."

"What makes you think so?"

"Her actions. She picks up the paper, reads it through, and then puts it aside with a sigh of relief."

This was strange news indeed. Why should this man's wife show so much interest in this affair? Could she possibly know anything about the missing man? I must own the thought struck me as being decidedly strange.

"Can I see your wife?" I inquired.

"Yes," he answered, not without some hesitation.

"When?"

"Not until after six o'clock. She was getting ready to visit her aunt, who lives on Milwaukee avenue, when I left home. She will not return until six."

"I'll be there," I said, making a motion as if to take my seat. I wished to get rid of him.

My feint had its effect. He rose from his seat, took his hat, and, making me promise to be sure and not disappoint him, he left my office.

After he had gone, I resumed my chair, lighted a cigar, and ran over in my mind all he had said. It struck me as being very strange that this man, the husband of this woman, should display so much anxiety to have her detected in some base or criminal action. I believed that he actually thought that she knew something about the Cronin affair. He had led me on to make an appointment to see his wife, by informing me of her peculiar action regarding the newspapers; and, when I had said I would be there, he made me promise not to disappoint *him*. Why should it prove a disappointment to him if I failed to investigate his wife's knowledge of an affair which was setting the country almost wild with its mystery?

"Something strange about this," I muttered; "I'll watch *you*, my friend, a little, as well as your amiable spouse."

I put in the day in Lake View. I had several

spots which I wished to search a little more thoroughly. I visited them, without any more success than had attended my effort of the preceding day.

I found Lake View fairly swarming with detectives. They were investigating every point; examining sewers, mud-puddles, etc. What fools men are sometimes. I found two well-known officers digging away at a mud-hole that would not have offered a chance of concealment for the body of a



Detectives Sounding a Mud Puddle.

small dog, and yet they dug and poked away. It seemed to afford them satisfaction that they were doing *something*, whether it resulted in anything or not.

I drove to the residence of my morning visitor. He met me at the door.

"She is not home yet," he said; "wait for her."

I concluded to do so. I waited an hour. She did not come.

"Where does this aunt live?" I asked, suddenly, after trying to curb my impatience for some time.

He told me; the address was on Milwaukee avenue, near Robey street.

"Suppose we drive over there," I suggested; "I have a horse and buggy."

He jumped at the proposition. In a few minutes we were on our way to the house of the aunt. Judge of my surprise when the old lady informed the husband that the woman had left her house at eight o'clock that morning.

"She said she was going out of the city for a few days," she added

The husband seemed thunderstruck.

"Out of the city," he muttered. "Well, that beats all."

I looked from the man to the woman suspiciously. What game was this?

"By G—d! I'll find her!" suddenly cried the man, and, without further comment, he ran toward the buggy. I followed him, my brain busy.

He sat silent for ten minutes; then a bright thought seemed to have occurred to him, for his face grew brighter, and he exclaimed, in a jubilant tone, "I could almost swear I know where she is."

"You have some idea as to her whereabouts?" I said absently.

"Yes. She has relations living in Toronto, Canada. She has been talking for some time about going to visit them. I wouldn't be afraid to bet my life that she is on her way there now."

I made no reply; I was thinking deeply. All this

seemed decidedly out of the usual run of things to me. I could not understand it.

"I'll know in the morning," remarked the man.

"How will you find out?" I asked.

"I will keep that to myself," he said, compressing his lips. "I have a way of finding out; I will be at your office to-morrow, at the same time I called this morning. If she has gone to Toronto, I shall be able to tell you."

"You need not come," I said. "I don't care to go any further in this case."

"I think you will go on in this case," he said, in a peculiar tone.

"Why?" I demanded, fretfully.

"Because, I think you would like to ferret out the mystery of Dr. Cronin," he replied.

I turned upon him fiercely.

"What do you know about this case?" I cried.

"Nothing," he said. "But my wife knows more than either you or I can possibly imagine."

"If I can prove that my wife has gone to Toronto, will you follow her to that point and watch her, find out what she knows?"

"Who will defray my expenses?" I inquired, cautiously.

"I will," he replied, quietly. "If I find out she has gone there, I will bring with me to-morrow morning a sufficient sum of money to defray your expenses there and back, and also pay your hotel bills."

"I will go," I said, in a determined tone.

"I thought you would," he said.

CHAPTER V.

CONFLICTING REPORTS.

AT 10:20 o'clock the following morning I was on my way to Toronto, Canada.

My man had called upon me promptly at the hour appointed, and showed me positive proofs of the fact that his unreliable wife was on her way to that city. The proofs consisted of the written statement of a certain city ticket broker, with whom I was acquainted by sight, and who also seemed to know the man and his wife, and a telegraph dispatch from Buffalo, signed by the ticket agent there, who stated that she had passed through that city *en route*.

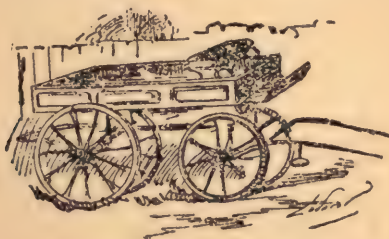
It struck me as being rather singular that these men, both of them connected with the railroad service, should be acquainted with this woman. I remarked it. My man explained matters:

"I was formerly in the railroad business myself," he said. "My wife has traveled over the line so much that every ticket agent between Chicago and Buffalo is well acquainted with her. I did not intend to tell you this, but I don't suppose it will do any harm."

I accepted his explanation, and made my preparations for a trip to Canada.

I arrived in Toronto safely early the following morning, and made my way to the house kept by Mr. Hirsch, a Yorkshireman, at the corner or intersection of Jarvis and Adelaide streets. I had

made the acquaintance of Hirsch some years before at Niagara, and he seemed overjoyed to see me. When I made his acquaintance, I represented myself as a commercial tourist, and so he thought me. Commercial men seldom stopped with him, but, as we had been boon companions during our joint stay at the falls, he thought it friendship that brought me to his house. It was partly, but chiefly, a desire to be where I would attract the least attention. I realized that the woman whom I was shadowing, was no fool by any means. If



The Mysterious Wagon.

she had been shrewd enough to "spot" me upon the occasion of my first "shadowing," she might probably discover that I was on the same "lay" in Toronto, and consequently give me the slip. I did not want her to know that I was in Toronto at all. I had instructed my wife to forward me the Chicago papers. She did so. By the first mail I received a batch of them: *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune*, *Inter Ocean*, *News*. I read them all. The first thing that met my eyes was the announcement of the arrest of Frank Woodruff, or Black, who

drove the mysterious wagon which carried the trunk.

"An important arrest," I muttered, and felt sorry that I was not in Chicago. I carefully read over the fellow's statement, in which he claimed that the body which had been in the trunk was that of a woman, and had been secreted in Lincoln Park. It struck me as being rather strange that Woodruff and his alleged companions, King and Fairburn, should take so much care to conduct the affair secretly, and then leave the trunk where they must have known it would be found in a few hours at the most. They could easily have broken the trunk in pieces and burned it, but it seems they either did not think of that, or left it where it was found, intentionally. Some of the police claimed that such was the case; that the trunk was only a "blind." Strange that human blood should be found in the interior of the "blind." Probably the officers did not think of that. The Chicago police sometimes forget many important things. One thing corroborated Woodruff's statement that the trunk contained a corpse, and that it had been disposed of in the lake, and that was the discovery of the fact that a row-boat had been stolen on the night of May 4th, from a man who rents them out, at the bottom of Diversey avenue.

That certainly looked as if the men had taken the corpse out upon the lake, but there was no body found in the lake.

It was growing more and more mysterious. I threw my paper down and went out upon the street.

Strolling absently along Yonge street, I nearly ran into a man who came hurriedly around the corner of King street. I stepped back to allow him to pass; as I did so, I caught a glimpse of his face. I had seen that face before, but where? Most likely in Chicago. I followed the man.

Now, at any other time, the fact of a man who looked like some one I had seen in Chicago passing me would not have caused any feeling of suspicion in my mind at all; but, under existing circumstances, any one who came from Chicago interested me, and so I followed him.

Somehow or other, he gave me the slip. He disappeared somewhere very suddenly. I hunted up one street, down another, for an hour; my man could not be found. I slowly walked toward my hotel; as I turned the corner of King street, who should I see standing near the postoffice but this very man I had been looking for, and with him a woman.

I uttered a slight cry of surprise. I recognized the woman. *It was the same I was shadowing.*

The fact of her being engaged in earnest conversation with a man, whom, I now felt positive, I had seen in Chicago, set me to thinking. I would have given a considerable sum of money if I could have overheard their conversation. But this was impossible, for the next moment they separated, the man going one way, the woman another. As I was then most interested in the woman, I "shadowed" her, leaving the man to go his way in peace. The woman walked directly west on King street, and

entered the Rossin House. She ascended the stairs leading to the upper floor

I approached the clerk.

"Can you tell me who that lady is who just entered?" I asked.

The man looked at me sharply.

"Why do you wish to know?" he demanded.

"I expect a relative of my wife's here from Chicago," I replied.

My answer seemed to satisfy him, for he turned to the register, and, after glancing over it, said:

"That lady is not the party you expect, then. Her name is Brown, and she comes from Buffalo."

I thanked him, and walked out of the hotel; but I did not believe what he told me. The woman might have registered as Mrs. Brown, of Buffalo; but she was the woman I had come from Chicago to watch, beyond any possibility of doubt.

I went to my hotel. I did not consider it worth while to linger about the Rossin House; the woman would scarcely leave the hotel for an hour or so.

In that time I returned to the Rossin House. I entered the office, and approached the clerk once more. "Do you think it possible for me to see Mrs. Brown?" I asked. I had determined upon making a bold move.

The clerk's answer almost paralyzed me.

"Mrs. Brown left the house about ten minutes ago; I believe she is going to return home."

"Left the city!" I gasped.

"Yes, sir."

"What time does the train leave?" I cried.

"1:40."

I looked at my watch; 1:35; could I reach the train in five minutes? I made a break for the door. The man must have thought me crazy, for his eyes opened in blank astonishment. It made but little difference to me what he thought; I must overtake this woman. I jumped into a hansom cab; "Drive to the depot," I cried.

The man applied the whip to his horse, and we sped along. I arrived at the station exactly one minute too late. I kicked myself in my disappointment.

"What time does the next train leave for Buffalo?" I inquired, going up to the ticket window.

"Not until 6:10," replied the agent.

Sadly and disconsolately I returned to my hotel. I made up my mind to take that train. I felt rather tired, so thought I would lie down upon the bed for an hour or two. I fell asleep. When I awoke it was nearly eight o'clock. I never committed such an act of carelessness in my life before. Words cannot express my feelings.

I could not leave Toronto until the next morning. The morning came, and I did not leave the city. I had a good reason for wishing to remain. The Chicago papers which arrived for me recorded the fact that a certain man by the name of Long had seen Dr. Cronin alive in the city of Toronto, and had even spoken to him.

This knocked all my theories in the head. If Dr. Cronin was alive, I must see him, and so I

staid over in the city for that purpose. I went to the hotel where he was supposed to be stopping, but found that no man answering the description of Dr. Cronin had been seen there. I left the building completely puzzled.

Was the man I had seen talking with the woman, Long?

If I could only find him! The affair was growing decidedly mysterious; but I buckled on my armor of determination, and began to outline fresh plans.

I must confess I felt a little discouraged; but I had sworn to find the missing man, and I meant to do so.

The afternoon local papers recorded the fact that Dr. Cronin had gone to Montreal. To Montreal I went. Disappointment again. I returned to Toronto. The next day was Monday, May 13th. My papers arrived as usual. The Chicago papers seemed to furnish me with more information than any others. I opened the Sunday edition of the *Times*, and, with astonishment, read the following:

CHAPTER VI.

THE "LONG" STORIES.

TORONTO, ONT., May 11.—After Cronin and his party left Toronto yesterday, on the Grand Trunk train moving west, the writer telegraphed a friend at Hamilton a description of the two, and requested that he should keep a sharp lookout for them; also that he should telegraph regarding all their movements, and follow them, no matter where they went. This afternoon at 4:10 o'clock a message was received here stating that Cronin alone had left Hamilton, and was on the train billed to arrive at Toronto about 5:30 this evening.

The *Times* correspondent met the train, but neither the expected doctor nor his watcher was on board. The inference drawn was that Cronin had left the train at a small station near the city, or, suspecting that he might be watched, had given his shadow the slip.

Shortly after seven o'clock a telephone message was received, announcing that Cronin was caged and in safe quarters at the Rossin House, King street west. The writer quickly sought out the fugitive.

"Well, doctor, back again?" was the first remark, to which he answered:

"Long, it is really too bad that you should dog me round in this shape. What is your object in doing it? I have committed no crime, and cannot see why you should thrust my name before the

public as you did this morning in the *Empire*. You lied when you stated that Jim Lynch accompanied me. I don't even know the man."

"Now, Cronin, you must certainly know that the people generally, and your Chicago friends particularly, are anxious to know where you are, what you left Chicago for, and where you intend going. Are you willing to make any statements? I will treat you fairly."

"I don't intend making statements," said he. "I guess I have some rights, and question very much whether you should be allowed to make yourself a public nuisance, as you have been doing for the past two days. Make a statement? I guess not. Now, please, get out of my room or I will kick you out."

"Doctor, let us have no more fooling. The town is full of Chicago detectives who are looking for you, and, if you don't unburden yourself to me at once, telling the whole business, why you left Chicago, and where you intend going, I shall be compelled to turn you over to the authorities. Now, I don't want to do so for several reasons. First, because you have been an old friend, and, to be candid with you, because other newspaper men all over the country would then get the benefit of my work."

This called him down, and he seemed to be willing to do or say anything rather than have the detectives take him in charge, or the Chicago newspapers get anything regarding him. He seemed

anxious to know all about the detectives, who they were and when they came.

Finally, Cronin came down to business, and requested that questions should be put to him and he would answer, provided not a word should be given to any paper outside of Toronto, and it is supposed he thought what he said would never reach the States. After the necessary promises had been given, he was asked:

"When did you leave Chicago?"

"Just a week ago to-night."

"Where did you go to?"

"I went to Montreal."

"How did you leave Chicago?"

"Well, I refuse to answer that."

"Come, now, Cronin, remember the detectives."

"Now, for God's sake, don't press that question."

"I can't answer it."

"Well, when did you get to Montreal?"

"I got there Monday evening last."

"Where did you put up?"

"I won't answer that."

After considerable bickering he said he had taken a room at the St. Lawrence Hall, and got his meals at the house of a friend whose name he would not give.

"Why did you leave Montreal, and when did you do so?"

"I received word that it was known in Chicago, or at least suspected, that I was down there and got out so that I could not be found."

"Where did you go then?"

" I came up to Ottawa."

" When did you leave Montreal ? "

" I left there on Thursday night."

" Where did you put up in Ottawa ? "

" At the Russell Hotel."

" Under your own name ? "

" No."

" What name did you write in the register ? "

" I don't remember? "

" Was it Parkhurst? "

" No; that was not the name."

" What address did you give? "

" I think it was New York."

" Don't you know? "

" Yes."

" Well, why did you leave Ottawa? "

" Because the town was so small that I was afraid some one might get to know me."

" When you got to Montreal, where did you intend going from there? "

" I intended taking a steamer for France, but found that no ship left that port that would take me there."

" Why did you not then go on to New York? "

" Because I am well known there, and did not dare to risk it."

" Well, after you left Ottawa, where did you go? "

" I took the Canadian Pacific train for Toronto, and arrived here Friday morning at about nine o'clock."

" Where were you from nine o'clock up to the time the *Empire* reporter met you on Yonge street? "

" I had been trying to find Starkey, the lawyer, who left Chicago last winter."

" What did you want to see him for? "

" Simply to get the run of the turn."

" Did you not suspect that he might give you away? "

" Oh, no. I am sure he would not do that. It would not be to his interest."

" I thought Starkey was not friendly to you. Did he not at one time try to hurt your reputation? "

" I don't know that he did. In any case, he would not do so now."

" Well, now, as to why you left Chicago? "

" I have been declining in health for some time, and thought it would do me good to take a trip."

" Oh, come, now; don't give me such a tale as that. If that had been your motive, why should you have been so anxious to avoid being seen, and why should you have left Chicago without letting your friends know? "

" Well, now, that is a long story, and the telling of it would implicate a great number of my friends, who are in no way responsible for any of my actions. I trust you will not press me upon this point."

Cronin was pressed, and gave up the following wonderful story, wild in some of its parts, and incriminating a number of prominent men:

" While I lived in St. Louis I moved in the very

upper crust of society, and promptly identified myself in the Irish cause then disturbing the public mind. I was engaged in that city as a druggist, and soon got to the front rank. I studied meanwhile at medicine, and after a short time passed my examination. I soon found that the great Irish field was to be entered either at Chicago or New York, and, after consulting my intimate friends, among whom was Dr. O'Reilly, so well known in St. Louis, I made up my mind to go to Chicago. I did so armed with the very best letters of introduction a man ever had, and soon found myself prominent in Irish as well as other circles there."

He then went on to say that he soon discovered that the large quantities of money being received by Alexander Sullivan; Dr. O'Reilly, of Detroit; John O'Brien, of New York, and Patrick Egan, were not handled properly, and that not more than three-fourths of it ever reached Ireland.

"I know," he said, "that at least \$85,000 was gobbled up by certain persons in Chicago, and, when I began to 'call the turn' on them, they tried to scare me off, and, finding that a failure, they tried to bribe me. That would not work, and their next move was to introduce me to Le Caron, giving his name as Beach, in order that he might pump me and damage me in any other way that he could.

"Beach was introduced to me by a reporter of the *Evening News* named Conwell, a man whom I had always considered my friend; but, since the recent developments in the London *Times* case, I

know he was against me, and that Le Caron was introduced to me for no good purpose. He got very little out of me, however, and that means failed.

"I have been warned several times to get out of the country by friends, and assured that my life was in danger, but, up to last Saturday, felt that I could hold my own. Last Saturday, however, I was put in possession of unquestionable proof that the Clan-na-Gael society had decided that my life should be taken. A man was appointed as my executioner, and preparations were in active progress to accomplish the deed. Enough to say, I made up my mind at once to fly. You know the rest.

"The lady who accompanied me on the Hamilton train was quite unknown to me, as was also the gentleman, until I met them on the train between Ottawa and Toronto. Neither of them knew who I was until you met me on Yonge street Friday morning. They happened to be going to Buffalo on the same train I took out of Toronto, and I left them at Hamilton."

This part of the story proved to be true.

"Did you plan for a man to call at your office in Chicago and request you to go out to the ice house to attend a patient?"

"That I will not answer."

When asked what move he intended to make next, the doctor at first refused to answer, but finally said he would get to France as soon as possible.

"I left some very important documents behind

in Chicago," he said, "and only hope that I can get to a country where I will be safe. Then I will make some disclosures which will open the eyes of the public generally and make the hair stand on the heads of several Chicago and New York gentlemen. All this bull rot about my having been seen on a cable-car on Saturday night, which you have stated, is entirely false. I asked no conductor for directions. I guess I know Chicago about as well as any street-car conductor there, and would not have given myself away in any such manner in any case.

"The Conklins have made fools of themselves over the whole matter. According to the instructions I left with them, they should not have opened their mouths until I was safely out of the country. But it is the same old story. Tell a woman anything, and you are sure to get the worst of it. Scanlan missing? Well, he has nothing to do with my case that I know of. He was simply a good friend, and I trust no harm has come to him through his friendship for me."

The doctor intimated that a certain Methodist minister had caused all this trouble, but would not disclose his name. The lady who accompanied the doctor from Toronto to Hamilton proved to be a lady from Buffalo, and had no knowledge of the "distinguished" company she was keeping until he had the Toronto *Empire* this morning. The doctor says that the man who walked up Yonge street with him Friday afternoon was also unknown

to him until Thursday night, and he was on his way to Winnipeg.

This, however, proves to be false, as the fellow has been located at Collingwood, a small town about 100 miles north of Toronto. He is unknown there, and may be waiting a steamer which would take him to Winnipeg, but, so far as can be learned, he has made no inquiry as to when the boat would leave. In appearance, he resembles Jim Lynch, of Judge Clifford's court, but says he is from New Brunswick. He is decidedly quiet, and refuses to give an account of himself.

The doctor left the Rossin House shortly after twelve o'clock to-night, and walked down to the Yonge street dock. He did not take his bag with him, however, and returned to the hotel shortly after one o'clock.

Frank Scanlan, who is employed in the wholesale grocery house of William M. Hoyt & Co., gives the following account of Long, and of Long's acquaintance with Dr. Cronin:

"Long once worked for William M. Hoyt & Co. While he was in the city, he made an application for membership in the Columbia Council of the Royal League, an insurance society. Dr. Cronin was the society's medical examiner. Long finally left our firm, and worked for a time with some firm on Michigan avenue. Subsequently he joined the staff of a morning paper, where he remained six or seven months. Upon leaving the paper, he went to the home of his parents in Canada.

"Long and Dr. Cronin became friends through their secret society acquaintance. I belong to the same society myself. Every meeting night, those of us who lived on the North Side walked home together. The boys would turn off at their respective streets, and finally Dr. Cronin, Long and myself would be the last left. Long knows the doctor well. If he says he saw Dr. Cronin in Toronto, he saw him there, you can rely upon that. The only strange thing about the matter is that Long did not at once telegraph to some of us that he had seen Cronin."

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEXT DAY'S REPORTS.

NATURALLY, upon reading this article, I felt dumb-founded. No one seemed to know anything of the presence of Dr. Cronin in Toronto except Long, and Long I could not find. I knew that there were other detectives in the city. I saw many familiar faces. I did my best to keep under cover, however. I determined to investigate this Long affair thoroughly, and then, if I found there was nothing in it, ferret out my lady once more. I still believed that she could furnish valuable information. Still, it was worth my while to stop over in Toronto a few days yet. •

I firmly believed that the lady who had stated that she accompanied the doctor upon his trip, was the same that I was interested in, and, somehow or other, the idea found lodgment in my brain that the trip had been made for the purpose of corroborating "Long's" statement. It might not be so, but it looked like it to me. If Dr. Cronin had not been in Toronto, then there was some deep-laid plot to keep his whereabouts a secret. Was Dr. Cronin alive or dead? That was the thought that bothered me now.

The Chicago *Herald* of the 13th inst. reached me upon the 14th. I read it eagerly. Fresh surprise awaited me. Under the head of "Cronin Missing Again," it said:

TORONTO, May 12.

"Dr. Cronin is a fugitive. He has not been seen in Toronto since ten o'clock this morning, when Long, his former Chicago friend, left him under the surveillance of an amateur detective, paid for the purpose. Cronin then was in a state bordering on terror, and begged frequently that detectives should not be put upon his track, and offered to give any additional particulars he knew about affairs generally. Dispatches from Chicago newspapers had given the story of suspicion against Cronin in respect to the trunk mystery. When asked about this yesterday he denied that he knew anything. This morning, when the news contained in Chicago dispatches was communicated to him, he stuck to that statement, though once or twice threatened with exposure and the allegation that detectives were waiting in the vestibule of the hotel, and had a warrant for his arrest on the charge of malpractice. He was next asked if there was any truth in the other story about his going to London to communicate with the British Government. His manner and evasive replies tended to create this impression, rather than that he made his escape from Chicago over the trunk mystery. He said he intended in a day or two to return to Montreal, where he had been, to get one of the Canadian-French line boats to Paris. Then, he said, he might go to England.

"Cronin promised he did not intend to leave Toronto for a few days. He was not registered at the hotel, and the scores of reporters who called were

informed that he was not staying there, and had not been there. This was arranged by Cronin's occupying a room engaged by another party, so the hotel clerk had no idea that the man was in the house. The information contained in the interview was no doubt intended by Cronin to mislead, and the interviewer was well aware of the fact at the time. He got his amateur detective at the end of the corridor, and told him to keep his eyes open, and, when Cronin was left alone in his apartment, to see that he did not leave it. Some few minutes after Cronin made a dash from his room, and went down the stairs. He had evidently seen the man who was watching him, and his action must have been taken after a great deal of deliberation. When the detective saw him on the stairs, he walked to the staircase leading to the ladies' entrance to intercept Cronin there. Cronin, however, had only gone half way down the staircase. Then he returned, and took the elevator, descending to the ladies' entrance, where the detective, not finding him, thought he had been fooled, and again returned to the head of the stairs. Cronin had disappeared. At eleven o'clock a second detective was at the hotel to renew the watch over Cronin.

"There is no trace whatever of Cronin since eleven o'clock. The people at the Rossin House know nothing of Cronin getting out. The theory is that Cronin, fearing arrest on the charge of murder, has gone to Montreal again. The only trains leaving the city to-day were the morning and evening express and the noon train for Hamilton. Cronin

was seen after the morning express had left. The evening express was watched, and few people went on the noon train, no one of them answering to Cronin's description. The livery stables did not hire out any rig that could have carried the man a great distance out of the city. His disappearance is a perfect mystery. Dispatches from St. Catharines to-night say that Cronin is believed to be stopping there with friends. It would be outside the range of possibility that he could have reached there except by driving from Hamilton. Several dispatches have been received by Mr. Axworthy, of Cleveland, and at the Rossin House, making inquiries after Cronin."

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT THE FRIENDS OF THE DOCTOR THOUGHT
ABOUT IT.

THE *Herald* went on to state that "the Conklins were as emphatically positive that Dr. Cronin is a murdered man as they were a week ago. The Toronto story and the alleged interview with Dr. Cronin they unhesitatingly pronounce a base fabrication from beginning to end.

" 'Don't you believe this man Long knew Dr. Cronin,' Mr. Conklin was asked yesterday afternoon, 'and that when he saw him in the street in Toronto he recognized him?'

" 'I have no doubt,' answered Conklin, 'that Long knew the doctor, and that, if he saw the doctor on the street, he would not be mistaken in the identity of the man. But he didn't see Dr. Cronin. That interview is a tissue of falsehoods throughout. For instance, among other things, it is alleged that the doctor said that he fled from Chicago to escape assassination at the hands of the Clan-na-Gaels. Well, the Clan-na-Gaels were his friends. I'll tell you who concocted the story with Long: It was Starkey. Starkey was one of Dr. Cronin's bitterest enemies, and was particularly interested in starting just such a story as the one sent from Toronto. It is only a part of the big conspiracy I have always said existed. Oh, they've worked it fine, but I tell you it's a long lane that

has no turn. Public sentiment is bound to turn soon, and then you'll see what developments come out.'

" 'Well, who do you think Long is? Long was a well-known Chicago man, a friend of Dr. Cronin's, wasn't he?'

" 'Yes; the doctor had befriended him time and again; in fact, he gave him letters of recommendation when Long left the city. This is what he gets back for his friendship.'

" 'Long,' said Mrs. Conklin, who happened to come in then, 'is nothing but a British spy. Yes, sir; that's what he is.'

"The couple kept on in that line for a half-hour or more. Mrs. Conklin complained bitterly of the treatment both she and her husband had received at the hands of the newspapers, claiming that they had been outrageously vilified, and all of their statements distorted.

"A rumor to the effect that the Pinkertons had dropped the Cronin case because they had traced the doctor to Ottawa, Canada, was run down yesterday afternoon. William A. Pinkerton was seen. 'It is not so,' he said, 'that we have ceased working on the case because we had discovered that Dr. Cronin had gone to Ottawa. We don't know that. We dropped the case because we didn't think the Conklins could stand the expense. All the clues given us by the Conklins were worked out by my men. I'll tell you, candidly, I believe Dr. Cronin will turn up again all right, for I don't think the man was murdered.'

" Ex-Captain Villiers, of Lake View, and his successor, Captain Wing, held a long consultation with Captain Shaack and his detectives yesterday afternoon. They then turned over the trunk and its contents of crimson cotton batting to the Chicago avenue men, who have now assumed the full conduct of the investigation. The trunk was brought down from the Lake View station in a



A Police Conference with the Mayor.

patrol wagon, which was followed by crowds of morbidly curious males and females of all ages and stations, all of whom feasted their eyes on the receptacle which is believed to have shielded one of the most mysterious crimes with which the Chicago police have ever grappled.

" Inspector Ebersold took a hand in the Cronin case, and spent the greater part of the day in the vicinity of the spot where the trunk was found.

His investigations resulted in finding a possible clue to the trunk mystery. On arriving at his office in the afternoon, the inspector dispatched an officer to the North Side to follow up the lead struck by Ebersold himself. What the nature of the clue is, the inspector was not prepared to say. 'It may amount to nothing,' he said, 'but I think that it will, in all probability, substantiate the story told by Woodruff, and give us something definite in regard to the contents of that trunk.'

"Inspector Ebersold refused to say more about his clue, but he evidently put considerable faith in it. It leads outside of the city, as the telegraph wires were freely used in sending messages from the inspector's office, late in the afternoon.

"The work of dragging the pond at Lincoln Park was continued during the day, but failed to result in any developments. The officers engaged in the work have all lost faith in finding a body there.

"More testimony corroborative of the sensational confession of Woodruff was gathered by Captain Schaack and his detectives yesterday, and they were of the opinion last night that they were on the eve of discoveries that would lead to a clearing up of the mystery of the trunk that was found in Lake View. The police have discontinued the dragging of the Lincoln Park lakes, having convinced themselves of the strength of the theory that the body of the woman alleged to have been taken from the trunk in Lincoln Park, was taken out and sunk to the bottom of Lake Michigan. Their belief in this theory was strengthened

by a report received from a Mr. Anderson, living on Diversey avenue. Mr. Anderson owned a row-boat, described as boat No. 12, which, late on the night of Saturday, May 4, he left securely fastened to the breakwater only a few hundred yards away from the spot where Woodruff says Fairburn and King lifted the body of their victim from the trunk. Early on Sunday morning Mr. Anderson found that his boat had been stolen, and he has had no tidings of it since.

"Two detectives from the West Twelfth Street Station took the prisoner Woodruff, or Black, over to the North Side yesterday afternoon, and loaned him to Captain Schaack, who gave the prisoner a buggy ride. Lieutenant Schuttler and Officer Whelan followed in another buggy. Woodruff guided the officers to Dean's stable, on Webster avenue, and then over the entire route he claims to have taken Sunday morning a week ago. The time consumed in the expedition was carefully noted, and it agreed with all the statements previously made by Woodruff in his confessions. Captain Schaack returned from the trip more than ever impressed with the truthfulness of the prisoner's story. He has been persistent in the most trivial details as to time, localities and persons, and if, as some people believe, he has been hoodwinking the police, he has done it with a most ingenious romance. The North Side police say that the barn at 528 State street was the place from which the trunk, found in Lake View, was taken. They assert

this positively, but refuse to tell what evidence they have on the matter.

"Woodruff has identified a picture in the rogue's gallery as a portrait of Dick Fairburn, taken when that worthy was arrested for vagrancy in 1883. The capture of Fairburn is confidently looked for, as he is well known. About the other man, William H. King, the police know nothing, but they appeared to think he will be found in Chicago. Captain Schaack has given up all his efforts to find Cronin since the positive information was received from Toronto that the missing doctor was in the Canadian city, telling reporters that he ran away from Chicago to escape assassination at the hands of a man selected by the Clan-na-Gael to 'remove' him on account of the evidence he possessed against certain Irish leaders. The captain would not say whether or not he believed Cronin had any connection with the trunk mystery.

"The West Twelfth street police have been unearthing the records of Woodruff, King and Fairburn. They are, according to the information given out by the West Side officers, a trio of bad men. It is stated that Woodruff committed a murder in Mexico some years ago. This knowledge will be used to help in extracting information from the hostler. Fairburn has been going under the name of Neil White, which he assumed after the original owner of it had been planted for a long term in the Cañon City, Colo., Penitentiary. Woodruff is very much afraid of Fairburn, and went to see him behind the bars. The man King's record has been

partially developed. He is said to have been a member of a gang headed by a man named Carr, who is doing a long prison stretch in a Western State. After Carr's conviction, King was shunned by Carr's other pals. Woodruff told the police that King formerly kept company with one Maud Preston, living on Center avenue. He quarreled with her, and they separated, according to the story the woman told the detectives when they called on her.



"Sweating" a Prisoner.

She said she had not seen him in a long time, but Woodruff claims that King has been at her house within a short time. The description Maud Preston gave to King differs from that given by Woodruff, and this fact has aroused police suspicion that the woman is trying to cover up King's tracks. Mr. Conklin claims to have seen a man answering Fairburn's description hanging around in the vicinity

of Dr. Cronin's home just previous to what he terms the doctor's abduction.

"Woodruff identified the trunk which figured in the night ride, selecting it without difficulty or hesitancy from three. He also said, while standing with the officers at the spot where the body had been taken from the trunk: 'You should look in the lake, not in the park pond, for that body.' A photograph of Fairburn, who is implicated by Woodruff in the case, was found in the rogues' gallery at Twelfth Street Station. Fairburn was under arrest there for vagrancy, and was photographed in 1883. The photograph was shown with others to Woodruff, who at once identified it. The police feel more confident now of securing his arrest."

I turned from the *Herald* and picked up the *Times*. I found that the prevailing idea among the friends of the doctor was that he was murdered. The *Times* said:

"The intimate friends of Dr. Cronin still hold to the belief that he was murdered, and place no credence in any theory or rumor which would otherwise account for his sudden and mysterious disappearance. The story sent by Long from Toronto they discredit, and regard it as part of a plot to distract attention from the murder. Of Long himself, some of them express anything but favorable opinions."

CHAPTER IX.

A PROMINENT RAILROAD MAN SPEAKS, AND WOODRUFF SAYS A FEW WORDS.

I CAME to the same conclusion that seemed to pervade the minds of Dr. Cronin's friends. I felt certain that the missing doctor had not been in Toronto at all. I had quietly, but skillfully, investigated the matter thoroughly, and I could not find any one who could give me the slightest information that would prove anything. The idea seemed to be believed by some, however, and each succeeding day brought some one else who had seen, or who *claimed* to have seen, the missing man.

The Chicago *Times* of Tuesday, May 14th, published the following remarkable statement, which I read with amazement:

"Dr. Cronin was alive and well last Friday afternoon. He was seen at the Rossin Hotel, in Toronto, by an official of a Canadian railroad who arrived in Chicago yesterday. This official is in the city on a mission requiring some secrecy, and is unwilling to have his name used in connection with the case until his work is done. He is a prominent and trusted officer of a wealthy corporation, and a misstatement by him would injure him greatly. His story is partly corroborative of Long's. He told a *Times* reporter of his seeing Cronin.

" 'I am willing to tell all I know about Dr. Cronin, but I am here on a mission of such a nature that I do not want my presence known except by those

I will meet during the transaction of my business. I know Dr. Cronin as well as anybody in the United States. I lived at St. Catharines, Ont., when Cronin landed in America. He was then quite a young man. He came to St. Catharines just after he landed. He lived with his sisters. They all live at St. Catharines now, and are all married to prominent business men of the town. They are Mrs. Breen, Mrs. Welch and Mrs. Carroll. Mrs. Breen's husband keeps the Breen Hotel, Mr. Welch is a well-known grocer, and Mr. Carroll is a tailor.

" 'St. Catharines is forty miles from Toronto. I was at the hotel kept by Mrs. Breen two weeks ago. I naturally inquired about the doctor, and Mrs. Breen replied that he was doing nicely in Chicago. Some weeks ago one of the doctor's sisters told me that Cronin was possessed of a perfect craze for notoriety. "When Alexander Sullivan and Patrick Egan entrapped Pigott," she said, "the doctor was so crazed with jealousy that he came near losing his reason." "

" 'Did you have any interview with Dr. Cronin last Friday?'

" 'The circumstances were such that I was unable to have any protracted interview with him. There could be no mistake. I knew Dr. Cronin when he was a boy. He came to St. Catharines as a shoemaker. Relatives helped him to obtain a medical education. Having known him from boyhood, and knowing his relatives well, it was natural when I saw them to inquire about him.'

" ' Why did you not telegraph his friends here that you had seen him? ' "

" ' In the first place, I don't personally know any of his Chicago friends; besides, I did not care to be mixed up in the affair. Some of the people who insist that he is dead would probably say that I was hired to lie about it. I don't care for that kind of newspaper notoriety. ' "

" ' Did Dr. Cronin act like a man who had taken drugs, or who had been under the influence of liquor? ' "

" ' He did not. He used to get drunk. He was on a spree one time in Philadelphia, and became involved in a broil. I don't care to discuss his character. He was a strange contradiction, a mixture of rare moral rectitude, combined with morbid vanity and love of notoriety. His name was hardly dry on the records of any society he joined before he plunged to the front with disorganizing assertions. Everything was always going wrong. ' "

" ' Where do you think Dr. Cronin went from Toronto! ' "

" ' I don't know. I took it for granted that he had been or was going to see his sisters at St. Catharines. I am prepared to make an affidavit that I did see him as stated. That affidavit I will deposit with the *Times*. ' "

" ' Did you see Dr. Cronin at any time after Friday noon? ' "

" ' I did not. I went to the Rossin Hotel, and inquired at other places, but was unable to get any

trace of him. I will not be positive now, but my recollection is that Dr. Cronin did not register. Dr. Cronin was alone when I saw him. I saw nothing of any woman who it has been said were his companions. Dr. Cronin's case has become notorious, and I dropped it because I did not want the notoriety that would follow any part I might take in it.'

"The story told by Frank Woodruff, *alias* Frank J. Black, the man who says he threw the trunk on the Lake View prairie, was yesterday proved to be true; but that part of the story to the effect that the body of a woman was taken from the trunk in Lincoln Park by W. H. King and Dick Fairburn, was proved to be a falsehood.

"Woodruff was at the West Twelfth Street Police Station nearly all day, but late in the afternoon was taken to the County Jail. He was taken before Justice Doyle during the morning, charged with stealing the white horse and the red and black wagon from Dean. He waived examination, and the justice, after hearing two witnesses, fixed the bail at \$1,000. Dean testified he had not seen the horse and wagon since he let Woodruff take them, and John Green related how the man tried to dispose of the horse for a ridiculously low price.

"While he was at the station, Woodruff was asked if he would be able to identify the man called 'Doc' by a photograph. 'Doc' was the large man who, according to the story, was at the barn when the trunk was put on the wagon, and was supposed to be the man of whom King spoke when he said: 'If

we had let "Tom" alone, the "Doc" would be in the trunk too.' Many have believed this 'Doc' was Dr. Cronin. Woodruff said he would recognize a picture of the man. He was then shown a bundle of about a dozen pictures. Dr. Cronin's picture was among them. He examined the pictures carefully, and said he did not recognize any of them.

"Woodruff's story that he received \$15 from his father last Tuesday is corroborated by the Wells & Fargo Express Company. The teller remembers Woodruff well. The money came from J. Black, of San Francisco, and was receipted for by Frank J. Black. The teller noticed that the first finger of Woodruff's left hand was off at the middle joint.

"Detective Rohan has established the fact that Fairburn was not with Woodruff and the trunk. Rohan says Fairburn is 500 miles from Chicago, where he has been for four weeks. The evidence is said to be positive.

"Woodruff was asked: 'How do you know that Dr. Cronin's body was not in the trunk?'

" 'Because the body was that of a woman.'

" 'Did you see her face?'

" 'I did not.'

" 'How do you know that it was the body of a woman?'

" 'I saw one of her hands. It was a plump and very white hand; considerably smaller than that of the average woman. It was not the hand of a woman who had been sick.'

" 'Was the body that of a large or a small woman?'

" 'The woman weighed about 130 pounds, I should think. She certainly didn't weigh over 140 pounds. Dr. Cronin wasn't in that trunk.'

" 'Did you ever see Dr. Cronin?'

" 'I never did.'

" 'Is it not a fact that you know whose body was in that trunk?'

" 'I don't know whose body it was, but I know Dr. Cronin is alive.'

" 'How do you know that?'

" 'I know that the body was that of a woman, and that Cronin was not connected with that trunk, and — and — well, that's why I am sure he is alive.'

" Woodruff says he has not told all he knows about the three men, and will not until his father and brother arrive, to bail him out. He pays a tardy tribute to the judgment the officers gave several days ago. Woodruff gives the following facts about his own history:

" 'I went to school three years at Woodstock, Canada. I also attended the Dundas College in 1875 and 1876. I was a pupil in the Komoka school, and studied at Featonville, Mich., fifty miles from Detroit, for a short time. In 1878 I was a freight brakeman on the Hamilton and Ontario Railroad.' "

CHAPTER X.

THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN.

AS I LAY in my bed that night thinking over the events that had come to my knowledge during the course of my investigations, I summed them up as follows:

On Saturday afternoon, May 4th, a strange man with a repulsive countenance had engaged me to watch his wife, whom he believed untrue.

Saturday night I shadowed the woman, and saw the white horse. I saw the woman meet a man, go with him into a disreputable house, and then, after an elapse of twenty or thirty minutes, followed her home.

That same night Dr. Cronin disappeared.

On Monday I began to investigate, finding out but little.

Tuesday I met my man the second time; he gave me some strange information regarding his wife.

Wednesday I left the city, first ascertaining from him, that he had been formerly connected with the railway service. Thursday, May 11th, I was in Toronto, and saw the woman talking with a man, who, I believe, was Long. The same day dispatches were received in Chicago, stating that Dr. Cronin had been seen alive there. This story was now almost known to have been a fabrication. Could this woman and her husband have been connected in any way with a plot to dispose of the doctor? and could they be trying to use me, to

throw suspicion from off themselves? hardly. The man had given me my information and supplied me with money to carry on my investigation. Still, I could not drive the fact from my mind, that a "prominent" railroad official had given some information to the papers, in which it was said that Dr. Cronin had been seen by him, only a few days ago. His admission that he had been in the railroad business, brought it to my mind. And then, the woman. The lady who had been with Dr. Cronin, came from Buffalo; the lady who had registered at the Rossin House also came from Buffalo.

What was there in it? I could not tell. I did not trust my man in Chicago, any more than I did his wife, but I could not see through their little game, even if they had one. One seemed to be working against the other.

I determined to leave the Canadian city in the morning, and this time I made no mistake. I did not oversleep myself. I arrived at the depot, and walked up to the ticket office, and there I stuck; I wanted to follow the woman, and I had not the slightest idea where she had gone.

"Where to, sir?" inquired the clerk at the window.

"Hamilton," I replied, desperately. I was groping in the dark, but I hoped to be able to see light before long.

I took up my ticket and entered the cars.

Hamilton was reached all right, and I went to the hotel. Luck was with me. As the carriage drove

up to the door of the hotel, I glanced along the front of the house. I saw a balcony extending along a portion of the front, and, sitting upon it, in an easy-chair, reading, I saw the woman I wanted to see! I congratulated myself, and, walking into the office, registered. A few remarks about the weather and some other every-day topics, and I glanced through the register for a week back. I found Mrs. Brown, of Buffalo, registered but only the day before. She had only been in Hamilton twenty-four hours. Where had she been during the last three or four days?

I saw that she was occupying room No. 24. Luck again! My room was 22, right next door, providing that the rooms were numbered here, as they usually are in hotels—the even numbers on one side of the hall, the odd numbers on the other.

“Have you a trunk, sir,” inquired the clerk?”

I replied in the negative.

“I wouldn’t be bothered with a trunk,” I remarked. “I never carry anything but a grip.”

I strolled out upon the sidewalk. My lady had not changed her position. She was intent on reading one of the last new novels. I could see the title on the cover. It was “Almeda,” a book that was attracting some attention. She was deeply interested. For the first time I had an opportunity to study her face well. Not an unhandsome countenance, not strictly beautiful, either — a face that would attract attention anywhere. Her eyes were large and soulful, her mouth indicated determina-

tion and firmness. I was watching her closely, reading her, when she looked up and saw my gaze fixed upon her.

Did I imagine it, or did she turn pale! At any rate, she arose from her chair, and went off the balcony.

I strolled down the street.

I did not see her again until supper time, then to my secret satisfaction. I was given a seat at the same table she occupied. She did not seem to notice me at all, however, at first; but before the meal was over, we were chatting quite freely. It all came about in this way. The waiter carelessly spilled a cup of tea on my coat. Naturally I felt put out about it.

"Confounded clumsy dolt," I muttered.

"Waiters *are* so careless," the lady observed, with a quiet smile. I made some remark. She answered me. And so, before I knew it, I was on terms of good friendship with the woman. She invited me up into the parlor to hear her play upon the piano.

"It is *so* dull here," she said, with such a bored look upon her face. "I really feel thankful that there is some one here with whom I can pass a few pleasant hours."

I responded that I was more than pleased to have met her (I was in fact), and would do anything in my power to amuse, instruct or interest her.

"You are very kind," she murmured, looking up in my face with a swift glance. "Sit down. I will try to amuse you first."

I sat down. She took her position at the piano, and ran over several pieces of music in succession. She was a finished musician. I came to that conclusion after hearing her strike a few notes.

For two hours I sat, drinking in the music of the musical instrument, and her voice (for she sang several songs), and then, excusing myself, I went to my room.

I caught the reflection of my face in the glass as I returned. It was self satisfied, jubilant. I sat down on the edge of the bed, and pulled off my boots.

"She has no suspicion," I muttered. "I will have no trouble whatever in getting to the bottom of the mystery surrounding her."

In ten minutes I was asleep. I don't know what woke me. I *do* know that I came to consciousness with a start, and sat upright in bed.

I dislike to have a lamp burning in my room all night; it invariably gives me a headache; so I had blown out my light, and the room was in a comparative state of darkness, but it was not so dark but what I could see a white-robed figure standing near the door.

"What do you want?" I demanded.

No reply.

"Speak, or I'll fire," I cried.

A faint cry, and the figure fell forward.

Leaping out of bed, I slipped on my nether garments, and lighted my lamp.

The figure upon the floor proved to be that of

my charming companion of the early evening, and she was, or seemed to be, unconscious.

I seized the water pitcher and threw its contents in her face; rather vigorous treatment, but I wished to bring her to, if she had really fainted, and, if she was shamming, I wished to punish her. It had the desired effect. She sat up; the water dripping from her long black hair, a look of anger upon her face.

"Pardon me if I have been too severe," I muttered. "I was alarmed, and acted upon the impulse of the moment."

"It does not matter," she replied, coldly; "you have literally drenched me to the skin."

"I am so sorry!"

She looked as if she did not believe me.

"Your appearance in my room startled me," I observed.

"I am a somnambulist," she replied.

"Ah!" Not a very long sentence, but it sometimes expresses much. It did in this case.

"If you will turn down your light, I will leave you," she said. I turned down the light. She left me!

I found, after she had gone, that my door was not locked. Probably I had forgotten it. A very careless thing for a man like me to do. I made sure that it was fast before I extinguished my lamp for the second time, and I crept into bed. I lay awake for some time, wondering whether the woman had lied when she said she was a somnambulist. I

was inclined to think that she had. If so,—why?

What object could she have had in coming into my room? I fell asleep thinking of it.

I awoke with a terrible headache. Some one was battering away at my door; I crept out of bed and opened it. The clerk stood in the hall with the porter. He breathed a sigh of relief as he saw my face.

"I'm glad you're alive," he said; "I've been hammering on that door for ten minutes; the porter has called you six or seven times, but received no answer. My, but you're a hard sleeper!"

I replied that I was usually a very light sleeper. The clerk smiled at the statement.

"Have you any idea what time it is?" he asked.

I replied that I had not, and furthermore that I did not care. "I want to sleep," I said, sullenly; "I don't care for any breakfast."

He burst out laughing.

"Breakfast," he cried; "you will not eat breakfast or dinner this day."

I ran to my vest, which was under my pillow, and looked at my watch. I sat dumbfounded; it was nearly half-past three. I could not understand it.

"I guess you're right," I said, with a smile, to the clerk; "if I don't get up pretty soon, I'll miss my supper as well."

He left me.

With my aching head in my hands, I sat and tried to collect my thoughts. I could not do so to

save me; I dressed and went down into the street.

The clerk smiled as I entered.

"Got down, Eli!" he cried.

"Yes," I muttered; "and, oh, what a headache I have."

"Too bad," he observed, with a wink; "too much beauty last night in the parlor; the fascinating Mrs. Brown intoxicated you with her beauty and loveliness."

I flushed angrily at the mocking tone he had adopted. I was about to make use of some stinging rebuke, when he continued:

"You'll be all right to-night," he said; "she left on the morning train."

I forgot my headache, forgot everything.

"Left this morning!" I cried.

He seemed surprised at my excitement.

"Why, yes," he replied; "nothing strange in that, is there?"

I recovered my equanimity. It was not policy to show any excitement before the fellow.

"No; nothing strange," I remarked: "only it surprised me a little," and, purchasing a cigar, I walked out of the house.

So she had eluded me again. Her friendship of the preceding night had been assumed for a purpose, the purpose of deceiving me, and I thought myself so smart.

I censured myself. I had no business to give in to this woman's witchery. Still, I had one consolation; I was not the first man who had been fooled by a woman. No; nor the last one, either.

I began to understand why she had come into my room the night before. My headache was explained; my long sleep also.

She had anæsthetized me through the key-hole while I slept; her first visit had been for the same purpose.

"Clever woman," I muttered; "but I'll fool you yet. You think I am a poor dupe, but you'll find yourself sadly mistaken."

I returned to the hotel, paid my bill, and left Hamilton on the next train. At the depot I found out that Mrs. Brown had purchased a ticket for Buffalo, New York. I bought one for the same place. I was determined to keep track of her if possible. I never got off the train at Buffalo. I was carried from one train to another when that city was reached, and the other train was going to Chicago. Why did I give up the chase? For the very good reason that I was compelled to do so. A stroke of paralysis, slight, but sufficient to lay me up for two weeks, came upon me at Suspension Bridge. A doctor, who was on the train, advised me to get home as soon as possible. I took his advice, and went home. The stroke came from the effects of Mrs. Brown's terrible dose of chloroform.

CHAPTER XI.

DISCOVERY OF THE BODY.

FOR the next ten days I was unable to leave my bed. How I fretted and fumed, turned and twisted. But I got up at last, and that which worked my cure proved also that I had been right in my theories when I had said that Dr. Cronin was murdered; namely, the discovery of his body.

As I rapidly ran over the account of the finding of the body, as published in the *Times*, there came vividly to me many peculiar things in connection with the case which caused me to wonder why the police had not long before this arrested certain parties who seemed to know so much about it. Perhaps they were waiting. "They'll have a chance now," I muttered. I spread out the paper and read the freshly discovered facts to my wife. She takes great interest in all matters appertaining to my business.

The following is the *Times* account of the finding of the body:

Dr. P. H. Cronin was murdered! His body was found yesterday afternoon stark naked with the head a mass of horrible wounds, any one of which might produce death. At least fifty of his friends have seen and identified the body. The identification is undoubtedly complete, and there now remains no doubt of the fate that befell him.

The body was found in a catch-basin at the southeast corner of Evanston road and Fifty-ninth



CATCH BASIN INTO WHICH THE BODY WAS THROWN.

streets, Lake View, where it had been hidden by the murderers or their accomplices. The discovery was made accidentally by a gang of ditch-cleaners. Henry Rosch, John Feningar and William Nichols, employés of the Lake View Department of Public Works, were engaged in cleaning the ditches and examining the catch-basins. About four o'clock they arrived at the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Evanston road. Rosch crossed over from the north to the south side of the street, where he began shoveling out the sand in the ditch near the catch-basin.

When within a few feet of the basin he detected the odor of a dead body, and called out to his assistants: "I guess there's a dead dog here." He got down on his knees and looked into the catch-basin through the iron bars at the side. What he saw made him recoil with horror. There, wedged down into the narrow catch-basin, was the body of a man partly screened from view by a lot of cotton batting that had been thrown over it. He called his two assistants, who merely glanced at the body and retreated.

Rosch told the men to stay there, and at once ran to Argyle Park Station, nearly a mile distant, where he telephoned to the Lake View Police Station a hasty account of his discovery. It was exactly 4:24 o'clock when the telephone summons was received at the station.

The patrol wagon, with Capt. Wing himself in charge, hastened to the spot. Upon arriving there the officers removed the top of the catch-basin.

The body was then clearly brought to view. It was floating, face downward, in about two feet of water. The body was doubled up almost like a partly opened jack-knife. It was immediately taken from the hole, wrapped in a blanket, and taken to the Lake View Police Station, where it now is.

Henry Rosch, the man who found the body, says: "We had been working on the north side of the street for half an hour. When I crossed the street I observed an odor. The catch-basin has a number of iron rods on the side; the bottom of the rods is about even with the ditch. In order to see in, I had to get down on my knees. There is about two feet of water in the basin. The catch-basin is really a well six feet deep and about four feet across. On the top of the basin is a wooden frame about two feet square. This is covered with a wooden lid. In order to get the lid open we had to pry it open with a pick. Everything shows plainly that the lid was taken off of the basin with some tool or pry. The body was then put in head first, and the cotton thrown in afterward. The cotton was next to the grating, and may have been crowded in from the outside after the body was hidden. I tell you I was scared. I ran to the Argyle Park Station, and telephoned to the police, who came with a wagon."

The body was taken to the little morgue connected with the Lake View Police Station, and laid on one of the zinc slabs. When the blanket in which it was wrapped by the officers was removed, nearly all of the mustache and a large portion of the

hair on the head adhered to it. This accident made the identification more difficult, although it did not prevent it from being made complete.

Word was at once sent to the city authorities and friends of Dr. Cronin.

The news of the discovery soon spread all over Lake View, and soon the station was filled with a curious crowd of morbid sight-seers. The sidewalk was blocked with men and boys, the mob crowded and pushed its way into the station, and in a short time the big policeman at the head of the stairs leading down to the morgue had great difficulty in keeping the crowd from rushing down pell-mell.

The body was entirely naked with the exception of a blood-soaked towel that had been twisted around the throat. An Agnus Dei was suspended from his neck by a leather string. Decomposition had begun, but had not progressed to such a stage that recognition was impossible. The body was badly bloated, and the outer skin had sloughed away, leaving the body quite white. The lower portion of the face was so swollen that the chin and the chest met, all evidences of a neck having vanished.

The most hideous and ghastly portion of the body was the head. Here the heavy bruises and great, gaping wounds bore overpowering evidence of horrible murder and desperate assassination. All of the long mustache worn by Dr. Cronin was gone, save a tuft at the left corner of the mouth. The bruised and broken forehead was hairless

nearly to the crown of the head. The swollen cheeks made the nose almost diminutive, but had exaggerated the size of the mouth until it no longer bore human semblance.

There were seven horrible wounds on the head, apparently inflicted with a hatchet, or some similar weapon. Dr. J. R. Brandt, of the County Hospital, made a careful examination of the wounds. He describes the wounds as follows:

A wound on the left temple, at the corner of the left eye, one and one-half inches long. This wound crushed the skull, and may have caused instant death. A wound, one and one-half inches long, cut to the skull on the left parietal bone, and extending to the frontal bone. A wound, also cut to the skull, three inches in length, on the occipital bone, at its juncture with the parietal bone. A cut over the occipital bone four inches long. A cut over the right parietal bone two inches in length. A heavy contusion on the frontal bone, near the edge of the hair. A bruise on the right leg near the knee.

In plain language the skull was crushed at the outer corner of the left eye; there was a big dent in the forehead; a cut nearly two inches long on the top of the head; a cut over two inches long midway between the left ear and the top of the head; another cut joining this at the lower end and extending toward the left temple for two inches; a huge cut nearly four inches long on the back of the head, extending nearly from ear to ear, and a gash under the chin.

The little morgue was crowded with men when Dr. Brandt made the examination. The water on the floor was nearly an inch deep. A long, perforated pipe extended the length of the slab, and tiny streams ran over the body and down on the floor. The dropping of the water was the only sound heard in the room.

"These cuts," said Dr. Brandt, "were made with a hatchet, I believe. They did not break the skull, but cut to it. Any one of them would knock a man insensible and might result in death. The wound near the left eye would cause death almost at once, for the temple is crushed in. None of these wounds, so far as I can now judge, was after death, The man must have made a noble fight."

No mere pen-picture can convey an adequate idea of the trembling, agitated, intense silence — the silence of overwrought suspense — that was preserved while Dr. Brandt made his examination and gave his opinion. It was something like the silence that might follow the engulfing of half a city by an earthquake before those who escaped realized the awfulness of the calamity. There were white and set faces there, and muscles stood out on men's jaws as teeth were clenched with emotion.

"I want to say," continued Dr. Brandt, as he washed his hands in the streams from the pipe over the body, "I want to say that I have made an examination of the hair from this body. I am prepared to swear and to prove that it is identical with the hair found in the trunk."

John F. Scanlan was sent for and soon arrived. He walked into the morgue and stood looking at the body of his murdered friend. He did not say a word, but a set look was seen about his jaws. For fully fifteen minutes he surveyed the corpse, but spoke not. The right hand was picked up from its position at the side of the body, and laid across the swollen breast. The right hand was the only portion of the body that preserved a perfectly life-like appearance. The silence was not broken by the spectators, but all waited for Mr. Scanlan to conclude his scrutiny. Finally he raised his blanched face, and, in a trembling voice, said:

"It is Dr. Cronin's body. The hand I will swear to. The doctor was a very hairy man, especially about the wrists; so was this man. The goatee on the lower lip does more than resemble Dr. Cronin's; it is exactly like it. The long hair of this mustache is like his; so is the long hair left on the head. The size and shape of the body are his. The forehead is his; the teeth are his; the nose, after I raise the nostrils thus with a lead-pencil, is his. The body is that of Dr. Cronin. He was taken into a room, stable, or ice house, and there killed. The Agnus Dei is the one he had around his neck."

Mr. Conklin was sent for, but, before he came, others who knew Dr. Cronin well in life examined the body.

Dr. F. S. Siber, of Lake View, who is a member of the Royal League, and who knew Dr. Cronin well, identified the body.

F. O. Parker, an insurance agent at Lake View,

and F. Huxman, a dentist, also pronounced the body as that of Dr. Cronin.

Henry J. O'Hara, of 54 Superior street, and Mr. Fitzgerald, of the Belmont House, Lake View, confirmed the previous decisions.

F. O. Parker, a real-estate dealer, whose office joins that used by Dr. Cronin in the Opera House block, readily pronounced the remains those of the doctor.

Dr. Parker, of Lake View, said the body was that of a man who had been dead between two and three weeks.

By this time the news of the identification of the body had reached the street, and the crowd outside steadily increased. The officer at the head of the stairs took off his coat and fought the crowd back. Everybody wanted to rush in and see the body. Captain Wing gave orders to admit no one but very intimate friends of Dr. Cronin, or those who had business there.

While the crowd was the thickest, Mr. Conklin came. He looked at the Agnus Dei that was still suspended by a string around the neck of the body, and said: "That is the one Dr. Cronin wore, or a *fac simile* of it, string and all." Mr. Conklin is a small and quite delicate-looking man. The nervous strain on him was considerable, and he looked like a man about to faint. He said: "Dr. Cronin had a tooth or two out, and wore a plate."

The blanched and swollen lips were raised, and there were the absent teeth. The false ones and plate were missing. Mr. Conklin identified the

hands, wrists, hair, goatee, nose, and other features as those of Dr. Cronin. As he turned to the door, he said: "There is no longer any doubt. That is Dr. Cronin's body, and he was murdered. Mrs. Conklin can identify the teeth, perhaps, better than I can; but she cannot come here. Dr. Lewis, whose office is at the corner of Clark and Division streets, was his dentist, and can describe the teeth fully."

Dr. Rutherford, who was associated with Dr. Cronin when the latter was a member of the staff at the County Hospital, had no hesitancy in deciding the body was that of the missing doctor. Mr. McGary, who knew the doctor well, and Captain O'Connor, his friend, also added their positive identification to that already made.

Two of the visitors, whose opinions were considered of great importance, were Frank Scanlan, the last one of Dr. Cronin's friends who saw him alive, and Hal Buck, the barber at 472 North Clark street. Mr. Scanlan identified the body, but went further. He said: "Dr. Cronin had peculiar teeth. I think two were missing. His heavy mustache came over his mouth and completely hid his teeth, but I have seen them. His upper teeth were large, nearly as wide as long, and had a space between them. The teeth on the under jaw were small, crowded in tight, and stained black around the edges." A careful examination of the teeth showed that Mr. Scanlan had described them perfectly.

Mr. Buck, the barber, said: "The goatee is Cronin's; the hair is Cronin's; the mustache is Cronin's,



Scanlan and Conklin identifying Dr. Cronin's body at the morgue.



Appearance of the face and skull of Dr. Cronin, showing the wounds which caused his death.

and the body is Cronin's. It is not generally known that Dr. Cronin had his mustache dyed. I have shaved him daily a long time, and used to dye his mustache. The tuft of hair left of his mustache still shows the dye. There is no mistake about it — the body is poor Dr. Cronin's."

The Catholic charm still around the neck of the body may be an important link in the identification of the body. Mr. Conklin says it was sent to Dr. Cronin by his sister, who is in a convent. The charm, or *Agnus Dei*, is a rather peculiar one, attached to a leather thong, and can be minutely described by his sister and by several intimate friends.

Messrs. O'Keefe and Ahern, the tailors, and friends of Dr. Cronin, were among the visitors who came to the Lake View morgue. They readily added their testimony to that already given, and measured the limbs. They have Dr. Cronin's measure at their store, and, by referring to it, can tell whether the length of the legs and arms corresponds with his.

Of all who came to the morgue who knew Dr. Cronin in life, there was not one who failed to identify the body. Therefore there can remain no doubt that the body is that of Dr. Cronin.

Evanston avenue and Fifty-ninth place is located nine-tenths of a mile north of the spot where the trunk was found, and two miles from Lake View Police Station. Everything around the place is suggestive of quietness. The nearest house to the

catch-basin wherein the body was discovered is that of Bristle's, distant one hundred yards north, and Argyle Park village is situated close to the lake, or about one mile southeast from Evanston avenue and Fifty-ninth place.

Evanston road is smoothly graded, while the cross streets are in bad shape, being sandy and having the appearance of road newly built. The lots in the immediate vicinity are vacant, and covered with long grass and shrubbery. A portion of the ground at the northeast corner of Evanston avenue and Fifty-ninth place is utilized as a small market garden; otherwise there are no evidences of civilization.

The ditch in which the workmen were engaged is a narrow and shallow affair, through which the water flowed sluggishly. Except in case of rain the flow of water could not reach the catch-basins at that point, and men were sent out to dig deeper ditches, so as to permit an easy flow. At the foot of the basins are iron gratings, each having five rods, and it was not until Rosch and his two assistants had dug their way to one of these that the strange stench was noticed. The basins are substantially built of masonry, and are capped with boards. On the top there is a square opening, or man-hole. The lids are hinged, and are quite heavy. Inside the basin everything is extremely forbidding — blackness, dampness, and dirty, ill-smelling water being the main features. Nobody would think for a moment of lifting the lid and exploring the damp recesses of such a clammy

dug-out, and, had it not been for the fact that the road-repairers thought they had discovered a dead dog, they would have been satisfied with cleaning the basin by poking through the iron grating.

A dozen bunches of cotton batting which had been removed from the basin were scattered about the neighborhood, and were regarded with considerable awe by passers-by and others whose business took them past the spot. A half-dozen curiously inclined folks made excursions into the bush and fields, hoping to run across other evidences of a tragedy, but their searches were fruitless.

One excited young man argued that Dr. Cronin's clothing and case of surgical instruments had surely been secreted in the fastnesses of the surrounding jungles, or else in one of the numerous catch-basins which have been constructed within a half a mile of the spot where the body was found. Every likely spot was carefully examined, but not a trace of anything could be found, not even a bloody smock or a stray lance, and it was concluded that, if such things existed, they were hidden by the murderers in a more secure spot than was their unfortunate victim.

A three-seated carriage containing a party of ladies drew up to the spot while a dozen reporters and artists were making an examination of the surroundings. One of them inquired the cause of the excitement, and, on being shown a wad of bloody batting and the opening in the treacherous basin through which Dr. Cronin's body was bundled to its murky resting-place, threw up her hands

in holy horror. She did not evince a yearning for further knowledge, and, with a suppressed cry, urged her horses southward.

Among other wayfarers, were two women who were walking to their homes from the city. When within a few yards of the place, they were told of what had happened. The timid creatures immediately turned back toward the city, but were overtaken, and were with difficulty induced to return. They were piloted past the objectionable point, however; but they had no sooner got their backs to it than they ran off at a lively run and were soon out of sight.

Dusk was approaching, and the quietness of the place, together with the weird features of the scene—the opened man-hole, the blood-stained bunches of batting, and the thoughts of a dark tragedy—impressed everybody that it was no wonder that men and women grew faint and hurried themselves off.

Lonesome and unfrequented, and almost surrounded with cemeteries. Such was the place in which was stowed away the body of a murdered man. No better spot could have been found unless possibly the middle of the lake, but the person or persons who had a hand in the cowardly occurrence did not take into consideration the fact that even man-holes and catch-basins and sewers are sometimes pried into and their contents turned over

CHAPTER XII.

VARIOUS OPINIONS.

JOHN F. SCANLAN, when questioned by a *Times* reporter, appeared to be afraid to declare whom he believed to be the murderer or murderers of Dr. Cronin.

"I have heard of the finding of Dr. Cronin's body, and am not a bit surprised to hear of it," he said.

"Why are you not surprised?"

"Because I believed all along that he was murdered, and it looks now as though I was pretty nearly right."

"Whom do you believe to be guilty of the crime?"

"Well, I cannot say now. I don't want to put my suspicions and beliefs on that point into words."

"Can you not give a general idea as to whom you suspect?"

"Nothing more than this: I believe that he has been done away with by enemies among the Irish nationalists."

"Can you say what the grounds for this enmity for Dr. Cronin was among certain sections of the Irish national societies?"

"Not definitely just now. It's several years since I belonged to any of these organizations, and I cannot say much as to their workings of late. I believe that Cronin had information in his possession that would have put some leading local lights in the Irish organizations in a bad position, and it

was to the interest of these parties to have Cronin's mouth closed forever."

"Can you not mention the names of any of these people?"

Mr. Scanlan shook his head mysteriously. "Not now," he said, "it will all come out too soon. It would have been out long ago, and these people would be behind the bars now if the police had done their duty."

"Well, did the police get any clews from you or your friends as to the guilty parties?"

"Certainly."

"What were those clues?"

Mr. Scanlan became uncommunicative again.

"Have you anything to say now that will throw light upon this murder?"

"I have, but I will not put my suspicions in words now. The information that we have will be placed in the hands of the coroner, and will be brought out on the inquest. When it is, there will be many arrests, and the people of Chicago will be treated to a bigger hanging match than there was in the anarchist case."

"The only difference, I suppose, being that the victims will be all Irishmen?"

"I don't care even if they be Irishmen; if they have dabbled their hands in this man's blood, as I believe they have, I want to see them strung up, even though we have to break up every Irish organization in the country to reach the guilty ones."

"I can unravel this trunk mystery in forty-eight

hours, and, when you clear that up, you clear up the Cronin mystery."

This is what Frank Woodruff, or Black, as he sometimes calls himself, said last night in the County Jail, where he is a prisoner.

When he came from his cell in answer to the request from a *Times* reporter, he was leisurely smoking a bad cigar, and manifested no surprise that he should be sent for. He was told that the body of Dr. Cronin had been found.

"That so?" he answered, somewhat surprisedly. But that was all. Then he began to swing his long legs in a lazy sort of fashion, as if to say: "Well, what of it?"

"Are you not surprised?"

"Oh, I might be at first, but then, you see, I had already been told of it."

"What do you think of affairs now. Can you explain?"

"I might explain, but I have found out that the police and the newspapers think me a liar, so what's the use in further talk?"

"That may be, but now that the dead body of Cronin has been discovered, why not explain your statement that the body in the trunk was that of a woman, and that Dr. Cronin was at the barn when you got the trunk?"

"I think now, and have always thought, that Dr. Cronin committed an abortion on the woman in the trunk, and that he was the most anxious person present that night to have the body disposed of as soon as possible."

"How do you know Cronin was at the barn? Did you know him?"

"No; but his being called Doc, and the description I afterward learned of the doctor, convinces me that the man was Cronin."

"Then, why should he be killed and in all probability on the same night that you hauled the trunk away?"

"Don't you think that the girl Allie, as the men King and Fairburn called the body in the trunk, had friends or relatives anxious to avenge her death?" answered the prisoner, in a cunning way, as he looked searchingly at his questioner.

"Then Dr. Cronin must have followed you and the two men out to Lincoln Park, and there been murdered?"

"That's one of my theories."

"How do you know that the body in the trunk was that of a woman? Did you see the face and enough of the body to be accurate in this assertion?"

"I saw the hand and arm hanging over the edge of the trunk, when the latter was lifted out of the wagon at the park by King and Fairburn. They were slender and delicate. I did not see the face, because the mare became restive at the unusual proceedings and the sight of the white object, for the body was wrapped in cotton. I had to turn my attention to her. As I did so, I heard the men say: 'Here is where we leave Allie.' That's a woman's name, ain't it? Another thing I heard was: 'If they had left Tom alone, he'd had Cronin in the

trunk in place of Allie.' That shows the doctor's connection with the case, and that the girl had friends, don't it? Well, that's why I say that the body in the trunk was that of the woman, and that Cronin had some connection with it. Easy to figure that out."

" Might the men, King and Fairburn, have tried to throw you off by this talk? "

" Don't think so. "

" Can you say positively that the doctor's body was not in the trunk that you hauled that night? "

" Didn't see the face in the trunk, but I know there was a man called ' Doc' in the barn when the trunk was carted away. Of course I do not pretend to be positive that it was a woman's body in the trunk. "

" The doctor's body was wrapped in cotton when found, the body in the trunk was wrapped in cotton, and you acknowledged that you scraped cotton from the bed of your wagon on the morning of your return from the park. Besides, the trunk was found within a stone's throw of where the doctor's body was found. How does that strike you as a refutation of your woman theory? "

For several moments ensuing, Mr. Woodruff remained silent, stroking his very thin mustache, and pulling his cigar nervously. Twice he started to say something, but only puffed. " Well, it looks odd, and I don't believe the body is that of Cronin, " he said, desperately.

" But it is the doctor's—proved so beyond doubt. "

Again the prisoner looked disturbed somewhat, though it must be said he is a man of wonderful nerve or simulation.

"I can clear the trunk mystery up in forty-eight hours, and, when I do that, I clear up the Cronin mystery. The two are identical."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I know it. I won't give my reasons, but I know it. If the police had acted on my suggestions, and not thought me a liar, the whole affair would have been cleared up a week ago. King was in Chicago last Saturday. I know this for a fact. How? Don't propose to tell; but don't you think that I have friends who come to see me, and who know these men? I'll admit that I know more than I have thus far told of this whole business; but, even if I do tell all I know, and the officers run it down, I'll still be held for horse-stealing."

"You know very well that, if you clear up this Cronin mystery, and prove yourself innocent, that the friends of the doctor will see you through this horse-stealing business, and buy you a whole drove of horses if you want them. Don't you know that?"

"Perhaps they would," he answered, slowly, "and I'll tell you what I'll do. If the police will send two men, dressed as citizens, to accompany me on my investigations, leaving me apparently free, I'll agree to turn up such evidence as will clear up the mystery in forty-eight hours. I ask for no reward except my liberty. Cronin's friends ought to go on my bail if they are so anxious to run this

thing down. I can do it, and will under those conditions. I maintain that, if the body found was that of Cronin, he must have been killed later than the date on which I hauled the trunk. A close examination of the body will no doubt reveal this."

Woodruff said all this slowly, and seemed as though making up and weighing carefully every word he uttered.

One of the strongest points against the prisoner is his description of Dr. Cronin. It is, in fact, the only accurate description furnished of the doctor when last seen. When Woodruff stated that the man he claimed was the doctor wore a goatee the police laughed, and the doctor's friends laughed.

"He never wore a goatee," said they.

Yet he did wear a goatee, and, when his mangled and broken body was drawn from the manhole, there was the goatee. Certainly, Woodruff saw Cronin. He did not know him, yet he saw him. He was the last man to see him, and, in describing the doctor, the cunning fellow was simply describing the corpse which he dragged from the trunk and hid away. The friends of the doctor had not seen him wear the goatee, for it was evidently but a few weeks old. That is why they laughed at the man, who was all the while telling a ghastly truth. He told it for the express purpose and hope that the doctor's disappearance would be credited to fear at the finding of the woman's body. There was no woman in the trunk, but, if he could cause the belief that malpractice had been resorted to, and that Dr. Cronin was connected with the affair,

wouldn't the general public believe his story when the doctor could not be found?

"Where is the doctor?" was just what everybody did ask.

"Why, he skipped out to avoid trouble about that woman in the trunk," these same people themselves answered a few days later. This is just as the wily Mr. Woodruff had planned it. This certainly reflects some credit on that gentleman as a schemer, showing that he is not the fool the wise police have claimed him to be. That he is a "crook," he does not deny. His frequent arrests, his occasional thieves' slang, and his confession that he has done "little things on the queer." Then, too, he boasted that he knew at one time all the "hard" men in the country. Again, he says that, when the body was taken from the trunk, he drove alone northward with the trunk and then threw it out of the wagon. This is false, for the Lake View police saw the white horse and wagon north of the park on that fatal morning, and they saw not only Woodruff in it, but two men as well. These were the parties he calls King and Fairburn, and all were returning to town after hiding Dr. Cronin's body.

Another clincher and a positive refutation of the woman story is to be found in Dr. Brandt's assertion. "I will swear that the hair I found in the trunk is the same as that I saw to-night on the head of the corpse of Dr. Cronin. The microscope won't lie."

Mr. Woodruff says he knows more than he has told. He is right; he does. He knows it all.

The *Times*' people seem to think that Woodruff knows a great deal," remarked my wife, as I stopped reading for a moment.

"He has given them cause to think so," I answered.

"Do you think he is guilty?" she asked.

"No man is guilty until he is known so," I replied, evasively.

I said no more. It is not always safe to express your thoughts to a woman, even if she *is* your wife, and a good one.

Women talk sometimes—a failing that many of them have. My wife is no exception to the rule, even if she *is* my wife.

I resumed my reading.

CHAPTER XIII.

THEORIES.

THE actions of T. T. Conklin, brother-in-law of Dr. Cronin, were shrouded in mystery. He went direct to the Lake View Police Station on learning of the finding of Dr. Cronin's body. He identified it immediately, and, without making any one aware of his intentions, he started at once for the city.

At Monroe and Clark streets he jumped into a cab and was driven to 1007 West Monroe street. He remained there for some time, and then went back to his home, 470 North Clark street, where he armed himself with a number of papers, and started for the Chicago Avenue Police Station. From there he was driven to Captain Schaack's house, on North State street, in company with Sergeant Koch. The captain was very sick, and in bed, but, when the nature of Mr. Conklin's visit was explained, the gentleman was admitted.

After a confab of several moments, Messrs. Koch and Conklin went back to the Chicago Avenue Police Station, where the latter divested himself of some important information. The nature of this information neither Sergeant Koch nor Mr. Conklin would make known.

Mr. Conklin was trembling violently all the evening with nervous excitement, and it is believed that he has given up to the police all the information he possessed. He refused positively to speak

to reporters. When asked by a *Times* reporter if the identification was complete, he said it was.

"Have you any suspicions as to who the murderers are?"

"I have nothing to say to reporters whatever."

"Just one more question."

"Not one; my time is my own, and I'll do what I please with it."

The door slammed in the reporter's face, and the key was turned in the lock. He was seen again afterward, however, but still refused to talk. To all questions he remained perfectly silent.

Sergeant Koch, when asked if Mr. Conklin gave any information bearing on the Cronin case, said he gave some information which bore indirectly on the case, but that nothing was given of an important nature. "We are really not possessed of any information," said he, "that will warrant the arrest of anybody as yet."

Shortly after the news of the finding of Dr. Cronin's body had been received, a *Times* reporter called on Mrs. Conklin, at her home on North Clark street.

"Have you heard the news, Mrs. Conklin?"

"No; what is it?"

"Dr. Cronin's body has been found."

Mrs. Conklin leaned against the door, and her eyes rested on the floor for a moment.

"Where did they find it?" she asked, in a low, unmoved tone of voice.

"Out in Lake View, near Argyle Park, in a sewer."

"Are you sure it is the doctor's body?"

"Quite sure. A message has been received stating that the identification was positive."

"Well," after a moment's pause, "I am not a bit surprised. I always said he had been murdered, and this proves it."

"Mrs. Conklin, have you any idea who killed the doctor?"

Mrs. Conklin picked up a little rat terrier that was playing around her feet, and held him in her arms. "I can't say. I knew he had been murdered."

"You will undoubtedly give the police the benefit of your knowledge concerning the doctor's enemies to enable them in finding the murderers."

"I don't know that I will. I told them a good many things that would have enabled them to find the body before this had they acted on it, and they seem to know so much that they won't appreciate what I can tell them."

"Then, you can tell them something?"

"I don't want to talk any more," said Mrs. Conklin, preparing to close the door.

"Have you heard from Lake View?"

"There was a message came here from there for my husband just before you came."

"When will he be back?"

"I don't know! Good night," and the door was shut in the reporter's face.

Mrs. Conklin was besieged with callers during the evening, who came to make inquiries about the identification of the body and the preparations for

the funeral. She was not in a very good humor, however, and seemed to feel very bitter toward those who had believed sensational stories about the doctor. "I knew he was dead," she said, "and I should think people would feel ashamed of themselves now for believing that he was insane or that he could be guilty of trying to get up a sensation."

All of the evening and far into the night, people came in carriages, in cabs, and on foot to view the body. The crowd around the station did not decrease in size, and at midnight the excitement had not abated. Never in its history has Lake View known such a sensation. At every corner for many blocks from the station, groups of men stood around discussing the discovery of the body, the complete identification, and the theories of the cause for the desperate and as yet mysterious murder.

Captain Wing, ex-Captain Villiers, and other Lake View officers held consultations with detectives from the Central Station. John F. Scanlan, Captain O'Connor, and others who have led the efforts to find Dr. Cronin's body also held whispered conversations. Officers were coming and going on missions which they refused to divulge, but occasionally some bits of the official information were disclosed.

At this time the theories as to the provocation for the cowardly murder are pregnant with interest. They are openly discussed on the streets, and are not secrets. One of the theories advanced last night is a novel one, and had many advocates.

It is that Dr. Cronin was a British spy, and was murdered because of what he knew about secret societies and Irishmen specially active in the Irish cause. It is argued that he was not in favor with those who have taken a prominent part in Irish affairs, because his policy was a too rabid and violent one; that he associated with men more rabid and violent than himself. His mission becoming known, he was murdered to prevent the English government from learning the things he knew.

This theory makes some man or men in some society responsible for his death. It is not claimed that he was killed because it was feared he would divulge to the world any irregular proceedings by any members of these societies, but that he was "forcibly removed" because he was a traitor to the cause so dear to every Irish heart. The advocates of this theory are emphatic in their assertions that he was murdered by a fellow Catholic. The fact that the religious charm around his neck, held sacred by Catholics, was not removed when the body was stripped, is pointed to as evidence corroborating this theory. Not a stitch of clothing was left upon the body, and a towel was twisted around the neck either to absorb the blood from the wounds, or to aid in choking him while death blows were dealt. The perpetrators of this shocking murder must have seen the Agnus Dei. It could have been removed in a second by drawing it over the head or by cutting it. It might lead

to the identification of the body, yet it was not touched.

The only explanation left is that his murderers, who were crazed fanatics in some cause, dare not touch that sacred emblem even after they had laved their hands in his blood.

The old theories that Dr. Cronin was murdered because of his threatened exposure of secret society secrets are well known, and need not be enlarged upon at this time.

Shortly after Dr. Cronin's mysterious disappearance John Scanlan said: "If we ever find his body, we can locate his murderers." Captain O'Connor also said: "Show me the dead body of Dr. Cronin and I will point out his murderers."

Both of these gentlemen declined to talk about the matter last night. Their words become fraught with significance at this time and the officers will doubtless ask for explanations. Speaking of the rewards offered for the discovery of Dr. Cronin, Mr. Scanlan said: "The reward of \$5,000 was offered for the discovery of his body and evidence that would lead to the arrest and conviction of his murderers."

Mr. Scanlan did not say so, but the inference was very plain that the reward would not be paid for the discovery of his body only.

The evidence that Dr. Cronin's body was put in the trunk is about complete, and there is little doubt that the trunk was used by the assassins.

I laid the paper aside.

My wife sat looking passively at the fire which was burning in the grate.

"What *is* your idea?" she said, at last. Woman-like, she was trying to draw me out.

I arose from my easy-chair, filled a pipe with tobacco, applied a match, and puffed several times.

Then I said, slowly:

"I have an idea that Dr. Cronin was murdered.

She flushed fiery red.

"That is admitted by every one now, she flashed; "but who did it?"

I smiled, and kissed her. "The person who struck the blow, darling," I replied.

She broke away from me, and ran up-stairs to bed. I followed her.

She seemed to be angry. There was no earthly reason for it. I told her the truth. I knew about as much about it as any one, excepting the assassin.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CARLSON COTTAGE.

ALTHOUGH much better, I could not with safety leave my house the next day, nor the next. I eagerly scanned the papers, expecting that each edition would record the finding of the doctor's case of instruments or his clothing. There was still the white horse and buggy to be found. I regretted that I was not able to be up and about, so to speak, so as I could carry out several theories which I had formed as to the case while confined to my bed. I had heard nothing, either, from the man who had engaged me to shadow his wife. I wanted to investigate that matter further, for my own satisfaction, even if nothing else came from it. My doctor warned me to be careful.

"You must not allow yourself to become too excited," he said. "To a man in your condition excitement is dangerous;" and so I was obliged to take things as easy as I could. I walked about the house, read the papers, smoked a little, and played with the children. They were glad to have me home with them. My profession called for much absence from home, and they loved their father dearly, and so appreciated the fact that I was home with them so long. But all this did not satisfy me. I was anxious to be out, more particularly after reading the *Herald* and *Times* of the 24th instant. I saw that the police had at

last struck a big clue. The *Herald* went on to say:

Quite the most important clue yet found in the Cronin case was the statement made by Patrick O. Sullivan, the ice dealer, that something mysterious regarding the renting of a cottage near his residence had taken place, the people who had rented the cottage never appearing to take possession, though they had paid their first month's rent. He thought



Cottage in which Dr. Cronin was Murdered.

the matter should be investigated, as he had understood that the cottage was rented by some one who pretended to be going to work for him, though no such persons had been engaged by him. As far as he knew, after the persons who rented the cottage had put in their carpets, about three weeks ago, they never came near the house.

Mr. Sullivan lives in a comfortable house at the



The Carlson Family.

corner of Bosworth and Roscoe streets, in Lake View, the house standing on the corner, facing east, and surrounded by ample grounds, with barn and out-houses in the rear. The corner lot back of his residence is vacant, but immediately next to it, facing Ashland avenue and almost in the rear of Sullivan's house, stands the vacant cottage. It is a two-story structure, standing fenced in a narrow lot. All the blinds are up, and the house has quite a funereal aspect, entirely in keeping with the possibility of its being the actual scene of Dr. Cronin's murder.

Crowded into the lot in the rear of this vacant cottage is a smaller building in which live Mr. and Mrs. Carlson, two aged Swedes, whose only means of livelihood is the rent of the now vacant cottage. With them lives their son, a man about twenty-five years old.

When the *Heral* reporter knocked at the door of this little cottage yesterday afternoon, young John Carlson barred the doorway with his form, and refused to let the reporter enter. Inside were seen two detectives from the East Chicago Avenue Station, and they had evidently coached young Carlson so well that he positively refused to answer any questions.

"You know what I am after, and the stories told about this rented cottage?"

"Yes, I know all about that, but I cannot talk to you."

"It's a fact that the cottage was rented by two

mysterious persons, who paid the first month's rent and have not been seen around here lately?,"

"Yes, but I tell you I cannot talk about it. The *Herald* will get all there is about it as soon as anybody does."

"How about the blood you are said to have seen?"

He started as though he had been shot, but quickly recovered himself and said: "You can't get anything out of me, and there's no use in trying. I won't talk."

"Can I see your mother?"

"No; you can't. I can't let you in at all."

A police officer, who was found in the vicinity, added the very important information that he had heard something about the mysterious renting of the cottage, and had gone to the Carlsons' house the evening before to investigate. "While I was there," he said, "young Carlson came in quite drunk, and started to say something about some blood he had seen in the cottage. The old lady at once interfered and made him shut up, and after that I could get him to say nothing, and the old lady would not talk either. I couldn't get a thing out of them after that, but I heard the young man say he was going to tell what he knew to the police. I think, from the fact of the detectives being there all the morning and afternoon, that there is a great deal in it, but just what I don't know. Of course, as long as the detectives are working on the case I sha'n't interfere, but I tell you there's something in it."

A good-looking young woman came to the door of the Sullivan residence, and, though she refused to give her name, readily told all she knew about the renting of the cottage.

"Not quite two months ago I noticed that the bill in the window was taken down, and my milkman told me that the cottage had been rented. I was glad of that, for the Carlsons had had so much trouble about their cottage. The man who was in it before embezzled some money from the Brunswick & Balke Company, and went to the penitentiary, and his family had to leave, and the cottage was vacant for a while. I understood from the milkman that a woman had come and rented the cottage, and paid twelve dollars for one month's rent in advance. About three weeks ago, one Sunday night, we saw a light in the house, but, as far as I know, no one has been there since. Mrs. Carlson said she didn't know what to make of it, and, if they did not come to take possession to-day, she was going to take it herself and rent it again. The tenants had the key, but she was going to get in anyway."

In a grocery store, a couple of blocks away, the Carlsons and their mysterious cottage had been the subject of considerable comment. "I understood," said the woman behind the counter, "that the cottage was rented by two young Irishmen, who gave it out that they were going to work for Mr. Sullivan, the iceman, and that their sister was going to keep house for them. Mr. Sullivan says that he had hired no such men, and did not know any-

thing about them. I should think it was about a month ago that they came to the house in the evening, and put their carpets in; but I don't know as they have been there since. There's something very mysterious about the way they have acted. Mrs. Carlson never saw them but once, she says, and describes them as both young men, and evidently Irish workingmen. The story of their going to work for Sullivan was not so, and they might have been concerned in Dr. Cronin's murder."

What the blood was that young Carlson saw, and where he saw it, could not be learned from him, as he positively and emphatically refused to say anything. It could not be learned that he had been in the vacant cottage, and there did not seem to be any traces of blood about the front steps. He evidently has made some communication of importance to the detectives, and they are jealously guarding it.

It seems more than probable at this writing that the cottage was hired by the assassins of Dr. Cronin, and he was decoyed to it, murdered there, and then the body was taken away in the trunk. This it was that caused some of the officials to say that they were on the right track of the murderers, and this clue was what kept the police so busy yesterday.

The *Times* also published the following:

When the one-story and attic cottage at 1872 Ashland avenue, in which there is now no doubt that Dr. Cronin was murdered, was first found, the great splotches and stains of blood on the floor were seen to have been splattered about by the

bare foot of a man. Occasionally the impress of the right foot was also seen. Over the blood in every instance but one was spread a thin coating of yellow paint. To avoid contact with the blood, the man or men in the cottage endeavored to blot out all signs of life fluid by means of paint. To do this one of the fellows hopped about the floor in



A Faint Footprint in the Hall.

his bare feet, daubing his brush wherever he saw a pool or stain of blood. The floor, walls, and front stairway are thus daubed over.

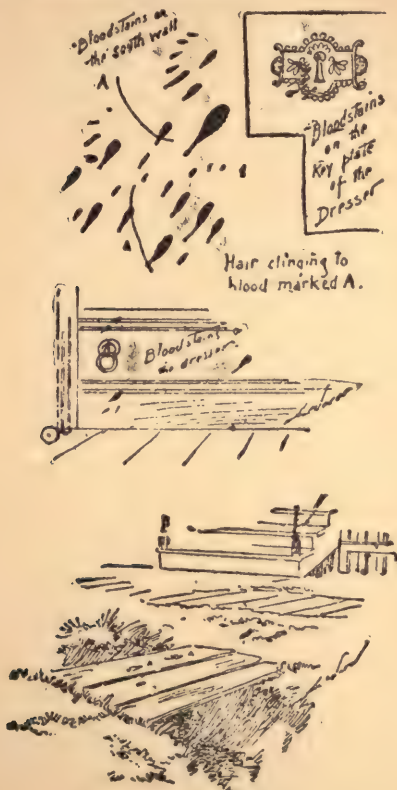
The brush that did the painting was found yesterday afternoon in the attic of the building by the officers. It is an ordinary wide-made painter's

brush, and is covered with the yellow paint similar to that used on the floor.

The key belonging to the trunk containing the body of Dr. Cronin was also found in the room where the murder took place. This, in the eyes of the police, proves conclusively that the doctor was not only murdered in the cottage, but that he was also jammed into the trunk there. Whether they lost the key, or purposely threw it away, is not known. There are no marks on it by which any identification can be made, or by which it could be traced to the place of sale. As to the paint-brush, Lieutenant Schuettler carried it away with him, and he refused to say whether or not there was a mark on it by which it could be traced to the store from which it was sold.

To more fully satisfy themselves as to the amount of blood spattered about the floors, the police secured a bottle of turpentine, with which they proposed to eat the paint out of the floor. They soon satisfied themselves that there was more blood scattered about than they could conveniently handle, and then they sensibly turned their attention to discovering whether the blood in the trunk was the same as that on the floor of the cottage. This, too, was found out to be correct. Dr. Brandt and Dr. Hectoern, the pathologist at the Cook County Hospital, after a careful examination, stated that the blood was the same as that found in the trunk. The corpuscles were similar, and the pigmentation the same, as were also the crystals found in the blood in the trunk and cottage.

"It is human blood, and there is absolutely no doubt as to the similarity of the gore found in both instances," said the physicians.



"Some Blood Stains."

Portions of the blood-stained wood were cut from the flooring and stairway by reporters and officers for special examinations. The result was a proof of the correctness of Drs. Brandt and Hectoern.

There are six rooms, a large basement and attic in the cottage, and it was on the parlor floor that the terrible deed was committed. Slight stains of blood were also found on the door-casing leading from the parlor to the sitting-room. The supposition is that the doctor received his first probably fatal wound in passing from one room to the other.

The Carlsons were seen by a *Times* representative, though they had been sworn to secrecy by the police, young Carlson going so far as to sign a paper to that effect before State's Attorney Longenecker. However, the story as told by them is as follows:

The 20th of March last a man fairly well dressed, but looking as if he might be a workingman, came to the rear of the cottage and asked if the one in front was for rent. He was told that it was, and that the price was \$13. He immediately rented it, paying his money down at the time. He went away, and several days later came back with another man and a wagon carrying some furniture consisting of a bureau, wash-stand, bedstead and several rugs. They then left, and were not seen again until the 20th of April, when they again returned and desired to pay another month's rent. They hadn't occupied the house during March, and the furniture they brought for the place was so small that suspicions were excited, and it was concluded not to rent them the place again. Mrs. Carlson was alone in the rear cottage at the time,

and at first firmly refused to rent. She said the place was for sale.

"What is your price?" asked one of the two men,



SULLIVAN'S HOUSE. SULLIVAN'S BARN. CARL-SON'S. MURDERERS' COTTAGE.



Some Points of Interest.

who called themselves Williams, stating that they were brothers.

"It is \$3,000," she replied.

"That is too much. I would not give over \$2,500 for it," said the speaker.

They rented the house, saying that the sister, who was sick, would soon be able to leave the hospital and take up her residence in the cottage. No sister ever came, though last Thursday one of the men came again and wanted to rent the house.

As to all this the police, of course, have but one opinion. The house was rented for the purpose of murdering Dr. Cronin in it as guardedly as possible, and that the cause of the cottage being rented in both March and April, was for the reason that no favorable opportunity to make away with the physician had presented itself. As to the attempt to again rent the cottage Thursday, this is explained on the theory that the murderers hoped to cover up the scene of the crime as long as possible. The Carlsons are old-fashioned people, and, when once they rented the cottage, they believed they had no right whatever to enter the premises. They were as much surprised as were the police when the facts connected with the cottage became known.

A search for Dr. Cronin's clothes about the premises resulted in nothing. The cellar was dug up, and the ground under the main stairway was also spaded. During these researches at the houses, the police were busy with young John Carlson, who gave about the best description the police received of the two men who rented from his mother. He was spirited away from Lake View. The police suspect two men, and are trying to run down the "Williams brothers." It is thought that they are not in the city.

The man who last lived in the Carlson cottage,

some time in the fall, was a well-dressed man of medium or rather heavy build, about six feet in height, and wore a heavy black mustache. This is the exact description given of the tenant by Mrs. Lindgren, a daughter of the Carlsons. She had not been seen by the police, and was not told to "keep her mouth shut."

"I am sure that is the man's description," she said, "and I am also sure that he lived with his wife, or a woman whom he called his wife. He said he was a book-keeper, employed in the city, and was rarely seen about here except at night. The woman, too, was rarely seen."

"What was his name? or did he give one?"

"Oh, yes; he gave his name," said Mrs. Lindgren. "It was King."

She knew no more of the man and his wife, as they mysteriously disappeared one night. The description of the man and the name as given by Mrs. Lindgren, who speaks with a German accent, and says she sees no paper or knows nothing of the Cronin mystery, tallies in every particular with the description and name given by the horse-thief Woodruff in talking of the man who with Fairburn hired him to haul the trunk. This is a very important feature in the case, and proves beyond doubt that there is such a man as King so frequently talked of by Woodruff. This unlettered German woman knows nothing of the intricacies of the case; yet she describes a man, even to his name, who has all along cut an important figure in the mystery.

The Carlson cottage, 1872 Ashland avenue, in which unmistakable evidences of a terrible crime were discovered, and where there is now little doubt Dr. Cronin was foully murdered, was surrounded all day yesterday by a crowd of police officers and curiosity-seekers. Women with babes in arms and children hanging to their skirts lingered around the place until driven home by hunger or thirst. They saw nothing and heard only their own chattering as they spoke in low tones of the bloody floor, the trunk, and the desperation of the men who assassinated the doctor.

Several reporters, after gaining ingress to the cottage and cutting away portions of the blood-stained wood, were driven out by Officer Jacobs, of the Chicago Avenue Station, at the point of a revolver. The newspaper men got in while the officer was not attending strictly to business. For this act of neglect, Officer Jacobs has been suspended by Lieutenant Schuettler.

The discoverer of the blood in the cottage and the subsequent fact that it was there that Cronin was killed was made known by John Carlson, a son of the owner of the cottage. After making his discovery in the cottage he confided the matter to a milk dealer named Diekman, who in turn told his customers, among them P. O. Sullivan, the ice man, who lives but a few feet from the cottage. Sullivan told Captain Wing, of Lake View, and Lieutenant Schuettler, of Chicago, and thus was made known the scene of the murder. From this point of vantage the authorities began their work.

Captain Wing rented the cottage yesterday for twelve dollars, but real estate agent Lukens, who had the renting of it, says, if he had known in time the value of the cottage, he could have got \$100 a week for it from any newspaper in Chicago.

CHAPTER XV.

FURTHER CLUES.

EACH day now brought something new. The Chicago *Herald* recorded the following, which I read, and put away for future use:

The police are fairly on the track of the Cronin murderers, and, with the information they are now in possession of, properly worked up, there ought to be little chance for the escape of the assassins. Yesterday's developments were of the most sensational character, and were two-fold in their nature.

The first discovery of the day was the fact that the assassins had occupied rooms in the third story of the building 117 Clark street, over Buck & Rayner's drug store, from February 19th, or thereabout, until nearly the first of April. From the front windows of these rooms they could survey the entrance to the Chicago Opera House Block, in which both Cronin and his alleged enemy, Alexander Sullivan, had their offices. In fact, they could look directly into Mr. Sullivan's office. There is no possible doubt of any mistake on these facts.

As has been heretofore detailed in the *Herald*, the furniture that was put into the murderers' cottage on North Ashland avenue, has been positively identified by Alexander H. Revell & Co., of Fifth avenue and Randolph street. That firm sold the furniture, which bore their trademark. They also

sold the Becker trunk in which Dr. Cronin's remains were carried from "murderers' cottage" to the catch-basin, where they were found. That, too, is an established fact. But when? In the establishment mentioned, a careful and systematic record of all sales is kept, comprising a description of the goods sold, their price, the name and address of the purchaser, and any attendant circumstances that may serve to make the record more complete. Reference to this record and interviews with salesmen in the Revell store furnished the entire story of the crime's preliminaries.

On February 19th a man, who gave the name of J. B. Simons, bought a bill of goods from an employé of Mr. Revell. Simons was a man about five feet and seven inches in height; his weight was about one hundred and fifty pounds; his complexion was neither dark nor fair; he had a rather heavy reddish brown mustache; his forehead was high, and his drab-colored hair was thin. He wore a dark cutaway coat, dark trousers, a brown, heavy overcoat of light weight, and a Derby hat. He was about thirty-five years of age. Simons approached a salesman, and asked to see some furniture, carpets and a large trunk. "Give me the cheapest kind you've got," he said; "they're only for temporary use." The salesman accordingly showed him what he inquired for. Simons took the first things that he came to, and there was no bickering about the prices to be paid. He apparently was "well fixed," showing a fat roll of large

bills. The salesman's efforts resulted in the sale of the following goods at the prices named:

32 yards of carpet at 35 cents.....	\$12.80
1 trunk (Becker, "40 No. 2").....	3.50
1 out-door mat.....	1.00
1 small hand satchel.....	1.00
1 chamber suit.....	14.50
1 "solid comfort" spring.....	1.50
1 mattress, excelsior top.....	2.75
1 pair of pillows.....	2.00
1 bowl, pitcher, etc.....	1.35
1 lamp.....	.50
1 comforter.....	1.00
1 cane chair.....	.65
1 cane rocker.....	1.95
1 trunk strap.....	1.00
Total.....	<u>\$45.50</u>

A curious thing about the sale of the carpet was the fact that Simons could not tell how large his room was. "I guess," he said, "that thirty-two yards will be plenty." The carpet was a cheap ingrain.

"Where shall I have the goods sent?" asked the salesman.

"I don't know," returned Simons. "You keep them here, and I'll take a memorandum of them."

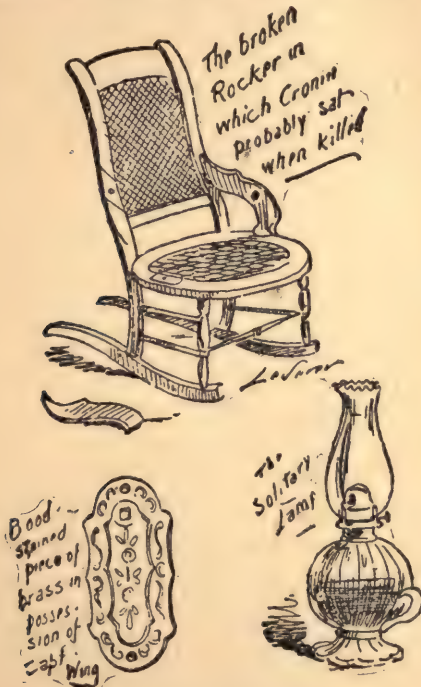
This he did.

"I will come here," he went on, "to-morrow or next day, and give you my address."

The next day Simons returned, and told the salesman to send his purchases to 117 South Clark street, rooms 12 and 15. "And," he said, "send along a man to put the carpet down."

Then he went away; but the next day he came

back and said that the trunk strap was not large enough to suit him. He was given another, very large and very heavy, for which he paid fifty cents more than the price of the first one he had pur-



Some of the Furniture.

chased. That was the last of Simons, so far as Revell's store was concerned.

The carpenter accompanied Mr. Simons' furniture and household goods to 117 South Clark street, rooms 12 and 15. There are two rooms bearing 12 as a number, in the building. One room, the

door of which is covered with Turkish characters, is on the second floor. This was not the room occupied by Simons. Another flight of stairs brings one to a sort of lodging house arrangement of rooms. No. 12 is a front room, and No. 15 adjoins it at the back. There the carpet-layer found a short, rather stout man, of dark complexion, and wearing a close-cropped black mustache, who told him to go ahead with his work. This man, whose name is unknown, but whose description tallies with the description of one of the "brothers" who rented "murderers' cottage," seemed to be an American. He had no noticeable accent in his speech. He superintended the laying the carpet, and talked a good deal in a friendly way. His amiability even led him to give the carpet-layer a cigar, and he himself smoked. The carpet proved to be too long by several yards, for the room. "I'll cut it off," said the workman.

"Oh, no," the man protested, "don't cut it off. Turn it under. I'd much rather have it that way. You see, this is only temporary, anyway. I may move at any time."

The large Becker packing trunk, which Simons had got, in answer to his request for "the very largest you have," was put into the room, and some of the furniture also went in, the remainder being unloaded in No. 15.

Simons and his mysterious companion occupied rooms 12 and 15 just three weeks. At the expiration of that they packed up, bag and baggage, paid the rent that was due, and got an expressman to

carry their belongings away. They informed no one of their destination, but there is no doubt that the furniture was moved to "murderers' cottage," on North Ashland avenue, at that time.

The present occupants of the top floor of 117 Clark street moved in about April 23d, and know absolutely nothing save what they have heard about the previous occupants. Rooms 12 and 15 are comfortably fitted up as lodging-rooms, and, singularly enough, 15 was occupied until last Wednesday by a man named Williams. This at first startled the police, but fuller inquiry satisfied them that he had no connection with the case. He was young, and spare in build, and the landlady used to read letters he received from his mother in Ohio.

James M. Marshall, of Knight & Marshall, who had the renting of 117 Clark street, was interviewed last night. He has but an imperfect recollection of the strange man who rented the top floor, and cannot remember his name.

"Mr. Throckmorton, our cashier, called my attention to the matter," said Mr. Marshall, "and asked if we had better rent the rooms for so short a time. That was the only time I ever saw the man. I remember him as a medium-sized man, fairly well dressed, and what would be termed an ordinary looking man in comfortable circumstances. My impression is that he gave the name of Simons, but I could not tell without referring to the books. He called to see about renting the rooms February 19th. The janitor showed him all the rooms on the upper floor. They are arranged for living pur-

poses, and have been generally rented to people with families. He asked the price of one or two rooms, and came to the office and had a talk with Mr. Throckmorton, who referred him to me. He told me he wanted a quiet place for a few weeks. A friend of his was sick, and was coming to Chicago for treatment, and he wanted to find a nice, quiet place for him. He finally said that he believed he would take the whole floor if the rent was not too high, and asked what I would charge a month. I thought it over, and made a price of \$42 a month for the six rooms. He did not quibble about the price, and I told Mr. Throckmorton to make out a lease to April 30, 1889.

"After he left the office," continued Mr. Marshall, "I got to thinking about it, but concluded that we could not lose anything. The man told me he was a stranger in the city and could give no references, but would pay cash in advance. It was near the end of the renting year, and I thought we might as well take the \$42 a month for the remaining six weeks. I forgot all about the affair until one day the painter informed me that the man on the top floor had vacated the premises. This was March 19th, the day on which the rent was due. The janitor did not know exactly when the man moved out. He found the doors unlocked and the rooms vacant. The strange occupant may have been gone three or four days. We soon rented the rooms to the people now occupying them."

Mr. Throckmorton, the cashier and bookkeeper, who made out the lease and gave the stranger a

receipt for the money, could not be found last night. He can probably give a full description of the man, and the lease contains his signature. The name is doubtless a fictitious one, but the handwriting on the lease may serve as a valuable clue.

One of the strangest things about the Cronin mystery is a remarkable and curious coincidence — if, indeed, it be a coincidence. It will be remembered that one of the “brothers” who hired “murderers’ cottage” gave his name as Frank Williams. On April 24, Alex. H. Revell & Co. sold a Becker trunk, “40, No. 2,” identical with the trunk that was sold to Simons, as well as with the trunk that was found in Lake View, to one T. F. Williams. Williams was a man about five feet and eight inches in height, weighing about 150 pounds, whose hair and complexion were of a neutral color, and who wore a reddish brown mustache. The young woman who sold him the trunk says, that he was about thirty-five years of age, and she affirms that his clothing was not of a character to attract attention. He had the trunk sent to 327 Fifty-fifth street, Hyde Park. A detail of reporters for the *Herald* was sent out to interview Mr. Williams. It was late at night, and considerable difficulty was experienced in finding the house bearing the number 327. After the doorbell had been rung repeatedly, a head was put out from a window in the second story, and an inquiry concerning the business of the midnight disturbers was launched through the darkness. According to the voice, T. F. Williams had his abode there, and

a demand for a conversation with that gentleman was followed by the abrupt disappearance of the talking head. Within fifteen minutes the door was unlocked and unbolted, a picturesque figure in a red undershirt and negligee trousers was wafted through the doorway, and the door was carefully locked again.

"Well," he said, "what do you want?"

The reporter's errand was made plain to him, as it was thought.

"I don't understand such talk," he replied; "what do you want?"

Then the question was bluntly put to him: "Did you, on April 24th, buy a trunk — a large packing trunk — from Revell's store?"

"What business is it of yours whether I did or not? Who are you, anyhow? How do I know you are reporters? What have you got to show for it?"

Credentials were produced, and, after considerable hesitation, and still never an affirmation or a denial, "Well," he said, "come on." Then he unlocked the door, and the newspaper men stumbled up-stairs in the darkness. In a little back room a lamp was burning. A gray cap, with the letters "S. P. P." on the front, lay on the bed.

"There!" he exclaimed triumphantly, his arm outstretched, and his fingers pointing to a trunk. It was the exact image of the Lake View trunk, with the exception that the mark of the manufacturer, Becker, was not upon the outside of the bottom. The trunk was nearly empty, and another, a travel-

ing trunk, was nearly full. During the re-examination one of the reporters remarked pleasantly, "Mr. Williams is a South Park policeman."

"Didn't you know that?" he returned. "Why, I bought that trunk when I was in full uniform, cap and all." The young woman from whom he bought the trunk, it may be recalled, is positive in her statement, that Williams was dressed inconspicuously when he made the purchase. And why a South Park policeman, living in a single little room, should want a huge packing box, although it may perhaps be readily explained, is not easy to see.

"What does your middle initial stand for, Mr. Williams?" was inquired. He did not immediately reply. "Does it stand for Frank?"

"Oh, no," he said; and, after fully twenty seconds, he went on: "It stands for Fuller." It is not certain that he said "Fuller," but the word resembled that word in sound. That was all, and the newspaper men gracefully withdrew.

Now, all this seems trivial enough, and it indubitably would justly seem trivial if it were not for a conversation that passed between Superintendent of Police Hubbard and a member of the firm of Alex. H. Revell & Co.

"Do you know, chief," said the merchant, yesterday, "along in April we sold a Becker trunk to a man named T. F. Williams, out on Fifty-fifth street?"

"Good God!" the chief ejaculated, as he jumped excitedly out of his chair; "you don't say so! Why, did you know that for the past two weeks I've been

working a force of detectives in the neighborhood of Fiftieth street? It's this Cronin business, you understand. Well, I'll be blanked! Tell me all you know about this Williams and the trunk."

The trunk-seller complied with the request, and, when he concluded, the chief told him his theory of the matter.

From another source it was learned what this theory upon which Superintendent Hubbard is working is. The man Simons and his companion, the theory goes, made their preparations to commit the murder, rented "murderers' cottage," first buying the trunk, the furniture and the carpets as a precaution. Then they rented the cottage, after a long search for a suitable place, and moved their goods into it. Now they were ready to do the deed. But they did not at once find an opportunity to get Dr. Cronin into their hands, and that opportunity did not come soon. For some unrevealed reason they became alarmed for the success of their plans, and they arranged for a slaughter house in the south end of town. They secured such a place in the vicinity of Fiftieth street, and bought another trunk in order to save the trouble and avoid the danger of carting their first-bought trunk over town from Lake View. The North Side house was originally procured with a view to throwing suspicion on P. O. Sullivan, and it was not for some time that they learned, by chance, of Cronin's contract with the iceman. Fortune seemed to favor them in the matter of this contract, and it was this that determined them to commit murder

in their Lake View house, which was located, through no design of theirs, very near Sullivan's house. Using Sullivan's business card as a decoy, they entrapped the physician and killed him. The assassins, after they had disposed of the body, entered a small boat and rowed out to a sailing vessel, which was awaiting them, and started at once for Canada. Arrived in Toronto, they procured to be telegraphed to Chicago the reports that Dr. Cronin, alive and well, had been seen there, in order to throw the police and the public off the scent.

All this, let it be understood, is merely a theory upon which the police department is at work.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WHITE HORSE AND BUGGY FOUND.

DISCOVERIES seemed to be coming in thick and fast. In the *Times*, under the date of May 25th, I read the following:

The white horse and the buggy which carried the man who lured Dr. Cronin to his atrocious death have been discovered, and the man who ordered this rig, according to the story of the livery-stable keeper, is a detective in the employ of the Chicago police force, and his name is Daniel Coughlin.

The circumstances which surround this discovery admit of no refutation. They are as plain as day. A Chicago detective, now detailed at the East Chicago Avenue Station, was the man who, the morning of Saturday, May 4th, called upon Patrick Dinan, at his livery stable, 260 North Clark street. He gave notice that a "friend" would call about seven that evening, and that he was to be given a horse and buggy.

"If you give him the rig, I will pay for it," said the officer.

That evening the "friend" called, and Mr. Dinan ordered a white horse — now an historical animal — to be hitched to a buggy. At the same time another client of Mr. Dinan's was having a sorrel horse hitched to another vehicle.

"I would rather have that horse," suggested the

"friend," "and I would also like to have that buggy, because it has side curtains."

He was told that he could have neither, as both the horse and buggy which had suited his purpose had been engaged for some time in advance.

"Then put side curtains on my buggy," persisted Coughlin's friend.

Even this demand was denied, there being no side curtains in the stable.

Mr. Dinan described the man as being about



The Coroner's Jury,

thirty-five years of age, and of ordinary height and build. He had a week's growth of beard on his face, and wore a soft felt hat with a narrow turned-up brim.

At about 7:15 o'clock the man left the stable with the rig and drove north on Clark street. According to Frank Scanlan, it was five minutes thereafter when the stranger drove to 470 North Clark street and informed Dr. Cronin that he was wanted at Sullivan's ice house.

Dr. Cronin was never again seen until his body was found last Wednesday.

The white horse and the buggy were returned to the stable by Coughlin's friend at 9:30, or just two hours and fifteen minutes after they had been hired.

Mr. Dinan says he thought nothing more of the matter until Monday morning, when the papers began to publish Dr. Cronin's mysterious disappearance and the peculiar connection of a white horse and a buggy with the sensation. Then Mr. Dinan became suspicious of the trip his own white horse had made under the guidance of Detective Coughlin's "friend." He went at once to the East Chicago Avenue Station to tell Captain Schaack of the curious coincidence. He found Detective Coughlin. This man at once grabbed him, and, taking him aside, cautioned him not to say anything about the affair of Saturday night, because, not being on good terms with Dr. Cronin, some people might think he had something to do with the disappearance.

Mr. Dinan was still uneasy. He told Captain Schaack his story, and insisted that a full report be made to Chief Hubbard. But, becoming suspicious that the report had not been made, he called upon the chief himself.

Representatives of the *Times* called on P. Dinan, who lives over his stables at 260 North Clark street, last night. The callers were conducted to the front room. The hour was late, and Mr. Dinan, who had arisen from his bed, was in his shirt-sleeves. The



CHIEF OF POLICE HUBBARD.

first question asked Mr. Dinan was: "Do you know Detective Coughlin?"

The question seemed to stagger Mr. Dinan momentarily. He paused and turned a trifle pale. The question was put without any intimation of what was to follow, and he was on the point of denying that he knew Coughlin. Indeed, the denial was on his lips, but he checked the half-uttered words, and said: "Yes; I know him."

"Do you know that Coughlin was called before Chief of Police Hubbard to-day?"

Mr. Dinan acted uneasily, but he answered readily enough: "No; I did not know of it."

"You have had some business dealings with Coughlin?"

"Oh, yes. I have been in business since '71, and the officers often get rigs from me."

"Did Coughlin ever ask you to 'keep your mouth shut?'"

"No, sir."

"If an affidavit were sworn to that he had said that to you, the affidavit would be false, would it? Now, didn't he say something of that kind to you in inquiring about a white horse?"

"I believe something of that kind was said."

"Did he say that there was danger that he would get into trouble?"

"Well, I'll tell you how it was. He did say that he wanted me to keep still about it, because it might get him into trouble. He said Dr. Cronin and himself were not good friends—there had been some trouble between them—and he might

get into some trouble over the doctor's disappearance."

"Did you see Coughlin the Saturday that Dr. Cronin was abducted?"

"Yes. He came here that Saturday morning. The officers often come to me for horses when they are on some case. He said to me: 'A party will come here to-night for a horse. Let him have one.'"

"Those were his exact words?"

"He said 'A friend of mine will come for a horse. Just let him have one.'"

"What time did this friend of Coughlin's come for the horse?"

"About 7:30 o'clock. I had been sent out, and come in when he was at the stable. The man said: 'I want that horse ordered for me by Coughlin.' Blacksmith Jones was here at the time, getting a horse, too. My men had put a harness on a high-strung sorrel horse for Jones; but I made them take the harness off, because the horse had never been driven single. I told the men to lead out the old white horse for Coughlin's friend. When they did that, he objected, and said he wanted the sorrel that he had seen prepared for Jones. I refused to let him have that horse."

"Please describe the white horse."

"It is an old horse—a faded white. When Coughlin ordered the rig, I asked him what kind of one to give the man, and he said anything would do. That's why I thought the old white horse would answer the purpose."

"Can you describe the man who got the white horse?"

"Um — m. N — no. I didn't take his description, because the officers always told me, when they sent for a horse, to keep still, ask no questions, and pay no attention to the men sent."

Later on during the conversation Mr. Dinan gave a most minute description of this very man.

"What time was the horse returned?"

"I was out for a moment at the time the horse came back, but the men told me the rig was in, and that he arrived at the barn at 9:10 or 9:15."

"At what time did Coughlin's friend call for the horse?"

"About ten minutes past seven o'clock."

"Which way did the man drive from the barn?"

"Directly north."

"Who paid for the horse and buggy?"

"Coughlin was to pay for it."

"Did the officers come to see you about the horse after Dr. Cronin's disappearance attracted attention?"

"Yes. The next Monday morning a policeman in uniform came here. He asked if any white horse went out the previous Saturday evening. I was in bed, but sent him word that no such horse had gone from the barn."

"Why did you do that?"

"The officers were always particular, you know, and so I didn't tell the policeman."

"Did you ever tell the officials about sending out the horse with Coughlin's friend?"

"When the newspapers began writing up Dr. Cronin's disappearance, and mentioned the white horse, I began to feel uneasy. I went to the Chicago Avenue Station to see Captain Schaack. I didn't see him, but I did see Coughlin. He said to me: 'I have asked about this white horse. Keep still about it till I hear more about it. Cronin and I ain't good friends, and this thing may make talk and cause me trouble.' A few days later I saw him again. He said he had had a job finding his friend that got the horse. His friend had gone to New Mexico, he said. He had collected three dollars to pay for the horse from his friend, but had spent it. He said he would settle some other time."

"Was anything else done?"

"I went to see Schaack about it one day, and he said he would attend to it. I didn't hear anything from him, so I went to Lieutenant Horace Elliott, whom I have known for years. He took me to Chief Hubbard. Hubbard said Captain Schaack had told him about it. After that I felt easy. Captain Schaack took the white horse out one night to have it identified, he said. When he returned he declared it wasn't the horse that was driven to Dr. Cronin's."

The interview was practically over. As the parting words were being said, Mr. Dinan, forgetting, perhaps, that he had denied his ability to do so, described the man who came for the white

horse as Coughlin's friend. This is Mr. Dinan's description: "He was a small man — about five feet six inches tall, I guess. He wore a small soft hat with a rather narrow brim. He had a mustache, and evidently had not been shaved for several days. He looked like a workingman, and was about thirty-five years old. He may have been anywhere from thirty-three to thirty-eight years."

Frank Scanlan was the last friend of Dr. Cronin who saw him alive. Mr. Scanlan says: "As I passed the corner of Division and Clark streets, I looked at the clock in the tower of the street-car offices. It was exactly 7:20. I knew, if I reached Dr. Cronin's office before 7:30, I would find him in, for he was very methodical. I met him at the street door. He told me he had been called to attend one of Sullivan's men, and jumped into the buggy. We were to have had a meeting, and I called to him to give me the keys to his down-town office. I caught them as he threw them out of the buggy. I ran along six or seven steps beside the buggy, asking him which was the key. The man driving the horse looked at me in an angry manner. He was a small man. He wore a small, round soft hat with a narrow brim. He had a darkish mustache and hadn't been shaved recently. He looked about thirty-five years old."

No two descriptions could tally better than that given by Mr. Scanlan of the man who lured Dr. Cronin away and that given by Mr. Dinan of Coughlin's friend.

The last thing Mr. Dinan said was: "The man

who got the white horse wanted side curtains on the buggy. I told him we had none, and that no one could see in after dark. He grumbled, but said he couldn't wait, so he drove away."

CHAPTER XVII.

SOME ARRESTS!

ON the 25th of May, Detective Dan Coughlin was locked up in the Armory Police Station. The facts that had been discovered from Dinan seemed to warrant the arrest.



Detective Dan Coughlin.

The story that he told to the effect that he had engaged the buggy for a friend by the name of Smith, was afterward found to be untrue. On the 26th inst., Peter McGeehan, who mysteriously disappeared from Philadelphia three months before the murder, and who was said to be a bad man, was also taken into custody. Further investigation, however, went to prove that he was in Pullman upon the night of the murder.

On the night of the 27th, Detective Coughlin and P. O. Sullivan, the iceman, were formally arrested on a warrant sworn out by John Joseph Cronin, a brother of the murdered man, which read as follows:

State of Illinois, County of Cook, City of Chicago, ss.—The complaint and information of John Joseph Cronin, in said county, made before George Kersten, Esq., one of the justices of the peace in and for said county, on the 27th day of May, 1889. Said complainant, being duly sworn, upon his oath, says that Daniel Coughlin and Patrick O. Sullivan, on or about the 4th day of May, A. D. 1889, in county and State aforesaid, feloniously, maliciously and willfully did conspire and agree, together with a number of persons whose names are unknown to said affiant, to kill and murder one Patrick Henry Cronin, and, in furtherance of said conspiracy, the said Daniel Coughlin and Patrick O. Sullivan, and a number of persons whose names are unknown to said affiant, did feloniously, maliciously, willfully, and unlawfully, and with malice aforethought, on the 4th day of May, A. D. 1889, and in said county and State, kill and murder the said Patrick Henry Cronin, contrary to the form of the statutes in such cases made and provided. That this complainant has just and reasonable grounds to believe, that said Daniel Coughlin, Patrick O. Sullivan and a number of other persons whose names are unknown, committed said offense, and therefore prays that they may be arrested and dealt with according to law.

JOHN JOSEPH CRONIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of May, A. D. 1889.

GEORGE KERSTEN,
Justice of the Peace.

Iceman Sullivan was arrested on the warrant after eating his supper at home, and was held a prisoner in Lake View. Having no lawyer to make an attempt to see him, he was not brought before a justice and formally bound over.

It was suspected in police circles last night that the officers at work upon the case had succeeded in getting Coughlin identified either as the tall man who rented the Carslon cottage or as one of the trio who made it their rendezvous. Over on the North Side this opinion did not prevail, and it was said Coughlin would have no trouble whatever in

accounting for his whereabouts the Saturday night of the murder.

At 12:05 ex-Detective Coughlin walked into the main office of the jail in charge of Captain Bartram, and attended by a train of reporters. He marched up to the desk in a perfectly unconcerned manner, and watched Night Jailer Thomas C. Turner as he made the usual entries in the prison register.

"Well," said the late detective, pleasantly, "it is about bed-time, ain't it?"



Peter McGehan.

He was assured he could soon have an opportunity to go to bed, and stay as long as he liked.

"Search the prisoner," said the jailer, with the same lack of emotion which marks his treatment of common felons, and Deputy George Reich went through the pockets of the accused, carefully searching for any forbidden articles. Coughlin made no objection to the process, nonchalantly smoking an ordinary cigar.

"Well, good night, boys," said the prisoner, and he turned from the desk, and was conducted to the body of the jail by the keeper, where he was consigned to cell No. 25, which is in "murderers' row." He declined to make any statement, and, when questioned by the reporter, simply said he had "nothing to say."



P. O'Sullivan.

Early in the day Sullivan was closeted at the Lake View Police Station with Captain Wing, Captain Schaack, Lieutenant Schuettler, and Mayor Boldenweck. Mayor Boldenweck, who knows Sullivan well, and has some influence over him, told Sullivan it was best for him to tell everything, as it would be found out anyhow, and Sullivan took the advice. He confessed he had known Coughlin

for years, instead of having become acquainted with him only since the murder. He also admitted that he was a member of the Clan-na-Gael in good standing, and was present at Lincoln Hall, 501 Lincoln avenue, the night of March 22 last, when Cronin and others initiated several new members, taking one of the officers' chairs. He was confronted with the testimony of Justice Mahoney to the effect that he was a Clan-na-Gael member in good standing, and he did not deny it.

Sullivan is an ex-street car conductor. Detective Coughlin is an ex-street car driver. When Sullivan was in the employ of the North Side Street Car Company he became acquainted, as was natural, with many detectives and policeman, especially with those on the North Side, and his denials heretofore that he know any Chicago detectives or policemen go for nothing. He also worked in the iron mines of Michigan, and in this way became acquainted with the relatives of Coughlin in Hancock County.

Captain Wing received a letter yesterday afternoon postmarked Holly Springs, Miss., dated May 23d. It was signed "P. C. R.," and gave Captain Wing the address of the man who drove the wagon containing the trunk (at least part of the way) from the cottage at 1878 North Ashland avenue to the catch-basin at Fifty-ninth street and the Evanston road, where the corpse was found.

Mayor Cregier and Chief Hubbard were in secret consultation in the latter's office until 1:30 o'clock this morning. Both refused to give any informa-

tion as to the result of the conference, though it was intimated some sensational arrests would be made this forenoon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TESTIMONY.

THE Chicago *Times*, of Wednesday, May 29th, published the following:

The testimony as elicited before the grand jury was not only very important, but thorough. Each and every witness summoned was put through a series of questions such as called up their remembrance of facts from the greatest to the smallest importance.

The chief witness was the milkman Mertes. Said he: "I passed the Carlson cottage, 1872 Ashland avenue, on the night of the murder. I saw a buggy containing two men and a white horse drive up to the door. The man seated on the left (the horse was facing north) jumped from his seat hastily and ran up the steps. He carried two packages. Before he had time to knock at the door, it was opened, it seeming to me that some one was waiting inside the hallway. At the instant the man stepped inside the door, the man in the buggy whipped up and drove rapidly north to the first street, when he turned west and was lost to sight. I had been driving past the cottage when I saw the man in the buggy (Cronin) get out and run up the steps, and the buggy drive away. After attending to my business at a grocery near by, I returned over the same road past the cottage on my way home. This was perhaps thirty-five minutes

later. I saw light in the cottage, and heard a hammering or smashing sound."

It is plainly evident, from the above testimony, that the man who ran so rapidly up the stairway was Dr. Cronin, intent only on rendering succor to some dying man. The "hammering or smashing" sound referred to was probably the breaking up of the doctor's instruments, or it might have been the moving of the furniture in painting the floor.



Young Carlson Watching Sullivan and the Unknown.

The next witness was Carlson, Sr., the owner of the cottage.

"When the man who called himself Frank Williams rented my cottage, March 20th, I noticed that he went over and talked to Sullivan, the iceman. He apparently talked familiarly with him. As the month of April approached the 20th, and the rent day was coming near, I began to think it strange

that my tenant did not occupy the premises. I wanted a reliable tenant. Seeing the man talk to Sullivan, I stepped over and spoke of his queer conduct in not living in the house he had rented, and added that I felt somewhat anxious about my rent and the permanency of the tenant.

" 'He is all right,' said Mr. Sullivan to me. 'He will pay you all right enough when the month is up.' Mr. Sullivan at first denied that he ever saw the man."

The connection of Iceman Sullivan with the Cronin mystery, and the cause of his arrest and detention, are here made plainly apparent.

Young Carlson was the next witness for the state.

"I was present when the furniture was brought to the cottage — two days after the rental — March 22d. Two men, calling themselves Williams, unloaded the truck. The driver remained seated — he did not handle the goods. I casually stepped up to the driver, and discovered that he was a Swede. I spoke to him in that language, and he told me that he had brought the furniture from 117 Clark street. The driver has a stand on East Chicago avenue."

The story of the men who rented the cottage having formerly roomed at 117 Clark street, where the furniture was taken by A. H. Revell & Co., is thus verified.

The next witness was one of importance. She was young Mrs. Carlson, and was attired in deep black, with a heavy mourning veil covering her face. Said she:

" I visited my mother-in-law March 20. While at their house — a cottage which sits in the rear of the fatal cottage — a man knocked at the door and entered. He came from the back part of the premises, in the vicinity of Sullivan's barn or house. He said he desired to see the cottage, which was for rent. Old Mr. Carlson took him over and showed him about the place. They returned, and the man said he would take the cottage, at the same time producing \$12, the amount of the first month's rent. He gave his name as Frank Williams. While the receipt for the money was being made out, young Mr. Carlson asked Mr. Williams what his business, calling or profession was. This did not seem to suit Williams, for he looked sullenly at the questioner and at all of us, and then, lowering his eyes, said: 'I am employed downtown.' I remarked, shortly after he left, that he seemed mad at the question. When he departed, he did not go to the front, toward Ashland avenue, but started over toward Sullivan's.

" The description of Frank Williams, as I recall it, is as follows: Medium build, perhaps 160 or 170 pounds in weight, five feet ten and a half or eleven inches tall, dark complexion, black hair, black eyes and small black mustache, dark clothes covered by dark overcoat. He wore a dark hat, but whether a felt or derby, I cannot now say. He seemed anxious to get out of the house."

This description tallies very closely with that given by Woodruff of the man he called King, and who, he said, gave him the trunk-hauling job.

Mrs. Conklin, when called, said:

"The white horse and buggy which was driven by my door on Saturday morning last by a Chicago *Times* reporter was the horse and buggy which carried away Dr. Cronin the last time he was seen alive. I identified it fully."

The *Times* secured the horse and buggy referred to at Dinan's livery stable, 260 North Clark street, for the express purpose of having Mrs. Conklin identify it. She did so positively at the time. Dinan, in giving the *Times* the rig, said, "That is the rig Detective Coughlin's friend got."

Mr. Conklin testified the same as his wife.

In view of these facts and some others, which cannot now be judiciously published, it will not be at all surprising if a big batch of indictments are turned into court to-day.

Frank Woodruff, alias Frank Black, has been taken into camp by Captain Schaack, and he has told the whole story of his connection with Dr. Cronin's murder.

According to the statements he has made to the North Side captain, he was not directly connected with the murder itself, but simply acted as the driver of the wagon which disposed of the dead man's body in the catch-basin where it was found.

At daybreak Sunday morning Capt. Schaack, in a cab driven by a detective of the Chicago Avenue Station, arrived at Indiana and Dearborn streets, and, after waiting several minutes, Woodruff, accompanied by a jail guard, arrived. He was taken into the vehicle and driven to the scene of

Dr. Cronin's murder, and also to the catch-basin and the place where the trunk was found. Woodruff himself gave the driving directions to the detective who managed the reins, and in every instance located the exact places where the chief acts in the horrible tragedy occurred.

According to his confession, he was directed by those who had charge of that part of the conspiracy, and whose names Captain Schaack reserves for reasons that are palpable, to go to Dean's livery stable, where he would obtain a horse and wagon. He had already been instructed to drive the outfit to the neighborhood of the Carlson cottage, and he also knew for what purpose he was to go there.

He arrived there about twenty minutes before Dr. Cronin was driven up, and placed his horse and wagon and at a point near the cottage, where he could keep his eye on the front steps. He saw the white-horse rig containing Dr. Cronin and his conductor, and three-quarters of an hour thereafter the man who was known as Williams opened the front door of the cottage and gave the signal by stamping his foot on the wooden porch.

Woodruff at once drove up, and, assisted by the third man, the trunk was loaded into the wagon. The two men followed the trunk, and directed Woodruff, who continued as the driver, to drive eastward to the lake to a certain point which Woodruff has designated to Captain Schaack.

The wagon headed for the lake, and in its depths the trunk and its contents would have been deposited had not the interruption come from the

two Lake View policemen. This smashed the original plans of the two men, and immediate steps were taken to get out of the officers' way. This was done by taking a circuitous route, which again brought them to the Evanston road. They had now been driving for nearly an hour with their ghastly load, and one of the men suggested the sewer. A stop was made at the Fifty-ninth place intersection of the Evanston road. The top was taken from the man-hole on the southeast corner, and the trunk lifted from the wagon.

It was then a new and unexpected difficulty presented itself. While it was possible to drop the trunk with the body into the lake, it became a physical impossibility to thus dispose of the load in the man-hole. It was resolved to take the body out of the trunk, drop the body in the catch-basin, and return with the trunk to the cottage and burn it. But, when the trunk was to be unlocked, it was found that the key had been lost.

Williams said there was no more time to be lost, and he kicked in the lid of the trunk. The three lifted the body out, and deposited it into the sewer, as it was found. The trunk was again placed on the wagon. It was intended to go south for a distance, and then to drive north to the cottage and there deposit the trunk. "Right here," said Woodruff to Capt. Shaack, pointing to the exact spot where the trunk was found, "we heard a noise of wagon wheels from the south, and the two men, one of whom had been sitting on the trunk, picked up the box and threw it out of the wagon, and I was

urged to whip up the horse and drive west. When we reached Fullerton avenue, both men said good-night to me and left the wagon."

CHAPTER XIX.

LAID AT REST.

DR. CRONIN was laid at rest on Sunday, May 26th.

The following account is from the *Daily News*:

Dr. Cronin's funeral yesterday was a public demonstration against secret assassination. From one end of the procession to the other, through the crowds on the sidewalk, in the cars that sped by the scene of the murder, ran expressions of horror that so brutal a crime could have been committed in Chicago. As the procession moved through the streets, and the muffled drums sent a solemn tremor through the discordant air, thousands of citizens were reminded of their enemies, and shuddered lest the secret bludgeon lay in wait for them. The murder was on every lip. It was discussed in its every phase. The black horses and fluttering crape were its visible signs, and nothing else was talked about.

Dr. Cronin's body was lying in state in the Cavalry Armory Saturday afternoon and night, and early yesterday morning the morbid and curious, with the dead man's friends, made a pilgrimage to his shrine. Armed sentries from the Hibernian Rifles stood, arms at rest, at each corner of the raised platform on which reposed the catafalque and coffin. A large crayon portrait of the dead man draped in black stood near the coffin. A huge cross of white pinks and marguerites, woven

in with smilax, was at the head of the bier, and a harp and smaller cross stood at his feet. A candelabrum with seven tapers flickered in front of the cross; ropes of smilax and white roses were looped from the coffin and about the catafalque, and potted plants were grouped at the corners of the platform. A canopy of American flags hung above the bier,



Scene at the Church.

and festoons of black and white twined the bars above it.

A crowd that filled Michigan avenue stood before the armory. The police kept a passageway open for those who wished to enter the funeral hall, and two uniformed riflemen leaning on bayoneted muskets lent the glamour of their accouterments to the military air of the place. For three hours the

procession in double file marched across the platform. Only the picture and the big silver plate on the coffin lid testified that all that was mortal of Dr. P. H. Cronin was within the casket. The line of sight-seers was turned out at the south door, and few people remained in the building.

At last the procession stopped and the pall-bearers entered. At their head was Luke Dillon of Philadelphia; Edward O'Meagher Condon and John Devoy of New York; and Thomas P. Tuite, of Detroit. The first three are well-known Irish nationalists, and the latter a school-mate of the doctor. Following them came Frank T. Scanlan, P. McGarry, Charles Bary, Michael Kelly, Daniel Sullivan, Thomas McEnerny, Dudley Solon, John T. Golden, Maurice Morris, Dr. John Guerin, ex-Alderman McCauley, John P. Ryan, John F. Scanlan, and W. P. Rend. They represented the friends of the dead man and societies to which he belonged.

Leaving the armory, the casket was placed in a hearse drawn by four black horses, and the procession was formed. At its head was a platoon of police, with Lieutenant Wilson in command. Through the dense crowds on Michigan avenue the police pushed their way. Marshall P. J. Cahill and his aids rode at the head of the line. A drum corps preceded the Hibernian Rifles, with arms reversed, and then came the *cortege*, with the hearse in a panoply of black, a guard of honor from the rifles, and the pall-bearers. The Clan-na-Gael Guards, in gray uniform and tri-colored plumes; the uniform rank of the Royal Arcanum, in its olive-colored

suits, and thousands of members of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, without uniforms, came next. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, 1,000 strong, several courts of the Independent Order of Foresters, 1,200 in all, and 2,700 Catholic Foresters were in line. The uniformed members of the Royal Arcanum, the Royal League, the Sheridan Rifles, the Catholic Benevolent Legion, and fragments of a



At the Cemetery.

number of other orders swelled the line. Marshall Cahill said that 7,170 men were in the procession, but the estimate is probably large.

The line reached from Indiana street on Rush to Chicago avenue, and around to Superior street on State. It was thirty-five minutes passing the corner of Indiana and Rush streets, four abreast. Four bands and half a dozen drum corps played

dirges or marked the slow time of the funeral march. Scores of furled flags draped in black and society banners edged with crape were carried by the standard-bearers. The regalia and badges, with emblems of mourning, the green of Ireland, and the national red, white and blue, the slow tread of the marching hosts, the sable pall and plumes, the bands and drums with their solemn strains formed an impressive spectacle for the thousands that crowded sidewalks and windows, that climbed on stoops and boxes, that sat on roofs and the tops of unfinished buildings. It is estimated that 40,000 people saw the possession.

Reaching the Cathedral of the Holy Name, an immense crowd was encountered. The vast auditorium was packed two hours before the ceremonies began. On the approach of the procession, the bell in the tower tolled in measured strokes the presence of the dead. A few moments later the organ pealed the opening strains — a funeral march, the pall-bearers with their burden moved up the center aisle and lowered the casket on a catafalque in ebon trimmings. The candles of the funeral service were placed beside it, and the ceremonies of the high requiem mass were begun. The space reserved for the marching societies was inadequate for the half of their members, though nearly one-half of the church was set aside for them. Only an escort of the Hibernian Rifles, and representatives of the different societies entered the room.

Schmidt's Requiem Mass in D major was sung with the offertory, "Redemptor Mundi Deus" by

Mozart, a bass solo by F. A. Langlois, the benedictus by Gounod, a quartet by Mrs. Dorney, Miss Coffey, P. J. Gleason and F. A. Langlois, and the "Agnus Dei" by Reisinger.

The Rev. Father Agnew was the celebrant of the mass, with the Rev. Father Perry as assistant.

The dirges of the bands and the roll of the drums that came in through the windows from the still-marching host, threw a shadow of the crime over the funeral vestments of the priests, and into



Crowd at Cemetery Entrance.

the solemn intoning of the requiem service, and the deep-toned responses of the organ.

The church was not draped in mourning emblems further than is usual at funerals, and no display was made beyond the customary church ceremonials. The requiem high mass is never celebrated on Sunday, it is said, and in this the funeral of yesterday had an unusual honor.

Three trains waited for the crowd, and thirty-six cars were comfortably filled. Hundreds of persons

drove out, and came to the cemetery from neighboring suburbs. The people on the ground numbered 3,000 — probably more. Heavy black clouds in the west kept many away, and rumors of trouble on the journey may have frightened others away.



Placing the Body in the Vault.

Some rumors had got abroad that the doctor's enemies meant to blow up the funeral train with dynamite, and his friends say that this talk deterred many from attending. The rumors were not general public property, however, and it is doubtful if many people remained away on account of this story. It could be traced to no authentic source.

CHAPTER XX.

ON THE TRACK AGAIN.

IN a few days I was pronounced by my physician as well enough to leave my house and attend to my business. No school-boy released from the confinement of the school-room, no prisoner ever set at liberty, received the information with greater pleasure than did I. I was free to go to work again, free to join in the search that was now being vigorously pushed for the discovery of the missing instrument that had struck the fatal blow. There was much to be done. True, three men were indicted for the murder; but were they guilty? and, if so, were they the *only* ones connected with the mysterious affair? I had followed up the case closely. Not one point of interest escaped my notice. Of course, there was much of a sensational nature, mere rumors published to help sell the newspapers, in which there was not a particle of truth. I knew this, and so accepted only that which could be corroborated.

The events of the murder were summed up as follows by the *Times*, which showed great persistence and diligent labor in collecting facts. This list or summary shows, beyond doubt, the existence of a plot, as can be seen. Even in February, arrangements were evidently being made to foully "remove" the Irish patriot from the land of the living.

February 20—J. B. Simonds, or Williams, rents the rooms at 117 Clark street.

February 21—The furniture is purchased at Revell's and moved to the apartments.

March 20—Williams rents the cottage at 1872 Ashland avenue.

March 22—The furniture arrives at the cottage.

April 20—Williams pays another month's rent for the cottage.

April 26—Iceman Sullivan makes his peculiar contract with Dr. Cronin.

May 4—Detective Coughlin, at 10 a. m., orders the rig from his "friend."

May 4—At 7:15, the "friend" leaves Dinan's livery stable, 260 North Clark street, with the white-horse rig.

May 4—At 7:20, the "friend" calls for Dr. Cronin at 470 North Clark street, and drives him away.

May 4—At 8:15, the buggy arrives at the Carlson cottage.

May 4—Between 8:15 and 9, Dr. Cronin meets his death.

May 4—At 9:15, Coughlin's "friend" returns the white-horse rig to the livery stable.

May 5—At 2 a. m., two Lake View policemen see the wagon which contained the trunk.

May 5—At 11 a. m., the bloody trunk is found at Evanston road and Sulzer street.

May 5—At 2 p. m. the Conklins report Dr. Cronin's disappearance to the East Chicago Avenue Station.

May 5 — Captain Schaack declares the hair found in the trunk is not Cronin's. He says he knew Cronin intimately.

May 6 — At 10 a. m., liveryman Dinan meets Coughlin and Schaack. Coughlin at once makes his appeal for silence. The latter says he will investigate.

May 10 — Captain Schaack still looking for the white-horse rig.

May 10 — Miss Anna Murphy states she saw Dr. Cronin in a street-car at about nine o'clock of the night of the murder.

May 10 — Frank Woodruff, *alias* Black, arrested, and he at once begins to fill up the police with fairy stories.

May 10 — Ananias Long claims he met Dr. Cronin in Toronto.

May 11 — Long sends the Cronin dispatches to the papers.

May 13 — A "prominent" railroad official sees Dr. Cronin in Toronto.

May 16 — The St. Catharines (Ont.) chief of police sees Cronin in Sherwood, New York.

May 17 — Pat Egan and Father O'Reilly denounce the action of Cronin's friends in claiming that he was murdered.

May 18 — Detective Simmons telegraphs that Cronin was not in Toronto.

May 20 — Cronin's friends offer a big reward.

May 22 — Cronin's body is found in a catch-basin, corner of Fifty-ninth and Evanston avenue,

by Henry Rosch. It is subsequently identified by his friends.

May 24 — The "Major" Sampson story is published by the *Times*.

May 24 — Discovery of the cottage, 1872 Ashland avenue.

May 25 — The *Times* charges Detective Dan Coughlin with complicity in the great crime.

May 25 — Dan Coughlin is locked up at the Armory Station.

May 25 — Dinan's horse and buggy fully identified.

May 25 — Detective Michael Whalen suspended on suspicion.

May 25 — Woodruff, upon Coughlin's arrest, refuses to talk to anybody.

May 26 — At 2 a. m. King is arrested on suspicion of being the man mentioned by Woodruff.

May 26 — At 10 a. m. Peter McGeehan is reported to have been arrested. This was afterward proven to have been a false rumor.

May 26 — Willard J. Smith appears on the scene. He says he is a friend of Coughlin, but that he did not hire the white-horse rig.

May 26 — Dr. Cronin buried in Calvary Cemetery.

May 27 — Dan Coughlin sent to the County Jail without bail on a charge of murder. P. O. Sullivan, the iceman, also held on the same charge, but he is kept at the Lake View station during the day, when he makes a confession.

May 28 — Coughlin, Woodruff, and Sullivan indicted by the grand jury for Dr. Cronin's murder.

May 28 — The coroner's jury visits the scenes of the crime, and adjourns one day.

May 28 — Frank Woodruff makes a confession.

May 29 — The coroner's jury adjourns until Monday.

May 29 — Two more arrests reported.

I saw by the paper, and also learned in a casual way from some of the men on the force, that my lady had not given any cause for suspicion. No woman had been associated with the case as yet, with the exception of the young girl, Anna Murphy, who testified that she saw Dr. Cronin on a cable car on the night of the murder, and Mrs. T. T. Conklin.

I believed that the other woman knew something about it. Why did I not reveal my thoughts? may be asked.

I had my reasons, which will be shown later on. I wanted to be sure, for one thing.

About ten o'clock on the morning of June 1st I wended my way down town to my office. Not a pleasant day, by any manner of means, and yet I did not feel the effects of the damp air, nor the drizzling rain. I was glad to be out. I found a pile of letters in my letter-box. They had been accumulating ever since I had been sick.

I had neglected to send word to the general office to have my mail sent to my house.

"There is probably nothing important among

them anyhow," I muttered, turning the uppermost epistle over in my hands.

I was right. The majority of the letters were of an unimportant nature.

I finally came to one out of the bunch that caused me to eagerly remove the envelope and peruse it hastily. It was from the man who had sent me to Canada. The letter was dated May 20th, and read as follows:

"*Mr. ——— —*

"I had been anxiously waiting to hear from you from Toronto for several days, and had about made up my mind to go up there after you, when, suddenly, one night, my wife walked into the house and took off her hat and cloak as calmly as though she had only been out for a walk.

" 'You have got back,' I said.

"She laughed.

" 'You see me,' she replied.

" 'Did you have a pleasant time?' I inquired, somewhat sarcastically.

"She did not seem to notice the sarcasm.

" 'Very,' she said, calmly. 'I had a very pleasant evening with Mr. ———, of Chicago — a friend of yours, I believe.'

"When she spoke your name, I knew at once that she had become aware of the fact that you were watching her.

" 'He is no friend of mine,' I said, with an attempt at unconcern.

" 'No?' she murmured, with uplifted eyebrows and a rising inflection of her voice.

" 'No!' I replied positively.

" 'It does not make much difference,' she said; 'I left him in Hamilton.' I realized that she had given you the slip, and it worried me greatly. I telegraphed you to Toronto, then to Hamilton, and received no answer. Then, thinking you might be in the city, I went to your office. I found it locked! So now I write this letter, hoping by this means to reach you. When you receive this, come to my house at once. I have much to tell you that I *dare* not write. Hoping to see you soon, I remain, Yours, respectfully, "_____."

I turned the letter over once, and then read it through again.

There was something in it, I felt sure. I ran through the balance of my correspondence — a gas bill, two postal cards, and another letter from the man I felt interested in.

Eagerly I tore open the envelope. I will give the letter in full.

" No. — — Division St.,

" CHICAGO, ILL., May 31st, 1889.

" Mr. _____.

" DEAR SIR—I wrote you the 20th, and have been looking for either a visit or an answer since. You have disappointed me, and, by so doing, have missed an opportunity that will probably never occur again. My wife left the house last night, and has not as yet returned. Naturally I am anxious. I write you this in hopes that it will reach you, and that you will give it your immediate at-

tention. I take it for granted that you failed to receive my former letter. I pray that this one will reach you. Come at once without delay, when you receive it.

“ _____.”

I made up my mind quickly — I do, when occasion seems to require it. In ten minutes I was on my way to the house of Mr. _____, at No. _____ Division street.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

I WAS doomed to disappointment myself. When I reached the house of Mr. —, I found the door fastened, and repeated raps and pulls at the door-bell failed to bring any one to answer the summons.

"There is no one at home," I muttered, in a disappointed tone, as I began to realize this fact.

As I walked slowly toward Clark street, I turned the matter carefully over in my mind. I could not understand why the man was not at home, when he had written me in such an urgent manner.

"Never mind; I'll call again to-night," I said, and then, partly dismissing the subject from my mind, I began to lay plans as to the most profitable way of putting in the day.

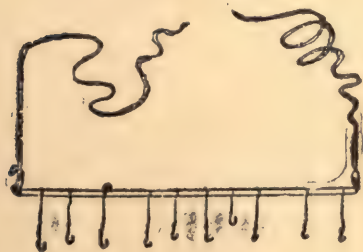
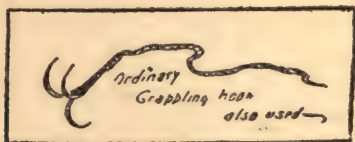
I determined at last to go out to Lake View. I had an idea that something of interest might turn up; and so, hiring a rig, I drove to the place of Dr. Cronin's murder. First, I went to the cottage at 1872 Ashland avenue. I found a number of people gathered around it in the street, upon the sidewalk, gaping, staring, talking, glancing every few minutes at the stolid policeman who was on guard.

I presented myself at the door, and, showing the officer my badge, I gained admission to the cottage. It was the first time I had been in it, and a slight shudder convulsed my frame as I passed into the parlor. It was in this room that Dr. Cronin met his death. I looked around upon the walls.

"Ah! if they could only speak!" I thought they could have revealed the entire story, could have told everything.

With a sigh I left the house.

During the day I passed several bodies of detectives and policemen engaged in dragging ponds and a portion of the lake, searching for Dr. Cronin's clothes. I did not speak to them. I knew that nothing had been found.



Grappling Hooks.

About dusk I found myself near the spot where the murdered man's body had been found.

A gloomy, horrible place.

I shuddered as I looked about me. In my mind's eye I could see the heartless wretches who had disposed of the body, driving along the road. I could almost hear the rattle of the wagon wheels. The trunk was thrown off, the lid kicked open, and

the limp, lifeless corpse lifted out and thrown into the foul-smelling and loathsome hole.

The picture I drew seemed so realistic to me that I shuddered. A strange feeling of dread came over me. I felt anxious to leave the uncanny spot far behind me.

I turned my horse's head to go. Night was slowly coming on. In a marsh somewhere near, a chorus of frogs were croaking dismally. A short distance away I could see the glimmer of a lamp in a house, while the tombstones in the cemetery showed ghastly in their whiteness, to my eye.

I was about to chirrup to the horse, when I thought I detected the sound of wagon wheels in reality. I listened! Yes! Above the "kerchunk" of the frogs I could distinctly hear the rattle-clatter of a vehicle of some sort.

I glanced about me quickly. Over on the prairie I saw a long signboard, put up by some enterprising real estate dealer who wished to induce some one to come out and settle upon this desert waste, on the installment plan.

I drove my horse toward this signboard, and saw, with satisfaction, that it was large enough to conceal me, horse, buggy and all.

I had not been in hiding over five minutes before a close carriage appeared upon the scene. It was driven by a man whose features were concealed by a cap which was pulled down over his eyes. He seemed much put out at the bad state of the road, for he was muttering curses, which came distinctly to my ears.

"A curious place to drive," I thought to myself. The rain was falling in a steady, monotonous drip. Now and then a little shower would spring up. I was decidedly damp, and fears of rheumatism entered my mind, but I would not have left my hiding-place if the positive certainty of that affliction stared me in the face.

Near the catch-basin where the body was found, the carriage stopped, and, to my surprise and amazement, a female figure alighted. Breathless with attention, wondering what she was about to do, I watched, and saw her walk toward the catch-basin, pass beyond it, and, then stopping, begin to search for something in the grass.

This action puzzled me. The ground around the basin for a great distance had been gone over many times by policemen, detectives and private individuals searching for some one or all of Dr. Cronin's missing articles. What was this woman expecting to find? What was she searching so anxiously for? I sat and watched her for an hour; then, with a gesture of disappointment, I saw her cease her labors and return to her carriage, which she entered and returned toward Lake View.

I followed after the carriage. The rattle of its wheels drowned the clatter of my own conveyance, and so attracted no attention. For some distance the road, heavy and muddy from the persistent rain of the past two weeks, was difficult to traverse, but it grew better as we drew nearer the more thickly settled portions of the town, and the driver

of the carriage before me urged on his horse, I doing the same to my faithful steed.

The carriage entered Lincoln Park, and, suddenly, without warning, stopped. I knew that, if I stopped also, it might excite a suspicion in the minds of the occupant of the carriage and the driver that I was "shadowing" them, and so I kept right ahead.

As I passed the carriage, the door opened and the female figure stepped down into the road. I was so close that I could dimly distinguish the features of the woman; the form I knew at once.

It was my fair friend of Hamilton.

My old horse was going along at a leisurely pace; I did not urge him to a faster one. As soon as I passed the carriage in the road, I turned and looked back through the little window in the back of the carriage, and saw the woman walk toward the trees that skirted the roadway and disappear. The driver of the carriage turned his horses' heads and drove away in the direction from which he had just come.

I sprang from the buggy, led my horse in among the trees, tied him, and sprang along in the direction which the woman had taken. Her actions were decidedly mysterious, in fact, suspicious.

I walked for some distance, and had begun to think that I had missed her, when suddenly through the trees I saw her form. In a short time I was close behind her.

And a long walk she gave me—up one path, down another, until I began to think that she was

working her old tactics, the same she had made use of May 4th.

"Can she possibly suspicion that I am watching her?" I thought.

The events of the next ten minutes proved to my satisfaction that she had no such suspicion, for, after walking a long distance, she suddenly turned toward the lake front, and made her way to a secluded spot upon the shore. A small clump of trees hid her from my view, but I surmised that she was upon the other side of that clump, and soon found that I was correct.

There she was, and a man with her, and that man — *her husband!*

To say that I was surprised would but inadequately describe my sensations as I saw and recognized the man. Why on earth did he resort to so much secrecy to see this woman, his wife — she who, he claimed, had proven false to him, and whom he seemed so anxious to connect with the murder of Dr. Cronin? I crouched low in the bushes, and listened.

"So you did not find it?" he said, in a disappointed tone.

"No," she replied, fretfully. "It was most too dark, and the ground has been dug up and gone over so much that it is impossible to find anything."

"I am positive it is not in the hands of the police," muttered the man, musingly.

"It may be, and they are keeping it to themselves," replied the woman.

"I don't think so," asserted the husband. "It would surely have been published long before this. The papers get hold of everything."

"Except the right things," and the woman laughed.

"I have got that detective right under my thumb by this time," said the man, after a moment's silence. "I have tried him well, and he has not come near me. I guess he has come to the conclusion that neither you nor I have any knowledge of the affair, or he would spring it."

"That trip to Canada might have got me into trouble," said the woman. "This detective is a smart fellow, and the fact that those 'Long' letters and dispatches appeared while I was there, might lead him to believe that I was really interested in that affair."

"It was rather singular that they should come out just at that time," said the man, with a slight laugh.

"Yes; and, taking one thing with another, it could be made to look very suspicious," replied the woman.

"Well, our interview is over. You cannot find the pencil. You had better go home," said the fellow. "I'll go around by one road, you the other. Be careful, and, Allie ——"

The woman had started to go. She stopped.

"Well."

"Go right home, will you?"

She seemed to be angry, for she shook her head and walked off without making any reply.

The man stood and gazed after her for a moment, and then muttered, as if to himself:

"A mighty sleek woman if she'd only act straight;" then he too disappeared.

I arose from my crouching position and stood erect. My head was whirling with the thoughts that filled my brain. "What could all this mean?"

I inferred, from what I had heard, that the woman had lost a pencil, probably a gold one. She would scarcely go to all that trouble to find an ordinary lead pencil. She had lost it somewhere near the catch-basin. When did she lose it? How? The man I now knew to be false and treacherous. He was or had been working some deep scheme, a scheme so deep that he had even tried to throw suspicion upon his wife in order to direct it from himself. At least, so I concluded.

What was this scheme? I must ferret it out.

I walked to the spot where I had concealed my horse. He was still there. I climbed into the buggy, and drove to the livery stable where I had engaged the rig.

I felt convinced now that the woman had not been connected with the fake dispatch sent from Toronto by Long.

Why had she gone to Canada at all? It was a mystery to me. I determined to go to the house of this pair before going home. It was not far from the livery stable, and in a short time I was standing in the shadow of the building on the opposite side of the street, watching for some sign of life from within.

CHAPTER XXII.

A QUARREL, AND WHAT IT REVEALED.

I MUST have stood waiting on the opposite side of the street for an hour. No one appeared, either inside or outside the house.

I grew impatient.

"Where can they be?" I muttered.

After waiting for a few moments longer, I determined to investigate. I walked down Franklin street (the house was near that thoroughfare) until I came to a small, narrow alley that ran along the rear of the house that faced on Division street. Glancing around me, to be sure I was unobserved, I darted up this alley until I came to the rear entrance to the yard which was back of the house. A rough board gate secured the entrance.

I tried the gate. From the sound, I knew it was only bolted from the inside, and that it would be a comparatively easy matter to force an entrance.

I climbed to the top of the fence, and cautiously scanned the back of the house. It was dark and gloomy. Not a light nor any other sign of life could be seen.

"Why not go into the house?" came a thought to me like a lightning flash.

I accepted the thought as a good one, and cautiously let myself down on the other side, then, unbolting the gate, so that I could leave the place quickly if necessity compelled, I tip-toed across the yard to the door which I believed opened into

the kitchen. It was locked, of course; I expected that, but I found but little difficulty in forcing it. I had a very handy little tool in my pocket, which I had found very useful at other times.

I soon stood in the kitchen. I knew it to be so, from the fact that the fire was still burning in the stove, and the faint glow indistinctly illuminated the surrounding objects. I found the cupboard, and upon a shelf inside a lamp. Matches I had in my pocket, and, in a short time, I had a light. I rapidly took in my surroundings. Nothing uncommon or extraordinary. The furniture was plain, and such as can be found any day in any kitchen. I went out of the kitchen into the first room I chanced to open the door of—a sitting-room, furnished neatly and comfortably. A table stood in the center of the room, and upon it a number of periodicals and newspapers gave evidence that the person who had been the occupant of the room last had been reading. A pipe and some tobacco also lay upon the table. An easy-chair was drawn up alongside the table. A number of other chairs, cane seated, and a lounge, completed the furniture of the apartment, with the exception of the pictures upon the walls, of which there were probably a half-dozen chromos and inferior steel engravings.

Nothing out of the common order of things here. The adjoining room was furnished as an office or study. A heavy, massive walnut desk, or writing table, occupied the center of the room, and in one corner stood a safe. A number of

shelves upon the walls were filled with books. I set my lamp down upon the writing table. A man usually keeps his private papers either in the drawers of his writing table or in his safe. I thought perhaps I might find something of interest in the table drawers, and so I forced the first one.

Luck favored me. I found a bundle of letters in the drawer. I felt positive that no one was in the house, but, to make assurance doubly sure, I turned the keys in the doors leading into the sitting-room and hall, so that no one could possibly come in upon me unawares; then, drawing a revolving office chair up to the table I took up the first of the bundle of letters, and drew the sheet of paper from the envelope. Its contents surprised me. They were as follows:

“ CHICAGO, May 3, 1889.

“ _____.

“ The job is to be done to-morrow night, between seven and nine. In order to throw off suspicion, I have arranged a plan, which I want you to carry out to the very letter. Call on — —, the detective, and engage him to ‘shadow’ your wife. You will assume the character of a jealous husband, which will not be very difficult for you to do, and be sure and have him at your house before seven o’clock. Start Allie out at about seven. He will follow her, and, as she will keep him out until nine, it will be easy enough for her to prove an alibi in case anything should occur to associate suspicion with her. The detective himself will know

that she was not near. You know what to do then. Don't make any mistake.

" ——— "

I eagerly read the next:

" MAY 6th.

" ——— .

" Dr. Cronin has disappeared. The papers are full of it. I have not heard from you, but I take it for granted that you have done your part of the work. The detective has determined to take hold of the job. I saw him around Lake View, and he may, in his search for Dr. Cronin, find out more than we would like. We must get him out of the city. Give him some idea that Allie knows something about the Cronin affair; that will interest him. Then ship her anywhere you see fit. He will follow her. Warn her to be careful, and lead him around by the nose a few weeks. In the meantime we can finish up the job and skip.

" Attend to this at once.

" ——— "

I began to see some plot outlined before me. Decidedly vague. I could not make it out. Perhaps the next letter would enlighten me. I spread it out before me. At that moment, I heard the sound of a key inserted in the outside door.

As quick as thought I blew out my light, and, without thinking of the open letter upon the table, crouched behind the safe, holding the extinguished lamp in my hand. I feared that the party entering the house, would come into the room and see

me. Such was not the case, however. I heard the street door open, then the sound of footsteps in the hall, and then the door opened. Listening, I discovered that the party or parties (for I could distinguish the sound of more than one person moving about) were in the adjoining room, and, to judge from the sound of their voices, they were quarreling.

I could hear the heavy voice of a man, and the finer tone of a woman's voice.

The husband and wife returned together. They had each gone in an opposite direction, upon leaving the park. I knew that he did not expect to see her until he returned home. How came it, then, that they came together? With great caution I crept to the door opening into the sitting-room, and applied my ear to the key-hole.

"You are a tricky, lying ——," said the man. I could hear him distinctly.

"Be careful," I heard the woman reply; "I may not stand your abuse much longer."

"You started to walk home; I suspicioned you, and followed you; I saw your act of infidelity," growled the man.

"You have no right to watch me," retorted the woman. "Because I consent to live with you is no reason why I should deny myself the society of others. Any one, to hear you talk, would think that you were my husband."

Ah! I had discovered one thing — they were not married.

"Alice," the man said next, "you know that it

is to your interest to keep in with me. There is much in common between us, and you know the old proverb: 'United we stand, divided we fall.' It is only a question of a few days before big money will come in from that last job; it is not necessary to explain *what* job; you know what I mean. I love you, Allie. I don't like the way you have been treating me. I have stood a great deal from you. By G—d! I can't stand much more."

"You'll have to stand it:" retorted the woman. "And let me tell you one thing: If you keep on at me on these things, I'll get tired of it after a while, and shake you entirely. I think that, if I were to go to Mr. ———, the detective, whose acquaintance I made in Hamilton, and tell him all I know, he would pay me much better than you or any of the gang will. So, go easy, or I may split." Her tone was threatening. I heard a quick move; the next moment came the sound of a struggle.

"By G—d, Allie, I'll kill you!" came the hoarse, angry voice of the man. I came to the conclusion that he was strangling her. I could not stand by and see murder done. So, without hesitation, I threw open the door and sprang into the room. The next moment I had the brute by the throat. He was a powerful man, and threw me off easily, but I leaped upon him again. He seized me in his powerful arms and bore me back toward the kitchen. The woman, who had risen to her feet (she had been lying upon the floor when I burst into the room), opened the door, and then threw open

another. A damp, chilly blast of air struck upon my face.

I felt myself being pressed backward. I struggled, but could not help myself. The next moment I fell — down — down. I heard the voice of the man as I fell down the cellar stairs : “ There, curse you ; lie there ! ” he growled. A sensation of pain in my left arm when I reached the bottom, and then I became unconscious.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HARD FACT—HISTORY TRUE, RELIABLE AND COMPLETE—TRUTH SILENCES FICTION—A WORD FOR MEN MISJUDGED—IRISHMEN ARE NOT ASSASSINS—ADOPTED CITIZENS WHO ARE AN HONOR TO OUR LAND—A PROTEST AGAINST PREJUDICE.

AND here the story of individual detective work closes.

Stern, unshrinking law takes in its own hand the detection and punishment of the conspirators and their murderous emissaries. Avowedly the law is on the trail of all connected with this cowardly assassination. Openly it is proclaimed that escape shall not be possible to any upon whom has fallen a drop of slaughtered Cronin's blood.

Unmasking the plotters who conceived and directed the deed, unearthing the hiding, skulking, fleeing assassins, who, for money, or in fanatical zeal, imbrued their hands in the blood of brave, honest Cronin, the law opens, from day to day, page after page of romance, so varied in its phases, so far-reaching in its measures, so terrible in its reality, that the wildest flights of imagination become tame in comparison with truth.

History, attested fact, proven deeds, will fill our record from this page on, until the end. No more seeking after clues, no more speculation, suggestion, or hunting in the dark.

The motive, the cause for which gallant, patriotic, self-sacrificing Cronin was hated, was feared, was hunted down and brutally butchered; the men who planned, and the vile tools who executed, their sentence of death, are known; in the minds of every thinking human being, who loves fair dealing, who believes in justice, right, liberty, honesty and truth, these men stand to-day, while these words are written, with the brand of Cain upon their brows.

The unthinking, the prejudiced, rail loudly and unreasonably against all connected with the United Brotherhood, with the Clan-na-Gael; they cry out "murder" against every man of Irish birth, against every man who would see old Ireland a land of liberty, a nation free and independent.

This is wrong, unjust; terribly unfair to the vast majority of the natives of the "Old Sod," who have become American citizens in the truest, widest sense of that proud title, who have aided in building up our nation, who have added to and are still increasing our wealth, who are among the most energetic, patriotic, liberal and enlightened of every community in this broad land from ocean to ocean; who have fought our battles, on sea and land, from '76, when we conquered our independence from the most powerful, richest nation of this earth, to '61-'65, when blood was poured out like rain from the heavens that the life and liberties of the American people might not perish, that the grand republic, in which all men stand free and equal before the law, where each individual citizen, and "the stranger

within our gates" is entitled to, and protected in, his pursuits of life, liberty and happiness.

True men as ever spoke for the right, and offered up their lives for truth and justice, freedom and country, exist to-day in this land, and are Irishmen by birth, American citizens by adoption, members of the United Brotherhood, Clan-na-Gael and kindred societies that would, by fair fighting, by legitimate war, free Ireland from the grasp of Britain; and these are as unhesitating in their loud-spoken condemnation of the conspirators, as untiring in their efforts, and as unsparing of their means to bring to the bar of justice the assassins of Patrick Henry Cronin, as ever were the strictest believers in, and enforcers of, sternest Mosaic law. This we write here in protest against the denunciation and clamor indulged in by some against every man connected with organizations having for their object the liberation of Ireland. Hot-headed, rash and often unwise, the Irish may be; but, as a class, they are patriotic, brave and honest, and men possessing these attributes scorn to stoop to, detest in their souls, all underhand measures, all robbery, all assassination.

No nationality, community, creed or society can lay claim to universal virtue, to untainted truth and honor in every individual member. In state and church, in political, social, military, business, religious walks of life, there are those who, from cupidity, malice, love of or desire for power, fear, hatred, envy or general natural depravity, disgrace the name of *man*. Sad to say these can always

find dupes within their particular church, society, order, or whatever organization they may happen to be connected with, to unwittingly aid them in carrying out their nefarious schemes for personal aggrandizement. The society of the United Brotherhood has proven no exception to the rule, and in no fair mind, as is well remarked by the *Chicago Herald*, will prejudice be created by the Cronin murder against the just cause of Ireland. It was one of the crimes committed in the name of liberty by the worst enemies of liberty regulated by law. Like other crimes of fanatical and frenzied men, or of conspirators more guilty than those who directly committed the crime, it must be charged to its individual authors, not to the people whose name was foully abused in using it as a cloak for the transaction. The great Irish parliamentary and political leaders are not assassins; they do not approve of assassination. They know the truth, that a good cause cannot be promoted by criminal means or agencies. And it must be recollected that all the facts in regard to the Cronin murder indicate that this act of assassination was not instigated for the purpose of "removing" an open or secret enemy of Ireland, but, as is alleged, for the purpose of destroying a witness who had declared that a sordid and rascally embezzlement had been perpetrated, and for the purpose of destroying all the testimony which he had, or claimed that he had, in his possession.

No; it was not a political assassination. Dr. Cronin was not "removed" by Irish patriots

because of a suspicion of his unfaithfulness to his native land. His whole life was an open book to his brother patriots, in which they read his whole-souled devotion to the cause of Irish liberty. With them his memory is secure.

It is they who have most urgently demanded that the laws be enforced, that justice be done; that whoever, no matter what his station in life, has in any way contributed to his atrocious taking off, shall be punished to the full extent of the law; that those who condone it shall hereafter be held up to the scorn of law-abiding people, and a watch be put upon them that the virus of their vile nature may not be propagated.

It is idle for the friends of the foul conspirators who sent Dr. Cronin to his untimely death, to endeavor to besmirch his character, either as a man, an American citizen or an Irish patriot. One who knew him intimately, said of him, that his life from birth to death will bear the closest scrutiny. Born in Buttevant, County Cork, Ireland, on Easter Sunday, in 1846, he came to New York in 1848. Here the family were united with the father and elder brother, who had come to New York a year before. After a residence of seven years in New York, during which his father had become a citizen of the United States, the family removed to St. Catharines, Upper Canada, where young Cronin attended school, and passed the next eleven years of his life.

During this time, remembering and admiring our American institutions, the impression made upon

him grew with his mind, and he was always ready to explain and defend American ideas. When the United States was threatened with a war with England, at the time of the Mason and Slidell difficulty, he crossed over to Buffalo, and sought to enlist, that he might, with his life's blood, if necessary, help to perpetuate the republican form of government. But he was refused enlistment on account of his youth.

It has been charged to Dr. Cronin, as a crime, that he belonged to a Canadian militia company. Yes, he did belong to a Canadian militia company. There were several Irish volunteer companies in Canada, and he was a member of one of them. There was but one member of this company who was not an Irishman. It was properly, or ignominiously, as the case might be, called the Hibernian Rifles, the Irish Brigade, the Rebel Irish, the Murphy Guards, and other similar names. This company had but a short and inglorious career. Suspected by the authorities, the community barely tolerating it, it struggled along a few years and was disbanded. Why was it disbanded? It has been charged, and the charge has created a prejudice against Dr. Cronin in the minds of many nationalists, that he took the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria while a member of this company. The malignity of this charge is shown by the fact that it was not promulgated until Cronin's corpse had been thrown into the sewer in Lake View. Now, the fact is that that company was disbanded for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria.

To have been a member of this company was no disbarment to American citizenship. Many of that company are to-day respected citizens of this country. Some of them sleep in Virginia soil, having given up their lives in defense of the Union, and others are members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and proudly wear its distinguishing badge.

Why, then, should this thing be charged against Dr. Cronin? Simply to play upon the prejudice of weak-minded men.

Cronin's life will bear the closest scrutiny of the public. How much scrutiny can his traducers stand without wincing? Not even the hired sleuths who, at the bidding of his enemies, tracked his residence from point to point, could find anything upon which to found a suspicion. When they visited St. Catharines they sought, not those who knew him best, but those who were unfriendly to him because of his known Irish nationalism, or those who knew but little of him. They saw but one old lady, a relation of his, and her they deceived.

Young Cronin came back to the United States in 1865, before he had attained his majority and before the Fenian invasion of Canada. At this time he was struggling in Pennsylvania to win his way to a position in one of the professions, and his life from then until his death was a continuous struggle; never for himself, but for the loved ones at home. The good old father and mother and aunt had to be provided for. Comfort in their declining years must be assured, A mortgage had to be lifted; in fact,

he had to perform all the duties of a dutiful son, and he did so. The burden was at times heavy, but it was his own, and he went about it cheerfully and lovingly! Now, this love's labor was about over, now would come the rest and such pleasures as he enjoyed; no more need to worry and wear. The past life was well spent, and his work well done.

A pitying cry for help comes. He goes; and, O God! what a crime was this to be the reward for his life struggle, for his love for father, his duties as a citizen faithfully performed, his sacrifice and work for Ireland? Could they have known the man and have done this bloody deed? Could they have had no pity in their hearts, no mercy in that awful moment when he turned his eyes upon them?

It came natural for Dr. Cronin to be good and kind and brave. His early training had been religious and proper; he had drawn with his mother's milk a veneration for religion, and an appreciation of those manly qualities for which, wherever he was known, he was respected.

This, in brief, is the record of Dr. Cronin's life, as stated by one who knew him intimately from boyhood, and who loved him as a brother.

The esteem in which he was held by his fellow-citizens, may be judged of by the following synopsis of the proceedings of a memorial meeting of citizens and Personal Rights League held in the Central Music Hall, Chicago, June 28, as given in *The Celto-American*, the paper of which Dr. Cronin was editor:

"The Memorial Meeting of Citizens and Personal

Rights League held in the Central Music Hall June 28th, was an eventful meeting ; the large and beautiful hall was filled to overflowing with the very best class, of people made up of all nationalities, the stage was crowded with clergy and people of all denominations. The German and Swiss Singing Societies and Schweizer Maennerchor rendered beautiful choruses ; an original poem was prepared and read ; Bishop Cheney, United States Senator C. B. Farwell, Judge Richard Prendergast, Robert Lindblom, Louis Nettlehorst, Dr. G. Frank Lydston, Hon. Frank Lawler, Hon. Geo. E. Adams, Chas. H. Dixon and E. A. Stevens delivered passionate and eloquent speeches on the foul murder of Dr. Cronin. We herewith give short extracts from each of the speeches, to illustrate the standing and high character of our distinguished and lamented deceased fellow-citizen:

EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF W. P. REND.

" Let us take a hurried glance at certain scenes connected with the bloody drama. In his love of liberty and zeal to advance the cause of Ireland, Dr. Cronin connected himself with several patriotic associations intended for the promotion of this cause. Among others he joined the Clan-na-Gael, but he found this society dominated by a certain conspiracy of men posing as patriots. They were false patriots, however. They were only patriots for plunder. [Applause.] He unmasked their schemes, he denounced their villainies. Here his trials and troubles began. Thenceforward

his steps were dogged by spies and scoundrels. Efforts were made to attack and assassinate him in his character. He was brought into court as a witness in a fictitious case. His whole life was inquired into. Hired detectives were engaged in order to disgrace and ruin him. He felt that his enemies had plotted against his life, and that hired thugs, like sleuth hounds thirsting for his blood, were following him bent upon his destruction. He protested to his friends against this danger and this persecution. But in this civilized community no one could think it credible that such a fearful crime could be even contemplated. His friends thought these fears only idle delusions. On the 4th of May, however, his unrelenting enemies found means to execute their fiendish plot against his life. On this day, we see Dr. Cronin, in all the strength and vigor of perfect manhood, starting forth in response to a call for his assistance. Unconscious of all danger, he leaves his office, believing that he was going to stanch the wounds, bind up the fractured limb, and alleviate the pain of a suffering fellow-creature. He little dreamed of the deep, dark treachery that was alluring him to the scene of his death in that lonely Carlson cottage, then occupied by cowardly assassins. On arrival at this cottage, he hastens up the fatal steps. The door quickly opens, and quickly closes upon him. He rushes unarmed, helpless and alone into the very arms of his murderers. The bludgeon soon does its tragic and deadly work. He falls prostrate upon the floor

in the crimson pool formed by the blood gushing from his gaping wounds. The walls give forth his faint cry for assistance and mercy. His life is soon beat out. He dies a most tragic death. The sight of his mangled and lifeless body satiates the hellish hate of his brutal butchers. They gloat with savage joy over this prostrate, bleeding body. Denuded of his clothes, his corpse is next packed in a trunk, purchased seventy-two days before as the intended coffin for his clandestine burial. On that Sunday morning, so sacred to God's worship, while the pitying stars of heaven are looking down upon the cruel fate of this murdered man, these fiendish assassins convey his corpse through the streets of our city and throw it into the catch-basin of a public sewer. Here they believe his body will soon decay beyond any chance of recognition. Here, with this body, they imagine that this horrid crime will also be buried in eternal silence. Believing that evidences of the crime are hidden, and that the concealed body will never be discovered, his murderers made light of his disappearance, and calumniated his fair name by the most atrocious slander. False rumors are spread. The public are informed that he fled to escape the exposure of the consequences of some disgraceful crime, or that he was a British spy, and had gone to join Le Caron. These and other infamies were heaped upon his memory. 'Murder will out,' however, proved true in this case, as in many other foul massacres. After a few days his body is found; it is identified, and its shattered skull gives startling evidence of

the foul, murderous deed. His funeral, attended by thousands of friends, who followed his hearse with sorrow stamped upon their countenances, took place, and Dr. Cronin is laid to rest forever."

EXTRACTS FROM ROBERT LINDBLOM'S SPEECH.

"Your presence here is a reassuring sign of the vitality of that beautiful human sympathy that lives in spite of creeds and clans and bans. It inspires hope for the future, and justice for the present. Why are we here? What is the occasion? A man is dead — but hundreds of men may die every week in Chicago without disturbing the tranquillity of society. It is not because Dr. Cronin was murdered, because hardly a day passes without murder, and the public pulse beats no faster. It is not because of any special respect for the dead man, because, outside of a comparative narrow circle, Dr. Cronin was not known; but now that the world's attention has been focused upon him, he is found to be a hero, a gallant knight fighting against odds, his life in daily peril, a breastwork which the sharp lances of slander, the intrigues of corruption and threatened murder could neither conquer nor seduce to surrender. There he stood, surrounded by bloody assassins, defying danger, while in the name of honesty he demanded that those in whose hands the simple sons and daughters of fair Erin had intrusted their hard-earned savings in order that the land of their birth might be free, should be compelled to give a fair account of their stewardship, and that from the name of Ireland might be removed

the horrible suspicion that this money had been used by the guardians of it for the purpose of luring patriotic men to death, in order to cover up petty larceny. The human mind can hardly contemplate such monstrous iniquity, and the Irishman who opposes in any way a full exposure and swift retribution is a disgrace to his race, and a traitor to every noble instinct."

EXTRACT FROM JUDGE PRENDERGAST'S SPEECH.

" Now, what are the circumstances of this murder? It has been said, as a ground of defense, that Dr. Cronin was a spy [hisses]; that Le Caron denounced him as a spy. Why, Dr. Cronin expressed his fear of death once before Le Caron parted from his friends in Chicago. [Applause.] Was Cronin a spy? [Cries of no, no.] Was he known to be such before Le Caron testified. [Louder cries of no, no.] Why, a spy knowing that his meaning and purpose is suspected is very anxious to get out of the way. This man carried his life in his hand, and did it for years. The talk of his being a spy is sheer nonsense; it matters not who makes the statement, whether directly or by insinuation, he lies in his throat.

* * * * *

" That statement answers the slander, and, in answering one, shows proof of falsity of all. Here, where Dr. Cronin spent so many years of his life, we can safely affirm, as this meeting does affirm, that, tested by his career and by every fact and circumstance brought to light, Dr. Cronin was an unselfish,

a public-spirited, an honorable and an honest man. [Loud applause.] And those who hated him and lured him to his death did so because of that character of his [renewed applause], which could neither be bent or broken, swerved nor turned aside by threats against his life, by attacks against his life, by plots against his life."

EXTRACT FROM UNITED STATES SENATOR C. B.
FARWELL'S SPEECH.

"The murder of Dr. P. H. Cronin was un-American, un-Irish and un-Christian. As citizens of Chicago we owe it to our fair city to leave nothing undone to bring to justice every man connected with that barbarous murder, no matter who it may be or what his heretofore position was. There are times when vigilance would seem to be one-sided. In this case we must be so vigilant that no guilty man must escape."

EXTRACT FROM THE SPEECH OF MR. LOUIS NET-
TLEHORST.

"Not only the friends and intimate acquaintances of Dr. Cronin are represented; I feel satisfied there are among you a great many who have never seen our poor friend while he was alive; only know him to be an honorable man of high culture and attainments, a good public-spirited citizen, a true and faithful friend, a warm-hearted, whole-souled fellow, whose memory you honor by your presence."

FROM THE SPEECH OF HON. FRANK LAWLER, M. C.

"The vast concourse that turned out to pay their respect to the memory of Dr. Cronin when that sad and solemn demonstration conveyed his remains to their last resting place, gave an unanswerable testimony to him who lived a Christian and patriotic life, and it should convey to his enemies in no uncertain language the fact that the people of Chicago knew Dr. Cronin to be an Irish-American gentleman, faithful to his native as he was true to his adopted country."

RESOLUTIONS.

Charles Bary, attorney of the league, presented the following resolutions, which were passed unanimously by a rising vote :

"We, as citizens of the United States, residents of the cosmopolitan city of Chicago, in mass-meeting assembled to do honor to the memory of a fellow-citizen, Dr. P. H. Cronin, who, because he advocated that which seemed right to him, we believe to have been a victim of a conspiracy concocted for basest purposes, and appalled by the monstrous cruelty of this murder.

"WE DECLARE:

"I. That, from the facts so far made public, it seems the assassination of Dr. P. H. Cronin was instigated by most foul and criminal malice.

"II. Every citizen has a right to life, liberty and property guaranteed by the laws of the land, and it is utterly foreign to the spirit of our people, as well

as the laws, that any man be deprived of either except by due process of law.

" III. That we hold no nationality or organization responsible for the crime nor for the causes which led to it.

" IV. That we honor and respect love for native land, but condemn perversion of that noble sentiment to personal ends.

" V. That we hope no lawful means will be neglected to bring to justice the instigators and perpetrators of this atrocious crime; and that we resent as a public outrage any attempt to clog the wheels of justice or to use undue influence to shield the guilty. Public officers must feel that their highest duty is to the people.

" VI. We call upon the public prosecutors to see to it that no innocent man is condemned, and that no guilty man escapes.

" Therefore, be it

" *Resolved*, That we encourage all lawful efforts to bring to justice, which shall not discriminate, and to adequate punishment, the instigators and perpetrators of this murder."

The resolutions were carried unanimously, and the meeting adjourned after singing the " Star Spangled Banner."

The sixth annual convention of Catholic Foresters, who met in Chicago, June 6, and in which were represented Illinois, Indiana, Minnesota and Wisconsin, passed the following resolutions:

" WHEREAS, Since the last annual session of this High Court one of our most valued and active

Catholic Foresters, an ex-member of our Board of Directors, and four times a member of this High Court, Dr. P. H. Cronin, met with a most violent death at the hands of some unknown persons who, not having the welfare of mankind nor the fear of God in their hearts, deprived us of a dear, well-beloved brother, society of a talented ornament, our nation a distinguished citizen, and all of us a dear personal friend; therefore be it

"Resolved, That this High Court, in annual session, place on record our grief at the death of Dr. P. H. Cronin, our acknowledgment of his valuable and generous qualities of both head and heart, of his services to this order, and our utter detestation of the unchristian crime by which he was taken from us.

"Resolved, That the Catholic Order of Foresters join with all good citizens in condemning this terrible crime, and in the effort to discover and bring to justice the unprecedented, cruel murderers of Dr. P. H. Cronin.

"Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to every court of this order and read at a regular meeting of the same, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased brother, and that it be suitably engrossed and placed in our headquarters, and that the same be draped in mourning for thirty days, and these resolutions be published in the press."

Similar resolutions were adopted by the State Convention of Ancient Order of Hibernians, Cathedral Court No. 36, C. O. F., of which Dr.

Cronin was a member, the Royal Arcanum, Ancient Order of United Workmen, Royal League, and Independent Foresters, numbering 75,000 members in the State of Illinois.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, THE IRISH-AMERICAN LEADER, HELD FOR COMPLICITY IN CRONIN'S MURDER, TAKEN INTO CUSTODY, AND LOCKED IN A CELL IN THE COUNTY JAIL — A SKETCH OF ALEXANDER SULLIVAN'S LIFE — THE CHARGES OF ARSON MADE AGAINST HIM — HIS POLITICAL MOVEMENTS, PROMINENCE AND REWARDS — HIS SHOOTING OF HANFORD AND TRIAL FOR MURDER.

AFTER eight days' patient investigation of the evidence concerning the murder of Dr. Cronin, on May 4th, the coroner's jury, at ten o'clock on the night of June 11, 1889, agreed on a verdict setting forth the circumstances under which the patriotic Irish physician was decoyed to his death, and recommended that —

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, the lawyer; P. O'SULLIVAN, the Lake View iceman; DANIEL COUGHLIN, the detective; and FRANK WOODRUFF, *alias* BLACK, be held as principals or accessories.

To Officer Palmer was committed a mittimus. He proceeded to the detectives' headquarters, and selected his men, Williams and Broderick, and with them, took a carriage and drove to Alexander Sullivan's house, No. 378 Oak street.

He ascended the steps and rang the bell, and Henry Brown, Alexander Sullivan's clerk, opened the door.



ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

"Is Mr. Sullivan at home?" inquired Officer Palmer.

"He is," said Brown.

"I want to see him," said Palmer.

Without question or trouble, Alexander Sullivan obeyed the legal summons, and was without trouble conveyed to the County Jail.

The night of June 11, 1889, found this man once more in the cell of a prison. He was a prisoner charged with **COMPLICITY** in one of the most dastardly and cold-blooded murders ever perpetrated in the midst of a civilized community.

He walked once or twice back and forth in the inner corridor until the bedding of cell No. 25,

"Murderer's Row," was arranged, and then and there he was locked in.

THE CIVIL AND POLITICAL CAREER OF ALEXANDER
SULLIVAN.

From his name and the active, restless, self-assertive part he has taken in Irish affairs, most persons would naturally conclude that Alexander Sullivan was by birth a native Irishman.

Truth sifts out the fact that he was born in Amherstburg, Ont., where his father was stationed in the British military service. In his youth he went to Detroit, and was employed by A. J. Bour in a shoe store. He afterward engaged in that business for himself, but was unsuccessful in trade, and his place was destroyed by fire. It was charged that he was the incendiary, but on investigation nothing could be proven against him.

Early in life he made himself conspicuous as an advocate for Labor rights. In the political campaign of 1868 he "stumped the State" for the Republican party, and through his polished and forcible oratory did service that was acknowledged by his appointment as collector of Internal Revenue at Santa Fé, New Mexico. The Senate, however, refused to confirm his appointment, but subsequently he was made Secretary of the Territory. He established a newspaper in Santa Fé, and managed to become embroiled in

a shooting scrape on account of articles published in his paper. According to Henry Wieter, who was at that time register of the government land office at Santa Fé, and afterward was a witness for Sullivan in the first Hanford trial, the difficulty was occasioned by one of Sullivan's articles in the *Post*, which had reflected rather strongly upon one General Heath. If Wieter may be believed, Sullivan was entering a shop door one day, when Heath attacked him. Two harmless shots were fired by Heath, which Sullivan did not return. He was unarmed, his witness added. Afterward Sullivan passed Heath's house, and the latter discharged the contents of his carbine at the editor, revenue collector and postmaster, who answered with his revolver. Both men were indicted, and released on bail. Heath decamped, while Sullivan was tried and acquitted. "I do not know," Mr. Wieter testified, "whether or not he was a defaulter to the government."

On April 18, 1872, Sullivan left Santa Fé and the Territory, and went to Washington. Thence he moved to New York, and, in the spring of 1873, he came to Chicago. Miss Buchanan had arrived here in the meantime. The year of her fiancé's advent she was seriously injured. The pole of an omnibus crashed into a street car of which she was an occupant, struck her in the back, and disabled her for several months. In November, 1874, they were married.

Some time in 1873 one Fitzgibbons published an article on "Unsexed Women," in which reference

was made to Miss Buchanan. Sullivan admitted, upon his cross-examination by State's Attorney Reed in the Hanford trial, that he had gone to Fitzgibbons' office "to see him about it," and that he had a revolver in his pocket at the time.

When Sullivan came to Chicago he obtained a situation on the *Post* as telegraph editor. Then he became a reporter on the *Inter Ocean*, and subsequently did reportorial work on the *Times*. On February 14, 1876, he was appointed secretary of the Board of Public Works. Six months afterward he shot and killed Francis Hanford, Principal of the North Division High School, and formerly Assistant Superintendent of Schools.

Mayor Colvin was in office at the time the troubles began, and there had been a good deal of talk about an alleged "ring" in the Board of Education. Besides this, Wilbur F. Storey, through his newspaper, had made serious charges of licentiousness and gross and beastly immorality against the mayor. These things being a matter of public discussion, Hanford addressed a communication to the City Council, in which he used this language:

"The instigator and engineer-in-chief of all deviltry connected with the legislation of the Board ("of education") is Mrs. Sullivan, wife of the Secretary of the Board of Public Works. Her influence with Colvin was proven by her getting Bailey dismissed, and her husband appointed in his stead."

Sullivan heard of this communication the same day. He at once went home, ordered a carriage and drove with his wife and his brother, Florence

Sullivan, to Hanford's house. The school teacher was sitting on the front steps of his house, when Sullivan asked him if his name was Hanford. They had never seen each other before. Sullivan demanded an apology, which was peremptorily refused, and then he knocked Hanford down. It was charged that Sullivan attempted to gouge out his eyes, and Sullivan admitted, during the subsequent trial for murder, that one of his thumbs did accidentally get into Hanford's eye. A man named McMullen seized Sullivan, and then Hanford, according to Sullivan, attacked Mrs. Sullivan, and struck her in the face. Sullivan thereupon drew a revolver and shot the school teacher, who died in thirty minutes. This was on August 7, 1876. Sullivan was arrested and jailed. His trial began on October 16, 1876, and he was defended by Leonard Swett, who died recently, W. W. O'Brien and Thomas Moran. State's Attorney Charles H. Reed, who afterward defended Garfield's assassin, Guiteau, and, later, was arrested in New York for theft, conducted the prosecution. On October 27 the jury announced that it could not reach an agreement, and was discharged. It stood eleven for acquittal, and one for conviction. F. J. Berry was the obstinate juror, and he received almost a public ovation when his action became known. Judge W. K. McAllister presided at the trial, and released Sullivan on \$8,000 bail. Great indignation was expressed at this and at his conduct during the trial. It was freely said that he had prejudiced the case in Sullivan's favor, and loud demands for

his resignation were made. A petition asking him to vacate his office was circulated, and received several thousand signatures, all being those of prominent and influential citizens.

Alexander Sullivan's second trial for the murder of Francis Hanford began in March, 1877. Luther Laflin Mills had succeeded Reed as State's Attorney, and he conducted the prosecution. W. J. Hynes, whom, it is said, Sullivan has now condemned to death, through the Clan-na-Gael, and who is the custodian of Dr. Cronin's papers, defended Sullivan in his second trial, together with Emory A. Storrs, Leonard Swett and Thomas Moran. One week was consumed by the trial, in which the defense was justifiable homicide, and the jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty."

Since his acquittal, Sullivan has lived in Chicago, and, during most of the time, has practiced law. He has a good practice, obtained largely by means of his many secret society affiliations.

Mr. Sullivan was held to bail in the sum of \$25,000, to answer the investigation of the grand jury in the Cronin case. He promptly gave the required bond, and was discharged from imprisonment. The grand jury failing to return an indictment against him, Mr. Sullivan made application in Judge Baker's court for release from his bond. After hearing arguments *pro* and *con* Judge Baker discharged Mr. Sullivan from bail.

The following article from the *Herald* of May 29 throws considerable light on the work of the

prosecution that led to the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Sullivan:

Among the men who have detectives on their track is Alexander Sullivan. He is the most thoroughly watched man in Chicago. Wherever he goes, day or night, a "shadow" is at his heels. His office, on the seventh floor of the Opera House block, is under surveillance; so is his residence, on Oak street. Mysterious-looking men track him through the streets, through the corridors of the Court House, and in and about the offices downtown where he transacts his business. Only when he is protected by the privacy of his own house is he free from the watchful eye of the "shadow." Visitors at his office cannot help noticing strange men who are carelessly lounging in the corridor of the seventh floor, or near the entrance of the building, on Clark street. When Mr. Sullivan goes out they disappear. When he returns they resume their stations and remain on the look-out until he leaves again. It is claimed that the police have established this watch on the famous Irish leader. Chief Hubbard practically admitted yesterday that he was responsible for it, but, when he was asked why he thought it necessary, he declined to say a word.

Thus far Alexander Sullivan has been, to the reading public, Irish-Americans excepted, an uncertain quantity in the Cronin case. Only a few men who are cognizant of all the evidence that has been adduced can understand why he has been placed under surveillance. The general public only

knows that his name has been connected with Dr. Cronin's disappearance through the unguarded utterance of a woman who was being pressed for an explanation of certain statements which she and her husband made over three weeks ago. Dr. Cronin's friends, by insinuation and innuendo, rather than by boldly mentioning his name, have pointed to him as a suspect worth watching on account of his enmity for the doctor, but not until certain statements were made by leading Irish nationalists was it considered necessary to keep a constant watch on his movements. Chief Hubbard admitted yesterday that of all the direct evidence that has poured into his office not one single thing points to Mr. Sullivan's culpability, but beyond this he would not say a word.

Sullivan's friends take the position that he is being persecuted. They claim he is being made a mark of by men who have been opposed to him, both in and out of secret societies, for years. They claim further that Cronin's friends are taking advantage of this occasion to wash off long scores of personal enmity and hatred, which they have been harboring ever since he was elected President of the Irish Land League. Sullivan himself has taken the ground from the outset that he knew so little about Dr. Cronin's life and habits, and was so little interested in his affairs, that neither he nor his friends could have any interest in his death. On the other hand Dr. Cronin's friends have submitted the records of nationalistic societies to prove that Sullivan and the doctor were the bitterest of ene-

mies, and that the latter was constantly working to expose defalcations of the former and thereby destroy his power and reputation.

It is not to favor or prejudice the cause of any of the parties charged with the murder of Dr. Cronin that these pages are written. It is simply to give the sworn facts of the terrible crime and the circumstances connected therewith. The grand jury failed to return an indictment against Alexander Sullivan, and it would not be proper here to dispute the correctness of their finding. But the disclosures made at the inquest last June clearly prove that the precautions taken in shadowing his movements were beyond question justifiable and proper. Patrick McGarry testified before that inquest that Dr. Cronin, whom he has known for six years, told him on two different occasions that his life was in danger; once after the trial in Buffalo, in 1888, somewhere in September, when he was showing the attitude of Alexander Sullivan on the trial, when Cronin said to McGarry, "Mac, I believe that man will be the instigator of my murder. If I am murdered, there are papers relating to this trial, and an affidavit where his name is mentioned, in Mr. Conklin's safe. I will depend upon you to see that the proper authorities get them." On the night that Dr. Cronin asked for an investigation of Alexander Sullivan's methods, he told Mr. McGarry he "took his life in his hand." "That may have been a fatal night," were the words he used, "but," he added, "I am determined to show up Alexander Sullivan's

thievery and treachery to the Irish people, even if my life is taken for it."

When asked what Dr. Cronin said to him about the trial in Buffalo in 1888, and what it was all about, Mr. McGarry replied:

"That trial was by a committee of six, which was appointed to investigate the transactions of an organization that Alexander Sullivan was at one time the head of, and he was accused of appropriating moneys collected for that organization to his own use, and also of consigning good men in the organization to British prisons and to death."

"Did Dr. Cronin ever tell you how much money had been collected for this society or misappropriated?"

"I cannot remember; but he said it would approximate nearly half a million of dollars."

"Did he mention whether he had preferred charges, or whether anybody else had preferred charges?"

"He said that he had preferred charges, and he mentioned other names of persons who had preferred charges."

"Give the other names, if you remember."

"John Devoy and Luke Dillon."

Luke Dillon, of Philadelphia, is one of the nine members of the executive committee of the Clan-na-Gael in America, and his testimony at the inquest was exceedingly interesting and important as showing the connection of leading members of the Clan-na-Gael with the conspiracy to murder Dr. Cronin.

Luke Dillon testified as follows:

Having stated that his business was that of a retail shoe dealer, he was asked whether he was a member of the United Brotherhood, and he replied that he was.

"Have you, as a member of that society, taken an obligation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is there anything in that obligation that would conflict with the duty which you owe to your country, the United States?"

"There is nothing in that obligation which would conflict with my duty as a citizen of the United States, except the occasion might arise when it would be necessary for myself and other Irishmen who have taken this obligation, to violate the neutrality laws. Those are the only laws which we could violate."

"Can you state to the jury the objects of your organization?"

"The object of the organization is to assist a like organization in Ireland and England to establish in Ireland an Irish republic, and also to bring about fraternal feelings among Irishmen in this country, and assist in the elevation of our race."

"Did you know Dr. P. H. Cronin?"

"I knew him very well, intimately. He was associated with me on the executive of the order when a division existed. I used to communicate with him regularly, perhaps every week or two. I knew him to be intensely patriotic, and very useful in the Irish movement."

BELIEVES ALEXANDER SULLIVAN RESPONSIBLE.

"Have you ever had any conversation with Dr. Cronin touching his being in any danger?"

"Yes, sir; we have spoken of it. He has told me that the personal ambition of Alexander Sullivan to rule both in Irish and American politics in this city would be the cause of his death, for he felt that the man had no more blood than a fish, and would not hesitate to take his life. I thought at the time that he had Alexander Sullivan on the brain, and that there was not the slightest likelihood of any man hurting him."

"Has anything happened since that time, Mr. Dillon, to change your mind in regard to this matter?"

"Yes, sir. At the trial of Sullivan, Boland and Feeley, at which I was present, and of which Dr. Cronin was one of the jurors, Alexander Sullivan protested against Cronin sitting in judgment upon him, because of the intense enmity existing between the two men, himself and Cronin, and his language to Cronin at the time was very abusive, and I felt the man who would speak so disparagingly of another was capable of going to greater extremes. Another reason why I have changed my mind, and why I believe that Alexander Sullivan is responsible for this murder, if not the principal, is that Dr. Cronin's verdict against himself and others was "guilty." The trial to which I am referring took place partly in Buffalo and partly in New York, and I had ample time to study the feel-

ings exhibited there, and I unhesitatingly say that Sullivan showed great prejudice against him, and since then I received, as a member of the executive, a request that Alexander Sullivan be permitted to send out a protest along with the trial report, and which would be sent to the different clubs. As a member of that executive body I objected to the sending out of a circular by a man who was not a member of the order, as he had resigned some four years previous, but I was evidently overruled, for such a document has been sent out, and, with the permission of the coroner and of the jury here, I will read it."

"When was that trial in Buffalo held?"

"About a year ago."

"Who were tried?"

"Alexander Sullivan, Dennis C. Feeley, of Rochester, and Colonel Michael Boland, now of Kansas City. There were two sets of charges, one by John Devoy, charging them with spending \$128,000 without permission of the home organization, notwithstanding the agreement with that organization not to spend any money without their sanction. My charges were that they had spent \$87,000, and had failed to account for it during the years, I think, from 1885 to 1887."

"Did the trial proceed?"

"Yes, sir; notwithstanding the objections of Mr. Sullivan. Dr. Cronin acted as a member of that committee in the capacity of a juror."

"You suggested just now, Mr. Dillon, that you

would read to this jury a document. Is that the report of this trial committee?"

"It is Alexander Sullivan's protest against Dr. Cronin which was issued to the order, and is now sent throughout all the camps in the country, stating that this man, Dr. Cronin, was likely a British spy, and other matters."

"Was that protest attached to the report of that trial?"

"It was. This report, against the issuing of which I protested, on the ground that Alexander Sullivan was not a member of the order, has only been sent to the clubs during the past week."

"Since the death of Dr. Cronin?"

Yes, sir."

"Is that protest made a part of the report of the trial?"

"Yes, sir; it is made part of the report."

The protest was then read by Mr. Dillon, as follows:

PROTEST OF ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

NEW YORK, September 15, 1888.

P. O. Boyle, Secretary.

DEAR SIR—At the opening of this investigation in Buffalo, I protested against the presence of P. H. Cronin, as member of the committee to investigate any charges against me. The committee decided that it had no power to act in the matter, but through its chairman said that I could file my protest in writing. Therefore I formally and in writing renew said protest. My grounds are:

First, he is a personal enemy; second, he has expressed opinions in this case; third, he is a perjurer and scoundrel, unfit to be placed on any jury.

To the first objection I cite the men of the United Brotherhood organization in Chicago, from which he was expelled in a case where I conducted the prosecution. There is no question in Chicago of his

personal hostility. Before the National League convention in 1886, his was one of the signatures to a circular assailing me, and he was a regular attendant at meetings hostile to me. This is so notorious to me from all parts of the country, that it is not necessary to enlarge upon it, but, if substantiation is required, it can be furnished to an overwhelming degree.

In support of the second objection, it is only necessary to recite the now notorious fact that Cronin was a member of the executive body of the United Brotherhood, and as such he was one of those who circulated charges against my former associates and myself. He, therefore, not only expressed opinions, but in his official capacity caused those opinions to be published and circulated.

Your committee is chosen from two bodies whose members differ on many points, but who all agree, or profess to agree, in denouncing unfair trials, biased juries and prejudiced jurors in Ireland, and yet I am asked, after a period of four years has elapsed since I was a member of the organization, to come for trial before a committee chosen in my absence at a place where I was given no opportunity to be heard, although I was within a few hundred feet of the place.

While you ask the world to believe that you want a fair trial on one side of the Atlantic, you ask me to accept as a juror one who would be excluded in any civil court from a jury in a trial of a case in which I had an interest however trivial.

I am told that it has been declared, that, if I do not appear before this committee, I shall be denounced as one unable to defend himself against the accusations filed. So I was left with the alternative of being tried before a jury, with at least one perjured member, or being abused and vilified for my non-appearance. And this is what the men who selected Cronin were led to believe was fairness. They should never again be so indecently inconsistent as to criticise the position of juries or courts chosen to try men in England and Ireland. Had he as much decency as an ordinary dog he would not sit in a case in which I was interested.

As to the third objection to Cronin, I charge that the brand of perjury is so burned into the scoundrel's brow that all the waters of the earth would not remove the brand. He was a delegate at the district convention held in Chicago May 23, 1884, that being the first one held in this district. After the constitution was so amended as to provide for the elevation of two delegates from each district, two delegates were elected at the very same session, one being chosen immediately after the other. Yet Cronin, after first officially reporting to his club that two delegates were elected, circulated a report

that only one was elected, and stated that he would not be permitted to speak or to present any suggestions from his camp. Every such delegate at the convention has been sworn, and every one, including those who were with Cronin in the U. B. organization, testified that two delegates were chosen, that Cronin was present when they were chosen, that every delegate not only could speak, but was actually called upon to speak, and that every delegate, including Cronin, did speak.

Cronin was expelled, a convicted liar, who added perjury to his slander. I have further investigated his record, and I find that in several matters outside of the organization he is also a perjurer. A record obtained from Ireland by William J. Fitzgerald says that Cronin was born at Buttevant, April 13, 1844. Cronin swears that he lived at St. Catharines, Canada, until after the assassination of President Lincoln, April 14, 1865. Captain McDonald of No. 2 Company, Nineteenth Battalion of the Canadian militia, of which P. H. Cronin was a member, says that at its formation in 1862 or 1863 he had P. H. Cronin in his company, or shortly after its formation. He was known as the "Singer Cronin," and at the time of joining he took the oath of allegiance as follows: "I swear that I will bear true and faithful allegiance to her majesty, the queen, her heirs and successors."

About 1863 positive orders were sent by the government that every man had to take the oath of allegiance, and that there were none under his command who did not take it. The record shows that Dr. Cronin's father, J. G. Cronin, was a British subject and continued in Canada up to the time of his death, so that P. H. Cronin, until 1865 or 1866, when he left Canada, was a British subject, and if, as he claims, his father was naturalized in the United States before going to Canada, he voluntarily abandoned his American citizenship and resumed the position of a British subject.

This P. H. Cronin voluntarily swore allegiance to her British majesty. Yet this creature swore in his name as a voter in St. Louis and voted in that city. He thought best not to come to Chicago and reside one year, but sneaked down to a county in Illinois, doubtless being afraid of attracting attention in Chicago, and swore that he arrived in the United States a minor under the age of twenty-one years; that he resided in the United States three years preceding his arrival at the age of twenty-one years. He claimed to have been home in 1856, and not in 1844, and, even if that were true, he was only nineteen years old when he left Canada, because he swore he was in Canada when President Lincoln was assassinated; that he came to the

United States in 1865 or 1866, and yet he swore he resided in the United States three years previous to arriving at the age of nineteen, and thus secured his papers on this minor petition falsely sworn to.

This side of Cronin's character, I submit, should be considered in connection with any report his malice and prejudice may dictate. I have not made any formal protest against the presence of Dr. McCahey on the trial committee, but it is well known that he has been active in publishing documents and interviews hostile to me, and it is at least strange that one who has been so engaged should be willing to serve on such a committee.

Very respectfully,

ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

THE PROTEST SENT OUT FOR A PURPOSE.

The witness continued: "That has only been issued within two weeks, and might have been in the press longer."

"Was that protest, Mr. Dillon, in the hands of your order, or some officer of your order, before Cronin's murder?"

"Yes, sir, for about four months, I should judge."

"The protest is dated when?"

"Sept. 15, 1888."

"How do you know that this protest is the protest of Alexander Sullivan?"

"Because I have received official notification from the secretary that Alexander Sullivan desires to send such a protest out. I objected to its being sent out, because he is not a member of the organization, and I knew that the protest would attack the character of a decent man."

"What right had you to object to its being sent out?"

"I had every right as a member of the executive."

"Are you at present a member of the executive?"

"I am."

"How many members are there?"

"Nine."

Here the witness bent over to the coroner, and, in a very suggestive tone, whispered: "Don't ask me their names."

"How many members were there at the time of this trial?"

"The same number."

"How many in 1882?"

"Five, I believe, in 1882."

"Was there any time when there were only three members of the executive?"

"At the Boston convention it was reduced to three. It was either at Boston or Chicago in 1881 or 1883."

"Can you give the names of those three members of the executive?"

"Alexander Sullivan, Dennis C. Feeley and Colonel Michael Boland."

"What have you done about the remarks made in that protest by Alexander Sullivan about Dr. Cronin?"

"Well, I didn't believe them. I knew Dr. Cronin to be a thorough gentleman, thoroughly patriotic, and, when the opportunity shall arise, I will prove that his membership in that British militia company was because of his love for Ireland. It was to learn

his duty as a soldier, and not to swear his allegiance to her majesty. Tom Tuite, of Detroit, city treasurer of that city, was another member of that same company, and him I know to be a patriotic, good man. Cronin himself has told me about joining that militia company, and his purpose in doing so. His purpose was to learn his duties as a soldier, so that in case he should be called upon he might fight for his country."

"Can you give the jury any other reason why Alexander Sullivan should be an enemy of Dr. Cronin?"

"I can give none except personal revenge."

"Revenge for what?"

"Because this man found him guilty of crime, of theft."

"By this man you mean Dr. Cronin?"

"Yes, sir; and also because of treacherous conduct to members of the organization."

"Do you believe, Mr. Dillon, that Dr. Cronin's opinion of Mr. Sullivan was correct?"

"I do now. I used to think he exaggerated Sullivan's importance. I looked upon him then as only an ordinary villain. But Cronin looked upon him as a very dangerous man, and a very able man."

MEN WERE BETRAYED TO ENGLAND.

"At the time of the existence of this so-called triangle, Sullivan, Boland and Feeley, do you know of their betraying any members of the order?"

After a long pause the witness replied: "No; I believe men have been betrayed."

" Could these men whom you believe to have been betrayed, have been betrayed without the knowledge of the executive? "

" No, they could not otherwise be betrayed. "

" And men were betrayed? "

" I believe so. "

" They were not known to anybody outside of the triangle? "

" They were not supposed to be known. "

" If known, where would those outside receive their information from? "

" The executive; the triangle and executive were the same thing. "

" At that time who were the executive? "

" Alexander Sullivan, Dennis C. Feeley and Michael Boland. "

" Have you ever heard from any of the members that Dr. Cronin, in conversation, has charged that Alexander Sullivan had anything to do with betraying the members? "

" No; I don't think the doctor has ever charged that against Sullivan. He has told me that he believed men had been betrayed through the intimacy of Alexander Sullivan with Le Caron. "

" Was Le Caron a member of a camp in Illinois? "

" Yes, sir; in Braidwood, Illinois. "

" Who is Le Caron? "

" Well," the witness said, smiling, " I wish they had tackled him instead of Dr. Cronin. I didn't know him personally. "

" What position did he hold? "

"He held the position of chief officer—what would be the same as president in an ordinary society."

"Was he once considered a good member of the order?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he considered such now?"

"Not at all; certainly not."

"When you connect Alexander Sullivan's name with that of Le Caron, please tell the jury why you do that. Tell all you know or honestly believe in that connection."

"He didn't say that Alexander Sullivan had betrayed anybody, but that the betrayal had been the result of the close intimacy existing between Alexander Sullivan and Le Caron."

"There was once a trial in Camp 96, in the district of Illinois and Michigan, in which Dr. Cronin was accused of treason. Do you know anything about that trial?"

"Yes, sir. At the time that my charges were being considered, that question was brought up, and we attempted to prove against Alexander Sullivan, Boland and Feeley, and it was charged, that the Boston convention had been packed with proxies, and there was really only one delegate elected from Chicago, and the man said to have been elected was not even at the convention; that he was not selected or elected by his club, and that he was not even in this country at the time. The man was Captain Lomasney, and that is the cause, as I understand it, why Cronin was expelled."

" Was it stated who preferred the charges against Dr. Cronin? "

" No; we regarded all the charges as coming from Alexander Sullivan. He says, in this protest, that he prosecuted the charges. "

DILLON'S BELIEF AS TO CRONIN'S DEATH.

" Have you any other information, Mr. Dillon, which would be proper for you to give this jury, sitting to inquire into the death of Dr. Cronin, which would assist them in arriving at the cause of his death? "

" Well, I believe his death is the result of the abuse heaped upon him by the friends of Alexander Sullivan. He has been denominated a spy and a traitor, perjurer, and in fact all the invectives have been piled upon him that could be heaped upon the head of any man by the friends of Sullivan, all because of Cronin's enmity to Sullivan. "

" Why did Cronin have any enmity toward Sullivan? "

" Because he believed, as I do, that he was a professional patriot, sucking the life-blood out of the Irish organizations, and we tried to purify the organization by removing from its head such men as Alexander Sullivan. "

" Do you know the reason why Alexander Sullivan left the order? "

" I can tell you the general opinion in the order on that question. We believe that he left the order because he thought that his crimes would find him out, and that Cronin, John Devoy, I, and others

who were endeavoring to purify the organization would finally bring them to judgment before the rank and file. I believe that, when he resigned, he did not cease to rule. I have seen his handwriting on circulars issued to the United Brotherhood a year after his resignation was supposed to have taken place."

"Does the issuance of this protest, in your opinion, show that he has his hand in it yet?"

"I believe he is able to influence the men, although he is not now in the order."

"Could he have got his protest attached to that report of the trial committee unless a majority of the executive were favorable to him?"

"I believe a majority of the executive were favorable to him, and I know he did have at least two personal friends on it, and he might exercise considerable influence through them."

"Dr. Cronin was killed on the night between May 4th and May 5th. Could an order have been issued from the executive body in your order to remove a member?"

"No, sir; it is utterly impossible. They can violate no laws of this country; they have no power to do it."

"Could a majority of the committee do it?"

"No, sir."

"Could they have done it without your knowledge?"

"Without my knowledge they could not have done it, I believe."

" Could a subordinate camp issue an order to that effect? "

" No, sir; positively no. "

" Would such a thing be in violation of your rules? "

" It would be in violation of our oath. We have no precedent that the laws of this country, as we understand them, have ever been violated in any manner by this organization. "

THE MISAPPROPRIATION OF FUNDS.

" Please tell the jury, Mr. Dillon, a little more about the misappropriation of funds, which you and Dr. Cronin have talked about. About how much money, on or about June 1, 1882, got into the hands of those three men? "

" John Devoy charged that they had received over \$300,000, and of this that \$128,000 had been spent in violation of the constitution, and the vouchers and papers in connection with that were burned at the convention. "

" How could this money have been spent? "

" It was supposed to have been used in violent measures against England or in carrying on what was termed the active policy. "

" Did they show vouchers for this expenditure? "

" No, sir; previous to this resignation of Alexander Sullivan all documents bearing on that question were ordered to be burned. "

" By what convention? "

" By the Boston convention. "

" Who ran that convention? "

Well, I presume that Alexander Sullivan and his friends did, from the fact that they ordered those papers and vouchers to be burned. I presume they ran it, or they would not have let those papers be destroyed."

"Were you a member of the Boston convention?"

"No, sir."

"Were you present at the convention?"

"No, sir; but at the trial where the charges of John Devoy and myself were made there was testimony taken there to show that the papers were all burned, and also testimony to show who was the executive, and the amount of money that had been spent and unaccounted for."

"Did that amount, exceeding \$300,000, to which you refer, include \$100,000 said to have been had from Patrick Egan?"

"No, sir; it did not."

"Can you tell the jury what you know about that amount going into the hands of the triangle on or about June 1, 1882?"

"I can't. I don't know anything about it. I know they had more than a hundred thousand in their hands at that date, or should have had it, of the organization's funds alone."

"Do you know whether any funds of this organization were used or were to have been used for the purpose of assisting poor women or poor families in this country?"

"No, sir; the funds of this organization were supposed to be used in case of England becoming in-

volved in difficulty in aiding Ireland to liberate herself."

"Was it supposed that any part of these funds should be used to assist widows and orphans of those who had worked for this organization?"

"There is nothing in the constitution of this organization that requires men to give up their lives in the cause, and there is nothing in the constitution directing the efforts of the executive in matters of that kind. We believe that common decency and common Christianity would compel an executive to do that. I suppose that is one of the reasons it has never been answered, whether this triangle ever helped any one."

"Do you know whether this triangle ever sufficiently helped any one in this way?"

"I know they didn't. There was one case particularly. There was one woman whom I knew to be in want, and I found it necessary to collect over a thousand dollars to keep her and her family from starvation, owing to the neglect of that triangle."

"Did you ask the triangle to help her?"

"No, but others did."

"Would you like to give the name of that woman to this jury?"

"I would rather not. I rather think the woman would not care to have her name published through the country."

FIFTEEN THOUSAND DETECTIVES LOOKING FOR
MURDERERS.

"Mr. Dillon," asked Foreman Critchell, "have you made any personal inquiries or examination into the circumstances of Dr. Cronin's death? Have you visited any of these places?"

"No, sir."

"Have you made inquiries among the people who saw him last?"

"Yes, sir; I have spoken to all his friends here, and in addition to that I have made use of all the available detective force of this country to track up the murderers, and fully 15,000 members of this organization are practical detectives looking after the men?"

"Do you think his death was the result of a conspiracy?"

"Yes, sir; I do. I think so; I think there were at least half a dozen of them."

"How long did you know Dr. Cronin?"

"We were on the executive together about eighteen months, and that was the only time I knew him intimately. I probably knew him by reputation much longer, but two and a half years would be about the length of time I knew him intimately."

"Did you ever hear anything against his character?"

"I have from personal enemies of his, because of their friendship for Alexander Sullivan, and they have used abusive language toward him."

"Do you know of his having been involved with anybody in any difficulty of any kind whereby that person would have sufficient grudge against him to kill him?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know of any, or did you ever hear of any one saying that Dr. Cronin had any enemies outside of Alexander Sullivan?"

"None at all."

"Did you regard Dr. Cronin as a peaceable and inoffensive man?"

"Very much so."

"Was he a quarrelsome man?"

"No; he was as mild and mannerly as any lady."

"Did you ever hear of anything in connection with his practice as a physician which would get him into difficulty?"

"No, sir. He was a thoroughly honorable man, and he would not do anything in his practice which would reflect discredit upon him."

"Do you think the feelings of partisanship which were aroused by the quarrels in the organization would have risen high enough to lead to the death of any of the members?"

"No; Irishmen, generally speaking, are violent perhaps during discussion, but, after they come out, they generally settle all their differences with a drink. In controversy or debate they are naturally hot-headed, so violent that they sometimes make threats, but they forget them in five minutes."

"Did you ever hear Dr. Cronin say that his death would be the result of a conspiracy?"

"That is what he expected. He believed there was a conspiracy at work to kill him, and he believed that Alexander Sullivan was the chief conspirator. He told me that several times."

"Did we understand you to say that Alexander Sullivan had said that he was the cause of the trial at which Dr. Cronin was expelled?"

"Yes, sir; he says so himself in his protest (reading): 'The first objection I cite to the men of the United Brotherhood in Chicago from which he was expelled, in the case where I conducted the prosecution.'"

"Did you ever know Dan Coughlin?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever know P. O'Sullivan?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever hear the doctor allude to these men?"

"Yes, I have in the case of Coughlin. I believe he spoke disparagingly of him; didn't like the man, the way I understood it."

"Did he connect him in any way with Alexander Sullivan?"

"He thought he was an old friend of Alexander Sullivan, and, for that reason, no friend of his."

"Did you know the man Beggs, who testified here?"

"No, sir, not personally; I never met him."

"Did you ever hear Doctor Cronin speak of him?"

"Yes, sir; in general conversation. I believe we were speaking of the character of the men who were opposing him in this city, and he referred to them as local politicians, who had no standing, and whose words would have no weight; but he believed they were inspired to do him an injury through their obligations to Alexander Sullivan."

"Did he say what obligation Dan Coughlin was under to Alexander Sullivan?"

"He said, I believe, that he owed his appointment on the police force; that is the way he spoke to me of it."

"Did you ever hear him speak of Brown?"

"No, sir; never."

"Did you ever hear him say whether Brown originated these charges, or some one for him?"

"He always spoke of the charges as coming from Alexander Sullivan. I never heard him speak of Brown in particular."

"The doctor considered Brown a mere stool pigeon in the matter?"

"That is all."

"I want to ask," said the coroner, "if you know what amount has been charged by the executive as being paid to Dr. Gallagher, who is now under a life sentence in England?"

"The executive never charged for any expenses incurred by Dr. Gallagher, nor was he sent by the executive to do any active work for the order."

"Do you know whether the executive has ever stated that they paid Dr. Gallagher anything?"

" They never stated so officially. They did inspire the belief among the members of the organization that they had done so, but I state positively that they never gave Dr. Gallagher one cent."

" Mr. Dillon," asked Foreman Critchell, " if a member of the Clan-na-Gael was expelled, would it be considered a disgrace to him? "

" Yes, sir; it would be considerable disgrace to him."

" If a man was charged with being a British spy, would that be calculated to cause a very bitter feeling against him? "

" So bitter that it might result in his death."

" Did you ever hear any one accuse Dr. Cronin of being a British spy? "

" Never."

" Do you know whether such an accusation was ever made against him? "

" Yes, sir; I have heard it stated here in Chicago; it is generally circulated."

" Before his death? "

" I can't say; I wasn't here then."

SULLIVAN'S PROTEST A RUSE.

" How many people knew of the existence of this protest of Alexander Sullivan on the 1st of May? Was it read to a large number of people? "

" There were eight of the executives that heard it read."

" Did it go beyond them? "

" Yes, sir; the printer saw it, and it was gener-

ally understood that when the printer gets it the printer's friends see it also." [Laughter.]

"What was Dr. Cronin's general reputation in the order?"

"Very good. He bore an excellent reputation outside of this city, and in this city he had very many warm friends, but it seemed to be about equally divided here between personal hostility and friendship toward him."

"Did Dr. Cronin have anything against Sullivan that you know of besides what you have stated?"

"Well, I believe, judging from what I heard Dr. Cronin say, that he thought him capable of anything."

"Will you please explain why this protest, being dated in September, 1888, was only circulated in May or June, 1889?"

"Well, I believe that circular is dated September, but I don't believe it was written for six months after that."

"It never came before the executive body until about the day Cronin disappeared?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the executive body have a meeting about that date?"

"I know that the night following his disappearance, I received a dispatch from this city, stating that Cronin had been called out to see a patient, and had not returned. I felt sure the man was murdered that moment, and tried to induce the executive to appropriate \$3,000 to hunt up the murderers, but they said they didn't believe he was

dead on that account. That was the argument made against appropriating the money."

"Can't you remember the exact date of that meeting?"

"No, sir—yes, sir, I can. It was the 5th of May. Yes, sir, that is when it was. There is one thing I would like to say to the jury, as it is an animus we are looking for."

"We are not looking for anything but facts," suggested Foreman Critchell.

CRONIN'S STRONG IMPEACHMENT OF SULLIVAN.

"I will give you facts that may show animus. Dr. Cronin saw that the friends of Alexander Sullivan in Chicago were in the habit of saying that the verdict on the trial at which Dr. Cronin was one of the jurors was in favor of Alexander Sullivan. The verdict was supposed to be kept secret, but it somehow leaked out through the organization unofficially what the verdict really was, and the two doctors were pointed out as the only two men who found Sullivan guilty of any crime, and that Alexander Sullivan was not guilty. Dr. Cronin, in order to prove that he was in possession of information which, if they heard, or he was permitted to read, would prove the guilt of Alexander Sullivan, stated that he had in his possession at least three hundred pages of testimony which would be produced at the coming convention to prove that these men were all the charges had specified they were. The executive ordered him to

send that 300 pages of testimony to the chairman of that body, but he refused to hand them over."

"When was the convention to be?"

"The date of the convention was not decided on; it was to be at some future time. Dr. Cronin said that it would be necessary for him to hold these documents, so that in the coming convention he could have something to justify the verdict he had given of guilty."

"What was the verdict?"

"There were four verdicts. There were no majority or minority reports. The vote of the jury was 3 to 3, a tie, as to the guilt or innocence of Sullivan and the others. They heard all the evidence, that is this evidence that Dr. Cronin was going to publish at the coming convention."

"Did he read that testimony at the trial?"

"I will explain that matter to the jury. They sat as you sit now, listening to evidence. They had no regular stenographer, this committee of six, consequently each man took his own notes of the evidence, at least three of them did (the secretary, Dr. Cronin and Dr. McCahey); they took notes as they went along. Dr. Cronin took about three hundred pages of notes. The trial lasted ten or twelve days, and cost the organization some \$2,700, as they had to be brought from all over the United States. All that evidence was taken by Cronin and McCahey, and was intended to be submitted to the coming convention to prove to the convention that they were justified in finding a verdict of guilty against this man."

TRIED TO GOBBLE THE EVIDENCE.

" And that was the evidence the executive wanted Cronin to send them? "

" The executive wanted to get it from Cronin, fearing that somebody might steal it from them or give it to the press, which would lead to an exposure, and be against the best interest of the organization."

" Do you know where Cronin was summoned to appear and surrender this evidence? "

" He was simply requested to hand it over, so was Dr. McCahey, and they both refused."

" Who is Dr. McCahey? "

" Another one of the jurors in this case, and lives in Philadelphia."

" How is his health at this time? "

" I understand he is very sick with brain fever."

" Explain those four verdicts, Mr. Dillon."

" Boyle, of Pittston, waited a month after all the other jurors handed in the evidence, and summed up the evidence to justify his verdict in favor of acquitting Alexander Sullivan of any crime, and to that document this protest was attached."

" That went out separately? "

" That went out with this report of Boyle's; none of the other verdicts summed up the evidence. They were all sent out printed separately. They are all in one pamphlet at present."

" Which went out first? "

" They all went out together, but the reports were not sent in to the executive at the same time."

"Were any of these findings that went out to the order against Sullivan?"

"Yes, sir; Dr. Cronin and Dr. McCahey found Sullivan guilty."

"When did that report go out?"

"The report has been circulated ever since the trial, but it did not go out officially until last week. It has been ordered out for six or eight months. The men became so clamorous to hear the truth, as there were continual disputes over it in the clubs, that the executive at last felt bound to send it out."

"What was the occasion for the delay in sending it out?"

"Well, it was thought that, if it went to the clubs, it would gradually leak out to the public and the press, and, as it was a very serious affair, they thought they should keep it for the convention only."

"How generally through the order was it known that there had been—these two verdicts against Sullivan?"

"That was only known in this city. The friends of Sullivan claimed that there was a majority report in favor of his acquittal, and that was the reason Dr. Cronin insisted that he had papers that would prove the contrary. I have written to him—I don't know whether you will find my letter among his papers—advising him that he should not do it; that it was very unwise to make an assertion of that kind."

"Improper?"

" Well, there was nothing improper, but I thought it was dangerous to himself from the enemies he had here in Chicago. I wrote him that letter about six months ago."

The testimony of Mr. Dillon is perhaps the most important of any yet given, as it clearly furnishes a motive for the crime, and points directly to the persons interested in having Dr. Cronin " removed."

It has been given in detail here, not only on account of its importance in its bearings upon the guilt or innocence of the parties to be hereafter arraigned for the murder of Cronin, but also because much of it is of a nature as not to be admissible on the trial of the cause. Leaving the sequel to determine whether or not the facts stated by Luke Dillon at the inquest shall hereafter be established by " admissible evidence" in the Criminal Court, we will proceed with another chapter of " illustrations of triangular tactics."

CHAPTER XXV.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF TRIANGULAR TACTICS—MRS. MACKEY LOMASNEY'S TESTIMONY BEFORE THE CORONER—HOW CAPTAIN LOMASNEY WAS DETAILED TO SURE DESTRUCTION—OTHER PATRIOTS WHO SUFFERED.

BEFORE Coroner Hertz, on June 12, 1889, Mrs. Mackey Lomasney testified.

Captain Lomasney was a pure-minded, unselfish man, who considered all others enlisted in the same cause as equally honest with himself.

To "the cause," even to death, he devoted his whole energies, he gave his service and his life.

With his life he paid the forfeit of his trust.

In the early part of 1884, obedient to the commands of his superior officers, in whom he placed implicit trust, he left his wife and five children, his aged father, of all of whom he was the sole support, and, obedient to the call of the Triangle, in response to what he considered his duty as a patriot, he departed for England upon his desperate mission.

He went to his death, to death premeditated for him.

Le Caron, the spy, knew of his orders and his mission before he left these shores. The detectives of Scotland Yard were ready to receive him on his arrival; they knew every detail of his plans. He was thrust into a British prison, and died there,

another victim of the callous, treacherous triumvirate.

Read the testimony of the patient, long-suffering wife of this brave man. Listen while she tells the pitiful story of her sufferings, of the neglect of those bound to, sworn to, protect, aid and care for her.

They ignored her entirely. She was on the verge of starvation, she had to sell her furniture, her bedding; to mortgage her little stock; to beg of her friends. The sheriff turned her out into the streets, and, when she appealed to the so-called Irish patriots, the Triangle, who had deprived her of her natural protector, and who denounced evictions in Ireland with passionate vehemence, they would not listen to her complaints. They turned a deaf ear to her appeals.

When she came to Chicago and besought Alexander Sullivan, who knew all regarding her husband's mission and fate, he gave her advice, nothing more. He told her to schedule the stock of her store, and sell it. He procured her a ticket to return to Detroit, and advised her to keep secret her visit to him.

She appealed to others, close to the Triangle, but was turned away with words, empty words.

But in Colonel Dick Burke and Luke Dillon she found true, serviceable friends. They gave to her money. She was able to discard the borrowed dresses in which she had traveled in order to make a presentable appearance, to pay her rent, to

liquidate her debts, to furnish food, clothing and other necessities of life.

Nobody knows how or when he disappeared. He was called upon by a committee from the camp of which he was a member, to get ready to start for England to engage in a desperate enterprise which, it was alleged, had been set on foot for the purpose of avenging wrongs that had been practiced on certain Irish leaders. Lomasney obeyed the mandate. It was quietly given out that he had reached England, and had fallen under the ban of the police, and was arrested. If this was the case, there never was any record of his arrest or commitment. Many Irishmen openly charged that, like Cronin, he was accused of traitorous conduct, tried and sentenced to "removal." It is believed that the trial and execution took place at night in Detroit, where he lived. There were many incidents in Lomasney's life, it is claimed, that gave color to the suspicions that were entertained against him; and, though none of the proof that was brought to impeach his patriotism was positive, it was so strong as to leave no possible doubt in the minds of the judges. How he was "removed," when he was "removed," and what disposition was made of his remains, will always be a mystery, unless some of the men who were engaged in the atrocious business come forward voluntarily and make a confession. At any rate there was no bungling about the disposal of his body. It was either buried in a prepared grave, or was submitted to the

test of quicklime. Not a vestige of him was ever found.

In Dr. Cronin's case it was the evident intention of the executioners to dispose of the body safely, and it looks very much as if somebody engaged in the conspiracy who was to play the rôle of gravedigger had blundered or fearfully forsaken his part. In no other way can the roundabout course of the wagon with Dr. Cronin's remains in the trunk be accounted for. That the police believe it took this roundabout course is evidenced by the fact that they are searching for the doctor's clothing in the river at Belmont avenue. Further on in their course with the wagon, uniformed policemen disturbed their feeling of safety. They drove to the lake, but, not knowing the roads, they ran into a pocket, and were again confronted by a policeman. Probably enraged over the gravedigger's failure to connect, and alarmed by the great chances they were running, the conclusion was hastily reached to chuck the body into the sewer.

It certainly never was the intention of the man who murdered him to throw his carcass in a sewer, where, sooner or later, it was sure to be found by the gangs that keep those underground tunnels free of dirt. The fact that they used so much method in preparing for the crime admits of the belief that they were fully prepared to dispose of the body, and that they would have done so but for the unexpected appearance of so many policemen at inopportune points along the route they traveled.

In Lomasney's case it would appear, therefore, that every detail of the plot of removal was carried out without interference. General interest was awakened in this remarkable case only last year, when Dr. Cronin called the attention of a Clan-na-Gael convention to the fact that poor Lomasney's family had not been cared for. This was his first specified complaint against Alexander Sullivan, Michael Boland and Feeley. Dr. Cronin claimed that the money was withheld by a Chicago faction, and he wanted it paid over without further cavil. The money was appropriated by a committee of the Clan-na-Gael which labored under the belief that the missing brother was in an English dungeon. The row which Cronin raised was quickly suppressed, however, and the whole matter was practically forgotten until he himself disappeared.

It is difficult to learn much about Lomasney's history, because Clan-na-Gael men are so reticent about talking of the affairs of their order. For years he was considered an ardent revolutionist, and he had *entrée* to all the councils of Irish-Americans. He was a leader in all physical force movements, and it is claimed that he conceived more daring enterprises than any man in the United States. Some of his friends assert that he was the victim of the treachery of Le Caron, the British spy. Just about the time he disappeared a number of Irishmen, who had been sent across the Atlantic on secret business, had been arrested by English detectives before they crossed the gang planks of the steamers. As cases of this sort happened in rapid

succession, it soon became apparent to members of the order here that there was a spy in some camp who was near the throne of power. Suspicion was directed against scores of men, but Le Caron, the real spy, managed somehow to protect himself. It is claimed that he first directed suspicion against Lomasney, and, as he was one of the controlling powers of the clan at that time, he had no difficulty in having him tried and convicted. While Le Caron was in control no less than seventeen men, who were sent across the Atlantic on dangerous missions, were either hanged as dynamiters or thrown into British prisons to serve out life sentences.

The conspiracy to murder Dr. Cronin, sinks to insignificance by the side of this greater conspiracy to work upon the noble devotion of patriotic Irishmen to the sacred sentiment of Irish liberty, only to betray them to death at the hands of the British hangman, in order that the conspirators might line their pockets with the funds given into their keeping for the use of the brave men they so mercilessly lured to their death.

That there was such a conspiracy in the organization of the Clan-na-Gael seems certainly proven by some papers which were left by Dr. Cronin, and were introduced at the inquest and read to the jury by Coroner Hertz, the most important which is here given:

TACKLING THE TRIANGLE.

PHILADELPHIA, January 15, 1889.

To the F. C. of the U. S.

DEAR SIRS AND BROTHERS — The trial committee appointed at Chicago was unable to elicit all the facts connected with the charges

placed before it, because of the refusal of several of the witnesses to answer many of the questions asked, and because of the inability of others to remember events and figures it might be supposed to be indelibly impressed on their memories. From the evidence presented I am obliged to report:

1. That the family of one who lost his life in the service of this order was scandalously and shamefully neglected, and continued to be neglected for two years after their destitute condition was known, and that Alexander Sullivan, Michael Boland, and D. C. Feeley were responsible and censurable for that neglect.

2. That General C. H. McCarthy, of St. Paul, Minn., was unjustly and deliberately excluded from the Boston convention, and subsequently shamefully persecuted and driven from the order, and that Alexander Sullivan, Michael Boland, and D. C. Feeley are responsible and censurable for that series of reprehensible acts.

3. That delegate from home organization was excluded from the Boston convention, and that the same three defendants are responsible and censurable for that exclusion.

4. That the same defendants issued a deceptive report to the Boston convention, leading the order to believe that its affairs had been examined by independent committees, and that the order was \$13,000 in debt; that in fact Alexander Sullivan and Michael Boland were on the committee of foreign affairs, and the treasurer states that there was a balance in the treasury, and not a debt.

5. That prior to the Boston convention \$111,000 was expended without any direct or indirect benefit to the order, and most of it in a manner that could not in any way have benefited the order, and that the same three defendants are censurable and responsible for this enormous and wasteful expenditure.

6. That this enormous sum was spent without the sanction or knowledge of the home portion of the R. D.

7. That various persons sent abroad were not supplied with sufficient funds, and that the agent of the triangle is responsible and censurable for that criminal neglect, and not the three defendants.

8. That Michael Boland and the late secretary of the I. N. B. issued fraudulent transfers for the purpose of deceiving the order in Philadelphia into believing that the union with the home order had been broken.

9. That Michael Boland and D. C. Feeley, the former by acts and the latter by assent, are guilty of attempting to pack the Pittsburgh convention, by, first, excluding the delegate from the Pacific slope; second, excluding Mr. McLaughlin, delegate from Dakota; third,

excluding O'Sullivan and Delaney, rightful delegates from New York ; fourth, admitting Rev. Dr. Betts and John J. Maroney on bogus credentials from the bogus districts ; fifth, admitting Boland and Malone, illegal delegates from New York ; sixth, admitting proxies from Iowa, Brooklyn and Illinois ; seventh, sitting as delegates themselves in direct violation of the constitution.

10. That the \$80,491 reported to the district convention as having been spent in active work was not spent for any such work, no such work having been done or contemplated during the eleven months within which this large amount was drawn from the treasury. The active work done between the Boston and district conventions was paid for out of the surplus held by the agent of the triangle at the time of the Boston convention, and not out of the \$87,491 drawn from the treasury months after such active work had ceased.

11. That Michael Boland and D. C. Feeley, the former by acts and the latter by silence, are responsible for the expenditure of this large amount of money, and censurable for deceiving the district convention as to the purpose for which it was spent.

12. That Michael Boland, Alexander Sullivan and D. C. Feeley, the former by acts and the two latter by assent, illegally suspended D.'s in January, 1885 ; and that Michael Boland and D. C. Feeley, the former by acts and the latter by assent, illegally suspended U. D.'s in New York in January, 1886.

Yours respectfully,

P. McCahey.

I concur in the within and foregoing report, and would recommend in strict fairness to all concerned and in justice to the entire organization, that the evidence from which were deduced the foregoing be printed by F. C. and sent to each D. O., and by him read at the general meeting or district over which he presides.

P. H. CRONIN.

January 19, 1889.

Among these papers of Dr. Cronin was an account, in his own handwriting, of the trial of the "triangle" at Buffalo, August 29, 1888. It reads as follows:

WESTMINSTER HOTEL, NEW YORK, July 20.

J. D. McMahon, of Rome, New York, in the chair. Committee met, and, after some discussion

as to choice of chairman and secretary, the matter was arranged by electing anew J. D. McMahon as chairman, and P. A. O'Boyle as secretary. Members present: McMahon, O'Boyle, McCahey, Rogers, Burns and Cronin. Letters and telegrams were read, showing that none of the defendants were ready, owing to brief notice. Accusers on hand. On motion, committee adjourned, to meet at Buffalo, New York, August 20, 1888.

GENESEE HOUSE, BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 29, 1889.

Committee called to order. J. D. McMahon, president; P. A. O'Boyle, secretary. Present: J. D. McMahon, P. A. O'Boyle, P. McCahey, J. J. Rogers, P. H. Cronin, C. F. Burns, Sullivan, Feeley, Boland, Ryan, Devoy, Trude, O'Neill, McCahey. On announcement by the chair that the committee was ready for business, Mr. Sullivan stated that he had an objection to offer to the constitution of the committee. Chairman asked if it was to the committee as a whole or to any particular person.

Sullivan answered that it was to the personnel of the committee; that one of the committee was a malignant enemy of his (Sullivan's); that the same party was forever pursuing him with a design to injure him; that, as an expelled member of the order, that party referred to ought not to sit in any committee. Continuing, Mr. Sullivan said that the party referred to was Dr. Cronin, who recently had made statements through a newspaper in regard to him that he knew to be false; that the newspaper editor, giving name of paper and editor, had sent

him, Sullivan, a letter of explanation; and that for this and many other reasons he objected to being tried by the committee as constituted.

Messrs. Feeley and Boland followed, both strongly objecting to Dr. Cronin. Boland said that though personally he had some objections to Dr. McCahey, he would wave those objections and join with Messrs. Sullivan and Feeley in asking that Dr. Cronin retire from the committee, they being willing to accept any one in the room in preference.

Dr. Cronin replied to this; said he thought it very strange that Mr. Sullivan should speak of him as a malignant enemy. Dr. Cronin had never characterized Sullivan personally as an enemy; anything said by him, Cronin, was directed toward the men who, he was given to understand, had wrecked the organization. Sullivan was one of them, he understood, and only in connection with certain developments pertaining to the order did he say anything of Sullivan. If Mr. Sullivan believed everything told him by gossip, he, the doctor, could not help it. "Indeed," the doctor continued, "why should I be the enemy of Mr. Sullivan? What has he done to me that I should, as he says, single him out for personal enmity?" As to the newspaper editor matter, the doctor said that, while not believing in introducing what savored of American politics, he could explain the newspaper affair by referring to the paper itself. Mr. Sullivan would certainly not make an affidavit to the statement that the paper had done what he said, for he, Dr. Cronin, had evidence that would easily disprove it.

To this Mr. Sullivan replied that he did not want to make affidavits, but would say that the creature, referring to the doctor, should not sit as one of his judges; that he, Sullivan, could prove by a dozen men who would not believe the doctor under oath, that he, the doctor, was an expelled member of the organization. (Then the paper mentioned the names of three men.)

Dr. Cronin said, interrupting Mr. Sullivan, that the gentleman evidently meant to irritate him or intimidate the committee.

Mr. Sullivan said that he did not wish to intimidate the committee.

Dr. Cronin then said: "Then, you probably mean to intimidate me. That you cannot do, sir, and you ought to know it by this time. All the objections you urge, were made at the convention, and by an almost unanimous vote as the selection of that convention I am the peer of any one here, and doing my duty by the body that created me. I would not leave if I could."

Mr. Sullivan took his seat, overruled by that body.

The chairman asked all but the committee to retire, and, upon a vote being taken, the objections of the defendants to Dr. Cronin were overruled by the votes of the chairman, Messrs. Burns, Rogers, McCahey, and Cronin, the secretary, not voting. This was announced to those making the objections, and the trial proceeded.

Before the trial proceeded, Colonel Boland said he had a witness whose expenses he wished guar-

anteed; that the witness resided at Leadville. On motion it was ordered that the expenses of witness be guaranteed.

Colonel Boland called attention to the fact that many persons present, who were witnesses, etc., should not know what was going on. The colonel said that matters of grave importance might come before the committee, and, as it was common report that one witness had given information to the British government, that John Devoy had given information to the British government, he requested that all but attorneys for the prosecution and the defendants remain before the committee, each witness to be examined separately.

Dr. Cronin objected to this, saying, that, as Devoy had been singled out for animadversion by Colonel Boland, it was not fair for the committee to extend support to Boland's unjust attack.

On motion, all but the committee retired. The committee then decided that each prosecutor should remain with the attorney, and that witnesses should be introduced separately; the defendants remaining also; the committee admitting all those entitled to be present. The charges were presented and specifications as follows:

1. That no active work had been performed by F. C. that had been claimed by that body and its agents.

2. That men on errands of the brotherhood had been basely neglected, and their families left without support.

3. That bogus transfers to members of the organization had been issued as coming from Ireland.

4. That the district convention was falsely instituted, etc.

5. That F. C. members sat as delegates in that convention in direct violation of the constitution.

The proof of charges had shown: 1. That they had claimed that \$87,467 had been expended in active work. No vouchers were presented, no contracts, and no money, no account explained about. 2. Proof that such explanation was never made. 3. But little money given Mrs. McCahey; small sums given to men abroad; bogus transfers fabricated by X Y and others. 4. Convention illegally constituted at Pittsburg; proxies present, Boland and Feeley sitting there. Boland offered position as R. D., and money sent him that he might make statement that active work was engaged in.

A witness testifies—Witness, called to stand, after being duly obligated, testified as follows: "Some time previous to Boston convention I was called on by certain members of the order in reference to offer of services made by me some time previously. After conference in relation to details I agreed to go to the other side. I went by steerage on ticket procured for me, and received £20. After an absence of seven weeks I returned by steerage passage out of amount received. Upon my arrival in America I met Donovan, who acted as agent for the body, and who paid me \$50. Donovan was then in the employ of General Ker-

win. I complained of small amount given me, but did not ask for more. Not enough was given me for the work expected to be done. Later in the same year I was again called on by Donovan, who asked me if, in addition to myself, I could furnish enough men to accomplish a certain amount of active work. He asked me would I go again. I said yes. Looked up the men. It was almost impossible to find any. Got two men on steamer and one to accompany me to do work abroad. Everything being ready, and I met Donovan at Green's hotel, Philadelphia, in company with John J. Maroney. Donovan told me that Maroney would buy tickets for me by steerage. They cost \$18 apiece; and \$100 was again given me to carry on work. I told Donovan that on former occasions I had to go on vessel three days after work was done; that the sum now offered me was entirely too little for the work looked for. I insisted on getting money enough for the purpose of safety, else I would not go. Donovan told me that sufficient funds would be furnished me on the other side. He stated his reasons for not giving me more before leaving were that men engaged in similar work had been arrested on landing on the other side—that my carrying a large sum might excite suspicion. That was satisfactory to me, especially as I was given the name of the agent on the other side who was to furnish funds as needed. I left the room and sent in another man, the one that was to accompany me. Maroney left the room with me. This other man said he received the same

amount that I did. Maroney then told me he was glad I refused to accept the sum offered me as total compensation for the work. He also said he did not believe it was the wish of the F. C. to do as the S. said. He promised to see the F. C. and demand money from them, and, should they not give it, he would send me help on the next steamer by a trusty man. On the way over I had to pay over £2 for certain accommodations on the steamer. After being on the other side nine days taking care not to excite suspicion, I had but £10 left. I then went to Capital City and met the man who I was told was the agent and would give me money, and I told him I wanted some help, as I was short of funds. I asked him for £10. He denied having any money for any such purpose; he had no more than he required for actual expenses, and hardly that. He said all he had received on landing was \$200.

Objected to by Boland, who asked to know how witness knew man was agent.

Witness—I was told by Donovan, in the presence of Maroney, that upon my arrival on the other side I would get funds from the man mentioned. The man then went on to say, that, owing to circumstances, he might be obliged to stay for a year. He had worked at his business for some time, but was doing nothing now. I then said I would return at once to America. He said he would at once ask something for me from Ex. I replied that, if he did not get funds, I would go back. Before leaving, I asked him where would it be necessary to do the work. He said he did not know; things

were looking queer; that he was sure he had been betrayed by some one.

Question by Mr. Ryan—What became of this man?

Witness—He is now in prison. His reason for thinking he was betrayed was that two men had called at his lodging, asking for him under his assumed name. I told him to change his lodging. But soon after I was told that he had been followed up by the same individuals, whom he suspected were detectives. This alarmed him very much. At his request work was delayed six weeks. I at last told him I would do the work. There were four of us. At various times I asked him if he had received any money from Ex. He said no. He was so very careful that my men deemed it cowardice. I called his attention to this before the men, saying we looked for courage at this time. He repeated before us, that he believed he had been betrayed, for, though he had changed his lodgings several times, the party he suspected of being a detective had called upon him at each place.

Exception by defendant.

I finally induced him to give orders to do the work. This was on Thursday. On Saturday we did it. After the work was done I met him that same evening. He remained in Capital City seven days afterward. I was so reduced for funds that I prevailed upon him to give me £4 of the £16 he had left. On landing in this country had £3½. Had no bed or bedding on the ship; slept on the top side of a plank.

(This in answer to a question by Dr. Cronin.) I at once complained to Donovan and Maroney, and through them to the executive or General Kerwin of the treatment I had received and the culpable neglect of the F. C. About the last of February, 1885, Donovan furnished me \$10 with which to reach my home. The man in charge of the order made me take an oath before leaving to bring the matter before the order.

I always supposed Kerwin was a member of the executive. Before leaving America I told Maroney that I would take an alias known to me. My alias was the proper name of a man. The imprisoned one bore the alias given to me. This was the agent. He was four miles from the place we worked at. Only three of us did the work.

Question by Mr. Ryan — How much money in all did you receive?

Answer — Four persons, in all \$500; of this the agent got \$200. We were two months in the country.

"Then the witness," said the coroner, "makes a statement that the other man went with him whose name I did not read the last time. This man came back six weeks after. At an expense for material, I should think, of \$7,400 in all to cover the enterprise."

Question — How many operations did you perform?

Answer — Three. We always bade each other good-bye after each meeting, thinking it might be our last meeting on earth. I have learned that in

order to get back, the other man who went over with me had to sell his clothes to get passage money. He came with a sprained ankle. In July or August, 1885, he received seven dollars from Maroney. I took up Rossa's paper one day, and in it I saw an announcement of a subscription to keep the mother of Cunningham. I went to Maroney, and, after telling him it was shameful that she should be allowed to suffer, he said that he would see to the matter. Spoke of General Kerwin as being asked to send some help; said he would not. I said, if they didn't, I would. Kerwin then came to my home, and said I ought to be expelled. I told him he ought to send help to the woman; he said he ought not, as the man himself had abundant means. I finally induced Mr. Ryan to get F. C. to send something, and \$100 was sent through D. 18, who sent it through F. C., and I was informed of S. G. of 18. A few months after I met a lady of Detroit who told me that Captain Mackey's wife was in want; he was killed at London, and was assured, I was told, that his family would never want. Lomasney and his brother, accompanied by Fleming, went over in 1884. I wrote to Cochrane, and both assured me Mrs. Mackey was in want. At once \$1,025 was raised, and was sent to Detroit, where matters were found to be even worse than they had been represented.

In the case of Dr. Gallagher, his people were in want. Mr. Delaney had recovered the money on the doctor's person, but that was only a small sum, and most of it was being used in his defense.

On consultation met D. in New York; \$100 was raised and sent to Mrs. Gallagher. I requested that the men on trial on the other side should be defended. General Kerwin said that friendless men were better off in such cases. I raised £50 to send to Jack Delaney's sister.

DECEIVING I. R. B.

Witness produced five forms of transfer purporting to be in accordance with the rules of the combined order, but which were shown to be bogus, Witness said: "I wrote in the early part of June, 1886, for transfers for certain persons in Philadelphia, who had been clamoring for admission into D. I said it would do a great deal of good to be able to show that we were in opinion with the folks at home. Within four days I received six, of which those five are a part: McMahon, Burn, Henry, Gallagher, Henry, the witness testifying. Leonard stated to me——"

Objected to by defendants.

PITTSBURG CONVENTION.

Some time before the Pittsburg convention witness was called upon by P. O'Sullivan and J. J. Delaney, who had learned that he was a delegate to the convention. They said they represented eleven D.'s, and that, in order to seat Boland and Miller, Sullivan and Delaney were thrown out by the suspension of D.

Mr. Boland objects to this.

"Mr. Ryan and I protested at the convention, and

asked that Delaney and Sullivan be seated. We stated that a good member of the executive should sit as a delegate in the convention; for the same reason we objected to Mr. Feeley and Mr. Gleason. Each of those men voted to seat the other. We objected to the proxies from Chicago, Messrs. Tim Crean and Florence Sullivan, the latter a proxy for Father Dorney. The other said he represented Alexander Sullivan.

"It having been stated that district S was represented or had representation by virtue of a cablegram sent to Gleason and Sullivan, Boland requests them to act for Australia, and that John J. Maroney and Dr. Betts were admitted as proxies. We asked the secretary if any money had been sent by this district in any communication had before the receipt of this cablegram. Secretary said he hadn't had any communication with S at all. The communication was with Alexander Sullivan and Michael Boland

"We then asked how the Australian cablegram came here—by which route. This the secretary didn't seem to know. Mr. Ryan then informed the convention that all cablegrams reaching here from Australia were recorded in the London Postoffice. For this reason he thought it highly improbable that any such message came to the gentlemen mentioned."

Here Mr. Sullivan denied having been appointed delegate to the convention, or that his brother Florence represented him there.

The Witness—I was R. D. at that time in place

of General Kerwin. Before my election as delegate I never acted as R. D. There was no connection with the home body. I received \$500 from Mr. Ryan, which, it was said, I was to use as my judgment dictated. I asked Boland if I should do any active work outside and keep a lookout for it; I spent money afterward in trying to right the order.

CROSS-EXAMINED BY ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

Q.—When and to whom did you complain on your return to this country?

A.—To Donovan.

Q.—You made no complaint to the executive directly?

A.—No.

CROSS-EXAMINED BY BOLAND.

Q.—How did you get the money, the \$500?

A.—In cash. This was three months before the convention.

Q.—Did I ask you to get the amount right as representing R. D.?

A.—I told you I had them on the ship.

Q.—Has any difficulty since that made you say why you were on R. D.?

A.—No.

Q.—Were you a delegate at the time you got the money?

A.—No.

Q.—Were you not appointed on foreign relations or finance committee?

A.—No.

Q.—Pending the discussion of the report, you left the convention?

A.—I left, claiming it was not a convention of the order.

Q.—You don't know who I appointed?

A.—No; I was not in on permanent organization.

Q.—You don't know of operations outside of your own?

A.—No.

Cross-examination by Rogers—I voted at the convention under a vote taken on various motions.

By Mr. Ryan—Do you know of any work having been done between January 20, 1885, and the district convention?

A.—No.

Q.—How much did it cost for Mackey's work?
Objected to by Feeley.

Q.—When did you get that \$500?

A.—The check sent by Boland to Ryan will show I got the money from Ryan, but he received it by check.

Constitution of the order offered in evidence.

Examination of another witness. (Obligated, name, etc.) My knowledge when I was elected D. M. to fill vacancy caused by resignation of John J. Maroney. In July, 1885, his resignation was demanded by the district. In October I went out as organizer for National League through the West. Nov. 23 I spoke at Philadelphia. Several seniors mentioned that Dillon was in straitened circumstances. I promised to see the executive. I saw General Ker-

win, D. M. of New York. He said, when I mentioned the matter to him, that he had no power; that this was not an order to grant pensions. He would see Boland. I met Boland by arrangement. He listened to what I had to say, and at first refused to assist Dillon. Finally, he said he would consider the matter. Then he authorized me to pay \$200 of obligations maturing. I advanced this myself, and got it back in December, 1885; and I saw General Kerwin and told him he should send money to Mrs. Cunningham; that the lady was hurt on the subject of her being neglected by us. He said he would send it. In December, 1885, it was rumored that our convention would be held in January, 1886. I was told by Kerwin and Boland that Egan wanted to retire from the presidency of the league. I was not asked by them to accept the secretaryship of the league. This I refused. It was said considerable trouble might be looked for in my case. About the last of December I was sent for to go to New York. I saw Boland and Kerwin together at this time, as well as in January and February. Had interviews with Kerwin and Boland on the subject of the convention and like matters. Mr. Boland asked me why I would not take the secretaryship. He said the plan for holding a convention of the order had been abandoned, as the L. R. then did not take place. Men would get out, and I would be selected as president of the league.

Some time after this I received the following letter from Kerwin: "My Dear Sir (giving the

name)—The Chicago people have asked for you for the 4th of March. If you will take my advice you will take no office in the league."

I was led to believe about this time that the organization intended opposing Parnell, owing to his recognition of others. Boland and Kerwin both said this.

Interrupted by Boland—Is that your recollection of what took place?

A.—Yes.

Various letters were here shown, "Exhibit B."

The coroner here spoke up, and said: "No such 'Exhibit B' has been found among the doctor's papers."

CROSS-EXAMINED BY MR. ROGERS.

Q.—What did you give the money to Dillon for?

A.—The money had been given me as a general resource. I did not want to go into active work, and suggested Dillon. I gave him the money. Boland authorized this by a letter to me. Letter read. Dillon had convinced me that the F. C. hadn't done fair; in fact, I felt that Boland was trying to play me, and I wished to return the compliment.

Q.—Did you want to accept the presidency of the league?

A.—The slate was Baldwin, Minton and Carroll for F. C., and myself for president of the league. I knew that my age was a bar to my acceptance. Then, I was going to attack the ones in authority. I attended the convention. Carroll was temporary

chairman ; Reynolds was elected permanent chairman.

Convention went into committee of the whole. It was reported that Father Dorney could not come, because he had trouble with the bishop, and that Alexander Sullivan was absent because British detectives were shadowing him. I held that no member of the executive could sit as a delegate; quoted the constitution; no exception to my doing so; the fact was as stated by me. The last district called was Q. For R we were directed to apply to the secretary. District S was named. I objected to this, as no mention had been made of it in our report. I asked, "Where is it?" I was answered, "Australia." Its representatives here are Maroney and Betts. They said they represented Boland and Sullivan. I asked if there was any organization in Australia. I was answered: "There is one in contemplation." The secretary said Betts and Maroney were there by order of the executive, and by order of a cablegram sent to Sullivan and Boland.

Sullivan is said to be not a member of the order, and Boland represents New York. They had earlier said that Sullivan was shadowed by detectives.

I then showed how the cablegram had come from England. Letters had been left with the president by Boland. Districts H and B declared they would leave the convention. We refused to take any part. Did not return. Motion to expel seceding members carried by a vote of 20 to 5.

CROSS-EXAMINED BY BOLAND.

Q.—The conversations were in the presence of Kerwin, were they not?

A.—Yes, many of them.

Q.—Did the matter come up in relation to your treatment at Chicago—some of it took place before you were elected?

A.—Yes. At district meeting of S. J., Kerwin was present as the representative of F. C. The district requested me to accept. Had no conversation with you until months after.

Question by Mr. Feeley—Did you present any objection at district convention as your statement as to district?

A.—No; because I knew nothing of any other district.

Q.—Did you present any evidence, other than your statement, in relation to any of the acts mentioned?

A.—No; because I was not aware of any man elected.

Q.—Do you recollect that a vote was taken in regard to District A?

A.—Yes; if you have any doubt I can refer you to mem.

Q.—Do you recollect my opposing the representation of Australia by any person in that body?

A.—No; you spoke to me, however, and said to me that I should not oppose it; that you were as anxious as I, for you had been ignored or not

consulted for eighteen months. You voted to seat Australia.

Q.—You charged that the executive used the funds of the organization to pay Maroney's debts, did you?

A.—No; in August, 1884, Maroney was a porter in a store on Market street. Soon after he was D. M. of three counties surrounding Philadelphia. He went into the gents' furnishing goods business at 2400 Kensington avenue. He got \$400 from the executive; check on the Continental Bank exchanged to his credit. Afterward he went into debt \$600 to McDermott, Red Jim. This amount the executive paid to McDermott. I saw the \$600 paid him. I made the fact known to the convention.

Mr. Boyle interrupts:

Q.—What was the relation between Maroney and the executive?

A.—I don't know.

Mr. Rogers — What did Maroney say when you gave him the money?

(There is no answer to that question.)

Mr. O'Boyle — Upon whom was the check drawn?

A.—All checks were signed by Kerwin for the executive.

Mr. Rogers — Had this not been a prior date?

A.—No.

Mr. Feeley — Was your charge denied by Maroney?

A.—No; he said the money was furnished by the

executive for work, until he should earn enough to pay it back.

Mr. Feeley — When was Maroney's debt paid?

A. — Some time in December

Q. — Did Maroney do any work after that?

A. — He acted as a detective in Iowa. He went with Sullivan and Boland to St. Paul.

Dr. Cronin — Did the term report show any loss to Maroney?

A. — I could not say; the time was from August, 1885, to August, 1886.

Examination of another witness, a member since the beginning of the old organization:

Q. — Did you know Captain Lomasney?

A. — Yes.

Q. — Do you know of his having left on a certain motion?

A. — Yes, three or four times since his imprisonment as Mr. O'Sullivan, in 1867.

Q. — Do you remember the last time he went?

A. — Yes; in August, 1884.

Q. — What did he say to you on the subject of his work?

A. — I was closer than a brother to him. Our families had constant intercourse. I offered him my hand the day he told me of his project; had very little help. Wife saved a bed.

Q. — What family had he?

A. — A wife and four children and an aged father.

Q. — Who were with him?

A. — His brother Jim and Mr. So-and-so.

Q.—Have they been seen since?

(No answer to this.)

Q.—What was Mrs. Lomasney's condition before his going?

A.—A most outrageous case of neglect. Fleming's mother dead in the poor house

Q.—Did you ask for help?

A.—Yes; in 1885 I went to New York. We had no directors. I called upon Dr. Wallace; he was D. Saw Mulvaney and Condon; the latter went with me to Carroll; he professed utter ignorance of the whole affair. I said, "By God, you must see her;" her Mrs. L., he decided to. Mulvaney said, "Why don't you see Boland?" Found him on Fifth avenue; he denied all responsibility; he would have nothing to do with it. Finally he claimed she had received much money. I said she did not. He was non-committal. His acknowledgment made him responsible.

Q.—Did you see Carroll at New York?

A.—Yes; we met him at Vesey street. He left me to go into the *Herald* building and brought me \$100. I refused this. I told him I didn't come for money. I said. "You know how to send this, as you have the others; if you respect the memory of the dead, and the widow and the orphan, made so by your act, do your duty by all."

Q.—Until August, 1886, what was her condition?

A.—Poverty stricken; no coal, no clothing, nothing left her but her misery and her pride.

Our S. G. would not give the channel of communication

He read our resolutions; whether he ever forwarded them or not, I did never know. He is dead. He told the committee of D that the organization was not responsible.

Mr. Rogers—You swear you called the attention of Boland and Carroll to her condition?

A.—Yes, and not until somebody came to us with \$1,025 did the poor woman have any adequate support.

By Dr. Cronin—Did Lomasney attend the district convention held in Chicago in 1884?

A.—No; he was not elected.

Q.—Was any one elected from your D?

A.—No, we noticed it very much. We could not account for our D having no representation.

Q.—Would Lomasney tell you if he had been elected a delegate by any one outside of D?

A.—Yes, and we would have been aware of his absence.

Q.—Would he have gone there if not elected a delegate?

A.—No, he was the soul of honor and despised trickery; he did not care for office; never held any in his life except in danger.

Mr. Boland—Did you see him at Boston?

A.—Walsh told me he had no control. S. G. contended that organization had no responsibility. In 1885 John Maroney called; said he had been especially sent. They had come for a little money; gave \$10; Lomasney had nothing. N. Y. D. S.

raised and sent \$150. More was raised and suppressed. In 1887 the sheriff put Mrs. L. out on the street. No home was ever bought for her.

Question by Mr. Dillon—Do you know Mrs. L. is an economical woman?

A.—Yes. People began to talk of her and sent an organization to me to say she was extravagant; talked of her husband's taking off, which prejudiced many, and her rent was raised. She had been paying \$30 a month; no general increase; the landlord wanted to put her out.

SUSAN LOMASNEY TESTIFIES.

Mrs. Lomasney examined. Upon Alexander Sullivan's request not sworn. Husband went away in August, 1884.

Q.—How much money have you received from the organization since?

A.—A thousand dollars altogether.

Q.—How much since?

A.—In the summer of 1885 I visited Alexander Sullivan. I went to inquire after my husband, as I was led to believe he was in possession of certain facts; he did not know my condition, nor did he relieve me. He did send for a ticket to Detroit, with which I returned home.

Q.—When again did you call upon Mr. Sullivan?

A.—In August, 1886, I made known my condition, and, after advising me to sell my little store, he asked me for a schedule of my liabilities, \$200; he would attend to the matter. He gave me no

money nor offered me any. He seemed anxious that I should not communicate with any one in the city. He asked me if I was acquainted with any one. I told him of James Q. Mr. S. said I should not mention his, Sullivan's, name to any one, etc. I called on Q. He talked to me about Father Dorney. No help.

Met Colonel Richard Burke, and he, with some friends, assisted me. I know that Mr. Sullivan was the one that had a right to attend to this. Was afterward amazed that he did not. The dress I wore was a borrowed one. John Hickey was S. G. Several weeks after I went to Mr. Sullivan and asked him a loan of \$100; this he sent me; nothing since. I could not give up the store, as that would confirm the belief that husband was dead, or in the business. Thomas Tuite was the first to relieve my necessities.

CROSS-EXAMINED BY ALEXANDER SULLIVAN.

Q.—You saw me in 1886, was it not?

A.—Yes, certain. Another \$500 came from Brooklyn. I had a letter sent by my husband when he was in Europe inclosing one from Alexander Sullivan, in which he said, in my letter, he asked for money. I afterward received a note from my husband, saying he had received money from Mr. Sullivan; I don't know the amount.

Here Mr. S. admitted that Lomasney was sent by organization.

The last letter from husband was in 1884; anxious to go home. His age, forty-four.

Examination of another witness. Evidence corroborates that of the first witness taken. Received £20 and one steerage passage six weeks after the first witness. No shoes. Sold clothes and trunk to get home. No bed.

These papers left by Dr. Cronin were often referred to by him in conversations with his friends as furnishing probable proof against his murderers, in case he should, as he constantly believed he would, meet with a sudden death at the instance of the men whose heartless villainy he had so fearlessly and thoroughly exposed. Dr. Cronin was not mistaken either as to his belief that he would be assassinated or in the estimate that he placed upon the importance of the papers in the matter of hunting down the perpetrators of his murder.

In the direction pointed out by Dr. Cronin, the officers of the law, as detailed in the next chapter, trace home the crime to its instigators.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CRIME TRACED HOME TO THE TRIANGLE AND THE LEADERS OF CAMP 20 — REVIEW OF THE DAMNING FACTS AGAINST THE CONSPIRATORS — FRANK WOODRUFF, DANIEL COUGHLIN, PATRICK O'SULLIVAN, JOHN F. BEGGS, MARTIN BURKE, AND JOHN P. KUNZE, INDICTED FOR THE MURDER — COMPLETE EXPOSURE OF THE ATROCIOUS CONSPIRACY.

It would require volumes to record the details of the investigation of Dr. Cronin's murder before the coroner's inquest, and, as the whole matter of the damning evidence will be thoroughly gone over in our account of the trial of the parties charged with the crime, simply a summary of the facts leading up to their indictment will be attempted here.

A graphic review of the entire case from the day of the murder to the beginning of the trial of the indictments for the crime is given in the *Inter Ocean* of September 1. From that review the following account is taken:

A prominent citizen of Chicago is called out suddenly on what is represented as an errand of mercy. When he arrives at his destination, all unconscious of the horrible fate that is in store for him, anxious and prepared to relieve human suffering, he alights in front of a lonesome cottage on the outskirts of a suburb, and hurriedly enters its

portals, from which he only issues bruised and mangled and murdered, to be cast into a foul-smelling sewer.

He has brought his case of surgical instruments and absorbent cotton. The driver of the buggy that came for him has told him a human being is suffering, has been maimed, and is in need of professional attendance.

He answers the summons, although the road is long and his business engagements pressing; his fellow-man has called for aid, and Dr. Cronin answers.

He mounts the steps of the rendezvous, has entered the door, and, in a moment more, he thinks, will be relieving human pain. But, a second later, and his bleeding corpse lies prone on the floor of the Carlson cottage.

It was about 8:15 o'clock in the evening that Dr. Cronin arrived at the cottage. What occurred from then till 9 o'clock, when his dead body was removed by the assassins to the catch-basin, is now only known by the fiends themselves, and may, perchance, never come out.

Next to the triangle itself, Camp 20 of the Clanna-Gael is thought to have been most deeply implicated in the murder of Cronin. Indeed, the State avows its readiness to prove this fact. In Camp 20 were the adherents of the triangle, of Alexander Sullivan, and it is a noteworthy fact in support of this theory that four of the prisoners now on trial, the four who are thought to have been among the actual butchers, are members of

Camp 20, one of their number having been, at the time of the murder, at the very head of the notorious camp.

Never, for a day, since the perpetration of the crime has the popular interest in the efforts of the authorities to bring the conspirators to justice been abated, and, now that four of the supposed murderers are on trial, the interest is stronger than ever.

The triangle has unbounded resources, and the defendants have been supplied with some of the most noted criminal lawyers in the West. The State, too, has retained the services of three famous lawyers to aid its prosecutor, Judge Joel M. Longenecker.

In the following facts regarding the five notorious defendants is contained the thread of the great tragedy and a brief review of its unfolding:

DANIEL COUGHLIN, NO. 94

of Camp 20, is generally considered to have been the head and chieftain of the principals, the manager of the plot to murder Dr. Cronin. His hands are thought to have been dyed deeper in the blood of the Irish patriot than any others, save those of the fountainhead of the conspiracy. He is described on the jail books as follows:



DANIEL COUGHLIN.

Arrived — May 27.

Name — Daniel Coughlin.

Height — Six feet, one inch.

Weight — One hundred and eighty-six pounds.

Color of hair — Light.

Whiskers — Sandy mustache.

Eyes — Brown.

Distinguishing marks — Mole on right cheek.

Age — Thirty years.

Occupation — Police officer.

Birthplace — Hancock, Michigan.

Residence — No. 116 Jay street.

Charge — Murder.

Suspicion pointed very strongly to Coughlin's complicity in the murder some time before he was apprehended. At ten o'clock Monday morning following the fatal Saturday, May 4, Liveryman Pat Dinan saw Coughlin and Schaack. Before Dinan had a chance to tell his story to the then Captain of the East Chicago Avenue Station, Coughlin appealed to him to keep still and say nothing about the matter. Dinan was not to be silenced, however. He went to Schaack's house and told him the story of Coughlin's mysterious "friend," Smith, and the white horse and top-buggy, which has so often been recited heretofore, and which will furnish one of the State's strongest links of evidence against the ex-detective.

It seems that Dinan was urged to tell his story by his wife. One night Mrs. Dinan had a dream, in which she saw Dr. Cronin being driven in her husband's rig toward what appeared to her some awful fate. She saw the doctor raise his eyes to her appealingly and stretch out his hands as though

crying for help. The dream made such a strong impression upon her that she insisted that her husband should at once tell the proper authorities all he knew of the hiring of the white horse.

Mr. Dinan himself was no sympathizer with secret assassination, and it did not take much urging to induce him to do his duty in the matter.

He told his story to Captain Schaack Monday morning. How Coughlin called on Saturday and told him that a friend would call for a horse and buggy, and that he (Coughlin) would be responsible for it; how the stranger came that evening for the rig; his suspicious actions and appearance, and his semi-disguised make-up.

Captain Schaack, it will be remembered, pooh-poohed the story at first, and, when Dinan insisted that it had a suspicious bearing on the mysterious disappearance of the doctor, he promised to "look it up."

But Dinan was not satisfied with this. He went to Chief Hubbard, and told him the strange circumstance of the white horse.

About this time the Annie Murphy story got about. She claimed to have seen Dr. Cronin riding in a south-bound car about the time he was being murdered. The same day, May 10, the now infamous reporter Long claimed to have seen Dr. Cronin in Toronto. There came to be a general belief that Dr. Cronin was not dead, and the *Inter Ocean*, of all the great dailies, clung to the belief that the Irish patriot had been foully murdered.

Captain Schaack did not, as he promised, inves-

tigate properly Pat Dinan's story, and it was not till May 25, three days after the finding of the body, that Dan Coughlin was locked up at the Armory Police Court, more as an important witness than a criminal.

That same day reporter Beck drove the white horse and rig up to the Conklin residence and had it completely and positively identified by Mrs. T. T. Conklin and Frank Scanlan.

On the day previous, May 24, the Carlson cottage had been discovered, and from then on developments were rapid and startling, so that on May 27 sufficient proof had been adduced to warrant John J. Cronin, brother of the murdered doctor, in swearing out a State warrant against Dan Coughlin, charging him with murder, and that evening, about eleven o'clock, in company with his counsel, W. S. Forrest, Captain Bartram, and two special officers, and half a dozen reporters, the ex-detective was driven in a patrol wagon to the jail, from which, there is a general impression, he will only escape at the cost of his life.

Space cannot here be given to a review of all the evidence against this prisoner. Suffice it to recite that he is deemed by the State to have been the general manager and director of the whole foul plot to murder Dr. Cronin. Milkman Mertztes, who resides in the immediate neighborhood of the Carlson cottage, saw him enter that abode of tragedy and assassination about eight o'clock on the evening of May 4. He has been known to make threats against the life of Dr. Cronin, and it is in testimony

that he offered "Major" Sampson \$100 to kill Dr. Cronin.

Since the investigation of the coroner's jury much new and damaging evidence has been discovered against Coughlin, which proves conclusively that, next to the triangle, he was the ringleader of the murderous gang.

Throughout the plot Coughlin seems to have worked very quietly. In every instance, save that of the hiring of the buggy and the perpetration of the murder itself, he has had his dupes and stool-pigeons, whom he deluded into doing what he feared to do himself. It seems to have been his aim to remain in the background almost as much as did his paymaster.

Coughlin is an old friend of Alexander Sullivan, and through the influence of the latter he secured his position on the police force. Though not a professional criminal in the legal meaning, he is in fact a hardened villain, having been implicated in numerous crooked and illegal transactions, and, should he by any chance miscarriage of justice escape his present predicament, he will be indicted and tried for blowing up the Shufeldt distillery with dynamite.

PATRICK O'SULLIVAN, NO. 356,

of Camp 20, was cast, not unwillingly, it appears, for the part of Judas Iscariot in the tragedy of the murder of Dr. P. H. Cronin. The Lake View iceman, of all those concerned in the plot, was the friend and patron of his victim. Prior to his

arrest he was known as P. O. Sullivan. Jail Clerk Ben Price has this account of him;

Arrived—May 28.

Name—Patrick O'Sullivan.

Height—Five feet eleven inches.

Weight—One hundred and thirty-nine pounds.

Color of Hair—Brown.



Whiskers—Sandy mustache.

Eyes—Blue.

Distinguishing Marks—Light complexion ; stiff and crooked finger on left hand ; scar on each knee.

Age—Thirty-one years.

Occupation—Ice business.

Birthplace—Galena, Illinois.

Residence—Roscoe and Bosworth avenues.

Charge—Murder.

Without noting the positive evidence which it is thought the State possesses against this man, there are a number of highly suspicious circumstances, which, if they can in the slightest degree be substantiated by other circumstantial evidence, appear to be strong enough to secure his conviction. Among them is his peculiar contract with Dr. Cronin. That O'Sullivan, doing a small business in retailing ice in an out-of-the-way locality, at that time out of the city limits, and employing only four men, should agree to pay a doctor a yearly salary of \$50, for no other purpose than to attend any of his men who might be hurt, is in itself an almost inexplicable circumstance, more especially when it is considered that O'Sullivan was neither a practical nor a theoretical philanthropist, but a hard, cold business man. Men in the same business who employ fifty hands do not think it incumbent on them to regularly employ a physician.

But granting, for the sake of argument, that the iceman was a humanitarian, was it humanity that sent him six miles away from his home and his business to employ Dr. Cronin? The proposition is absurd, and, to cut a long story short, the State believes in its ability to prove to the jury that O'Sullivan patronized Dr. Cronin for the purpose of luring him to his death.

That this prisoner was implicated in the plot to murder Cronin is shown, too, by the fact that he stood sponsor for Martin Burke when the elder Carlson asked as to his reliability. O'Sullivan said to Carlson, referring to Burke, *alias* Williams:

"He's all right. I know him and his brother, and will be responsible for the rent."

Burke, then Williams, made frequent trips between the Carlson cottage and the residence of the iceman. The two were seen frequently together. In fact, O'Sullivan's house and barn seemed to have been the rendezvous for the whole gang of murderers. When they were not in the Carlson cottage, they could usually be found at O'Sullivan's.

When Burke rented the Carlson cottage he told its landlord that he was going to work for "the iceman over there," pointing to O'Sullivan's place.

The State expects, also, to prove that O'Sullivan was one of the principals in the actual assassination of Dr. Cronin; that he was in the Carlson cottage on the night of May 4, between seven and nine o'clock; that he aided in disposing of the body in the catch-basin; and that the can of paint which was used to cover up the blood-stains came from his house. As tending to this latter fact, it has only recently been noticed that the high white fence on the north side of O'Sullivan's house is daubed in one or two places with the same kind of paint as used on the floor of the cottage. The police, it is claimed, found an almost empty can of brown paint in O'Sullivan's house just after his arrest.

It is now pretty well established that O'Sullivan's four employés were as deep in the plot as their boss, and were, indeed, hired by the iceman simply for their pliability and their willingness to be employed in his hellish undertaking, and the authorities are

now sorry that they did not throw out a drag-net and bring them all in.

At various times since his arrest he has been on the verge of making a clean breast of it, and throwing himself upon the State for mercy. This inclination, however, has been staved off by the different lawyers for the defense, who have represented to him that he stood in no danger of a conviction, as the State had no case against any of the prisoners, as long as they kept their mouths closed. He has also been deterred from "squealing"—and this is thought to be the principal reason—by the wife of his cousin, Mrs. Tom Whelan, who kept house for him and his cousin before O'Sullivan's arrest. She was until recently allowed to see the prisoner at least once a day, often twice or three times in a single day. It is thought she had the strongest influence over the iceman, and that she used it in furtherance of the needs of the triangle.

In his argument for a separate trial for his client, Coughlin, Judge Wing practically admitted that the State had a pretty serious case against O'Sullivan, and based his reasons for a severance on that fact. It is the prevailing impression that the Judas Iscariot of the plot will be convicted and suffer the death penalty for conspiring to murder Dr. Cronin.

JOHN F. BEGGS, NO. 256,

the ex-Senior Guardian of Camp 20, is not a stranger to iron bars and prison walls. His record has been of the very worst. At the head of what is now known as "Murderer's Roost," he very fairly rep-

resented a very considerable contingency of its membership. The registry says of him :

Arrived—July 1.

Name—John F. Beggs.

Height—Five feet eight and a half inches.

Weight—One hundred and forty-nine pounds.

Color of Hair—Light.

Whiskers—Light mustache.

Eyes—Gray.

Age—Thirty-seven years.

Occupation—Lawyer.

Birthplace—Lowell, Mass.

Residence—No. 417 West Madison street.

Charge—Murder



JOHN F. BEGGS.

As Senior Guardian of the notorious Camp 20, Beggs appointed a secret committee of the camp to "remove" Cronin. It was in the early part of February that the "trial" of Dr. Cronin for reading the minority report of the executive committee of the Clan-na-Gael which tried Alexander Sullivan began to be agitated in Camp 20. The details of this phase of the plot have been fully printed, and it now only remains to say that Beggs was authorized by his camp to appoint a committee to try Cronin, and that about a week before the hiring of the Clark street flat by Dan Coughlin's tool, J. B. Simonds (still at large), the trial committee was appointed.

At the time none but those appointed and Beggs himself knew the personality of the trial committee.

A secret ballot had been taken, and the result announced in secret to the Senior Guardian by the Secretary, but, as was the custom in such cases, the Senior Guardian appointed whom he pleased, and no one was the wiser. As each man left the room that night he was handed a slip of paper, which he did not unfold and examine until he got outside and alone. All but five received blanks, and three of these five who had crosses or some other sign on their slips of paper were Daniel Coughlin, Patrick Cooney, and Martin Burke, Beggs keeping a marked slip for himself. The names of all those on the trial committee are now in the possession of the State's Attorney, together with the books and records of the camp.

The evidence against Beggs is much stronger than is generally known. When Camp 20 authorized its Senior Guardian to appoint the "trial committee," Beggs began to get frightened. He knew what the full significance of the "trial committee" meant much more than did many of the dupes of the triangle who voted for it. He knew that it meant the murder of Dr. Cronin. In his fear of the consequences of such an act, he tried to shirk the responsibility of the crime.

He wrote to Edward Spellman, of Peoria, the district officer of the United Brotherhood, or Clan-na-gael, asking him to appoint the trial committee.

Spellman wrote back: "Read your constitution. It authorizes the Senior Guardian to appoint the trial committees."

"Beggs made a further plea, "But there is an un-

written law of the order as well as a written law, and, according to the first, it devolves on you to appoint this committee. The risk is too great for me, and I will not assume it."

But Spellman, who, perhaps, did not comprehend the full significance of the trial committee, in this instance, flatly refused to be Beggs' tool. He would abide by the constitution.

Beggs still faltered and quaked. About this time, it is said on good authority, Beggs had frequent meetings with Alexander Sullivan, sometimes at the latter's office, but oftener at his residence. The result of these conferences with the chief triangler seemed to strengthen Beggs, and, when the time came, he was able to appoint the trial committee.

This correspondence which passed between Beggs and Spellman regarding the trial committee, is now in the possession of the State's Attorney, as is also Beggs' quarterly report to the district officer, in which he declares that the trial committee was appointed, had reported to him, and that he could answer for him that their "work" was well done.

Another point which the State expects to prove against Beggs is that he took the box containing the clothes of Dr. Cronin from Martin Burke and carried them to Starkey and Ronayne, in New York, whence they were to be sent to Montreal in time to be transported by Burke to Europe.

Beggs bears an unsavory reputation outside of his connection with the Cronin murder, having been convicted of a felony in Ohio, and made to serve a term in the Ohio penitentiary. He has been a big-

amist, or, at least, what amounts to one morally, and his petty frauds and larcenies in this city have been numerous and very annoying to his victims. Beggs is only a triangler for what there is in it, and the indications are at present that he, and others of his confrères, will shortly discover that there is a great deal more in being a triangler than they ever dreamed of. But this knowledge, it is thought, will come to Beggs too late in life to be of much avail to him unless he turns state's evidence and helps the State to unearth his paymaster.

MARTIN BURKE, NO. 332,

of Camp 20, was the last of the Cronin prisoners to be lodged in the County Jail. He writes his last



name "Bourke." When arrested he was sailing under the name of Delaney. By reason of the lengthy extradition proceedings over this prisoner, he is the most conspicuous of the murderers now on trial. His extradition and transportation cost the State, county and municipal authorities upward of \$5,000. The jail register describes him thus:

Arrived — Aug. 8.

Name — Martin Burke *alias* Delaney, *alias* Williams

Height — Five feet eleven and one-half inches.

Weight — One hundred and seventy-two pounds.

Color of hair — Brown

Whiskers — Smooth face.

Eyes — Blue.

Distinguishing marks — Knife scar under right eye.

Age — Twenty-six years.

Occupation — Laborer.

Birthplace — County Mayo, Ireland.

Residence — No. 37 East Erie street.

Charge — Murder.

The history of the flight of Martin Burke, *alias* Delaney, the "Frank Williams" of the plot; the history of his capture by Chief of Police McRae, of Winnipeg, and of his subsequent extradition, is still fresh in the mind of every one.

He was arrested while en route to Europe, *via* Montreal, June 17, three days after Alexander Sullivan was released from jail. June 19 Burke was indicted by the special grand jury.

The State is confident of its ability to prove that Burke was one of the actual perpetrators of the crime, one whose hands are stained red by the murder of the Irish patriot.

March 20, under the name of Frank Williams, he rented the Carlson cottage, No. 1872 Ashland avenue. Previous to this he had been seen in the Clark street flat in company with Cooney, the J. B. Simonds of the tragedy. March 22 Burke engaged expressman Martensen to carry the furniture from the Clark street flat to the Carlson cottage. Martensen has proved the best of State's witnesses, having identified Burke completely, and without a moment's hesitation, at Winnipeg.

The reason Martensen has been able to identify Burke so completely is because, after the furniture had been hauled to the Carlson cottage and the expressman asked for his pay, a dispute arose as to the proper amount that was due him. The two had hot words together, which enabled Martensen to fix Burke in his memory.

When Burke rented the cottage, he told his landlord, that he and his brother and sister were going to keep house there. The sister was in Indiana, at the time, sick, but expected to be well enough to come on very shortly. Burke also said that he and his brother were to be engaged by iceman O'Sullivan.

Old man Carlson soon grew suspicious of his tenants, because, though the house was tenanted, he could see no signs of a domestic life, and the tenants came and went chiefly at night time, the blinds were closed tightly most of the time, and the sister did not materialize. Carlson remarked to his neighbors the curious character of his tenants, and before long, every one in the neighborhood was asking each other who the mysterious strangers could be, and what their occupations.

April 20, Williams, or Burke, paid his second month's rent, in advance, and from then on, till the fateful night of May 4, the plotters visited the cottage frequently. It seems that Burke and Cooney lived at the cottage up till the night of the murder, taking their meals at O'Sullivan's. Coughlin, P. O'Sullivan, and others of the conspirators were frequent callers on the "Williams brothers," though

the neighbors noted with awe and suspicion that their visits were always timed after dark.

In the eyes of the law the subsequent flight of Burke argues strongly for his guilt, and this fact, coupled with the strong evidence the State is prepared to adduce against him, makes his chances for acquittal the slimmest of any of the defendants. On the other hand, he has from the very start been looked upon as the squealer, and it would not be surprising to see him appear as a State's witness before the trial is half over.

Burke did not arrive in Chicago until the evening of August 5th. Immediately upon his arrival his triangular friends began to bolster up his fast-failing courage, and he is now in receipt of three good warm meals a day from a North Clark street restaurant. He is being made the pet of the triangle, who apparently fear him more than any of the others.

As is pretty well known, one of the important witnesses against Burke will be Gustav Klahre, a young tinsmith, who, on May 6, soldered up a big metal box which is supposed to have contained the clothes worn by Dr. Cronin the night he was murdered. Burke brought the box to the tinsmith in one of O'Sullivan's ice-wagons, it is thought, and accompanied by one of the iceman's employés.

The police do not believe the box was brought by O'Sullivan's wagon, but by an ordinary expressman, for whom they are still supposed to be searching. The other theory, however, is the more probable of the two, as the box must have been

brought to the tinsmith from the Carlson cottage. At any rate, both theories are being worked for all they are worth, which is considerable, and it is thought the whereabouts and contents of the box will be capable of positive proof by the time the State is ready for the evidence.

JOHN KUNZE

is the only one of the Cronin suspects now on trial who is not of Irish extraction. In a recent letter to the press he confesses to having been foolish, but thanks heaven that he never told a lie. In all the dark hideousness of the Cronin tragedy, his is the one humorous, low-comedy part, now that Woodruff is, for the present, eliminated from the proceedings.



Kunze's part in the crime, so far as is known, consists in having driven Dan Coughlin to the Carlson cottage on the evening of the murder. He is known to have been a warm friend of the ex-detective, and was implicated in the blowing up of the Shufeldt distillery. His record as a petty thief and swindler is bad, as many of his old acquaintances in Lake View can testify.

Prior to his arrest he assumed the *alias* of John Kogel, to escape from the importunities of his friend Coughlin, he says.

June 29th, when the grand jury returned an indictment against Kunze, the entire city was taken by surprise. That a German could have been implicated in the murder of Dr. Cronin was beyond imme-

diate belief, and it was not until July 1st, when Kunze was arrested and locked up, that most people could comprehend the situation. From first to last the evidence against Kunze has been kept a close secret, and it is generally thought that the State has a surprise in store for everybody when it comes to make out a case against the gay Luxemberger.

Kunze is the dude of the conspiracy. When in court he smiles and nods his head in the most foolish manner, and carries on generally as the ideal empty-pated dude is popularly supposed to deport itself.

No one has yet thought him of enough importance to refer to him, and during the proceedings in the case thus far his name has only been mentioned in the most casual and perfunctory way, if the motion of his lawyers for a memorandum of the evidence against him be a criterion.

Kunze is not a member of Camp 20, and Ben Price, of the County Jail, did not deem him of enough importance to record his official description, hence it cannot be accurately given here:

His height is about five feet five inches; his complexion light, hair blonde, with slight blonde mustache. His face has rather a foolish expression, his cheekbones and his ears being its most prominent features. About twenty-three years of age, he is said to be an illegitimate son of a mother whose husband was confined in an insane asylum in Germany. He claims to have been born in Luxumburg, though the Luxumburgers of the North Side indignantly deny this.

About two years ago he worked in the furniture factory of A. H. Revell & Co. for about ten months or more. He left there, as he claimed, to attend to his recently acquired inheritance. This was his favorite story, and he succeeded in "working" a great many of his confiding countrymen by telling them of his wonderful inheritance.

The indictments against Woodruff, Coughlin and O'Sullivan were returned into court May 29th, and those of Beggs, Burke, and Kunze soon followed. Ever since the finding of the indictments, it has been very manifest that the defendants, with perhaps the exception of Woodruff, were being strongly backed up with friends and money in their fight with the people for their lives. The best legal talent that could be obtained for money was secured in their behalf, and they have waged a vigorous warfare against every effort of the prosecution to bring them to a speedy and fair trial on their indictments for murder. Detectives have been employed to "shadow" the detectives who were working up the case in behalf of the State, false reports have been spread broadcast concerning the character of Dr. Cronin, and everything that money and cunning could do has been done to hinder the officers of the law in the performance of their duties, and to obstruct the due administration of justice.

When the five defendants, Burke, Beggs, Q'Sullivan and Kunze, were arraigned for trial, their lawyers exhausted every means known to their profession to prevent the State from securing a

jury not made up of men known to be friendly to the prisoners, or in sympathy with the triangle conspirators. The sequel will prove with what measure of success their efforts were crowned.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A STARTLING CHANGE OF SCENE—NEW PLOT TO DEFEAT THE ENDS OF JUSTICE—ATTEMPT TO BRIBE MEN WHO WERE "FIXED" TO BE ON THE JURY—COURT OFFICIALS IMPLICATED, ARRESTED AND IMPRISONED—FAILURE OF THE SUB-CONSPIRACY.

ON the twenty-seventh day of the wearisome struggle to obtain a jury in the Cronin case, a strange interruption to the regular order of court proceedings took place.

At the opening of the court the counsel for the State were not present, nor did they appear for considerable time. Then the judge was called away, and spectators waited with breathless impatience for the new developments they felt were to come.

Soon they were enlightened. Proof positive was presented that sworn bailiffs of the court had approached certain men, telling them that it had been arranged that they were to be summoned among the special veniremen for forming the jury. Money, hundreds and thousands of dollars, was offered these men if they would "stand out" for the acquittal of the accused, and, if it were impossible to clear them of the charges, at least bring about a "hung" jury.

They, these specially selected men for jury duty, were to be taught exactly how to answer the ques-

tions that would be asked them when their qualifications were being passed upon to determine the fact of their competency to sit as jurors in the trial of the case.

The determined energy with which the officers of the law, urged to their duty by popular outcry, had carried forward the work of ferreting out and bringing to account the perpetrators of Dr. Cronin's murder, at last made necessary a second conspiracy; which was to cheat justice by corrupting the agents of justice.

It was evident from the first that every scheme, however dishonorable, that might operate to save the suspects from hanging, would be employed by the defense; and it was strongly suspected, when a persistent demand for special bailiffs was made, that the purpose was to hamper the State in the selection of an honest and intelligent jury. Few imagined, though, that a plan was devised for buying one or more jurors to secure the acquittal of the defendants. The names involved in the conspiracy, as revealed by the prosecution, indicate the extent and magnitude of the infamous influence at work to keep clear of the halter the necks of the men indicted for the murder of Dr. Cronin.

This bribery conspiracy was met and handled by the State's Attorney with that vigor of determination which has characterized his conduct of the case from the very beginning—actions, which said plainer than words could express it, "Justice shall be done, though the heavens fall, I shall hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

Through the manliness and integrity of George S. Tschappat, one of the veniremen whom the agents of the triangle had tried to bribe, the first clew was given to the State's Attorney. By the vigorous and aggressive action which followed within thirty-six hours the whole plot was laid bare, and six of the principals were arrested, indicted, and are now in the County Jail awaiting trial for jury bribing. They are:

ALEXANDER L. HANKS,
MARK SALOMON,
FRED W. SMITH,
THOMAS KAVANAUGH,
JEREMIAH O'DONNELL,
JOSEPH KONEN.

Hanks and Salomon were both bailiffs in the Criminal Court, and, by reason of their official connection with the court, were enabled to act their perfidious parts with advantage to their employés, the triangle. Bailiff Hanks was in possession of one of the triangle lists of corruptible jurors which the *Inter Ocean* some weeks ago declared were being made out for this purpose.

Fred W. Smith was a manufacturer's agent at Nos. 135 and 137 Lake street. Thomas Kavanaugh, known as the "prominent citizen" of the case, turns out to have been a triangler from away back, and is a member of Larry Buckley's camp, No. 135, a camp of the United Brotherhood of the I. N. B., or triangle stripe. He has been suspected of being the badly wanted Simonds. He succeeded in having his partner, Brown, called on the

venire. Alexander Sullivan was the attorney for his firm. Joseph Conen is a fruiterer at No. 240 West Madison street. He was simply a seeker after dollars.

Thursday afternoon a prominent citizen of Chicago entered the court-room and very privately communicated to the counsel for the State that his foreman, who had been summoned on the jury before being called to the jury-box, had been approached by a bailiff of the court with an offer of \$1,000 to vote for the acquittal of the defendants.

The result of this statement was a conference at the State's Attorney's office of all the lawyers for the State. The bailiff referred to by the venireman was called in, and at first professed ignorance of all pertaining to the charge, but, upon being faced by the venireman and hearing him repeat his story, he fully confessed everything, and implicated several prominent persons and also another bailiff. The name of the venireman is George S. Tschappat, the foreman for the firm of E. V. Page & Co., oil merchants, Nos. 44 to 54 Erie street. Six to ten confessions followed the bailiff's, that reveal, as Attorney Luther Laflin Mills says, "a most damnable organization against the law of the land, a conspiracy against the jurisprudence of this country that will startle the continent when it is thoroughly known—a conspiracy of ramifications, of audacity, a conspiracy involving men whose names will be a surprise to the country. It is no exaggeration when I say that you cannot magnify the damnable outrage of this conspiracy. In the taking off of Dr.

Cronin and the manner in which it was done, the whole world was startled. This second conspiracy will alike startle the whole world. It is an assault on the very integrity of our institutions."

The result of the investigating was the prompt calling of a special grand jury by Judge Horton on Saturday morning, on the application of State's Attorney Longenecker, and at one o'clock on the same day the following named gentlemen were sworn in as such special grand jury:

The Hon. John A. Roche, Fore-	Richard L. Dagen.
man.	William L. Grey.
George Lanze.	John B. Miller.
Wilhelm Heinzeman.	Andrew Peterson.
J. W. Brockway.	W. D. Preston.
George A. S. Wilson.	Richard Berlitzheimer.
W. H. Rose.	D. V. Purington.
H. B. Stimson.	H. C. Hayt.
John Tomlinson.	Thomas Moulding.
C. W. Gendale.	M. Selz.
T. F. Haigh.	Joseph Cahn.
S. M. Moore.	H. L. Dow.

The result of their deliberations has already been stated. When their report was returned, Judge Horton thanked them in behalf of the State before discharging them.

With the indictments against the six jury bribers and the discharge of the jury which rendered the indictments, the labor of the State, in the matter of unearthing the second conspiracy, did not end. Other arrests soon followed. State's Attorney Longenecker, being asked by a reporter what effect the arrest of the jury "fixers" would have on the trial of the main case, replied: "No direct

effect whatever. Things will be pushed right along. It is probable that the trial of the bribers will not occur until the murder trial is concluded. We are, of course, perfectly satisfied with the nine jurors already selected."

After the return of the indictments into court against the six jury bribers, the Criminal Court building was full of the wildest rumors, and the secrecy maintained at the State's Attorney's office, together with the rapidity with which the officers placed at the disposal of the State's Attorney moved about, confirmed the suspicion that some other prominent members of the Clan-na-Gael and friends of the prisoners were being very closely shadowed, and were liable at any moment to be arrested.

Directly after the grand jury retired to its room State's Attorney Longenecker and Assistant State's Attorneys Neeley and Jampolis went to the grand jury room. In a few minutes officers from the State's Attorney's office conducted witnesses before the grand jury, and before one o'clock Alexander J. Hanks, the ex-bailiff, who was indicted on Saturday, had, it is said, made a clean breast of the whole affair to the grand jury; likewise, Ex-bailiff Soloman, Tom Kavanaugh, Fred W. Smith and Joseph O'Donnell. In the case of O'Donnell, about fifteen minutes after ten o'clock, Eliza O'Sullivan, of No. 297 West Twelfth street, and William O'Donnell, of No. 195 DeKoven street, appeared at the Criminal Court building, together with the sister and several friends of O'Donnell, and swore to being worth sufficient property to qualify them for going

his bondsmen to the amount of \$5,000 ordered by the court. After the bond was prepared by the clerk, the bondsmen appeared before Judge Baker, the prisoner was sent for from the jail, and the bond duly executed in open court. The prisoner was then remanded to the jail, and discharged in due course on the bail bond, but immediately on emerging from the jail into the Criminal Court building, he was taken to the State's Attorney's office, and there detained until he could appear before the grand jury and give his testimony.

About eleven o'clock it was very currently rumored, and not denied by the State's attorney or any of his assistants, that Mr. John Graham, a clerk for A. S. Trude, the lawyer, had been placed under arrest.

It was authoritatively stated at twelve o'clock, by one of the counsel for the prosecution, that another startling surprise was in store for the public, and it was expected that the grand jury, then in session, would come into court in the afternoon and present other indictments. At 1:50 p. m. the grand jury entered Judge Baker's court, and handed in four indictments — against Alexander J. Hanks, ex-bailiff; Mark Soloman, ex-bailiff; Jeremiah O'Donnell and John Graham, clerk in A. S. Trude's law office. Capiases were at once placed in the hands of the sheriff.

John Graham, the clerk in A. S. Trude's office, who is now under indictment, was arrested Sunday night about twelve o'clock, and has been under lock and key ever since. He was the man who was to

put up the money with which to bribe the jurors, and it is asserted by Judge Longenecker, that the evidence against him is very conclusive.

Alexander L. Hanks, the bailiff, came from Cincinnati nine or ten years ago, and shortly after began to figure as a cheap politician on West Harrison street. He is of German parentage, is married, and has two children. His residence is at No. 108 Gilpin place. Seven years ago he was recommended by Probate Clerk Tom Sennott, whom he had known in Cincinnati, to Sheriff Seth Hanchett for a place in his office. He was given a place as bailiff, and served through Hanchett's term. He became acquainted with C. R. Matson, who was Deputy Sheriff, in the interim, and when Matson became Sheriff Hanks was retained. He had borne a good name up to his recent arrest, and was regarded as a steady man.

Mark Soloman, the other crooked bailiff, is married and has a family. He has served as a bailiff for the past eighteen months, being before that time in a subordinate position in the City Hall. He hails from the Tenth Ward, and it was his friends in that locality who secured his appointment by Sheriff Matson. In this they were aided by Charles Woodman, a justice of the peace, who says, however, that his acquaintance with Soloman was but meager, knowing him only as a politician. Soloman, Sheriff Matson states, has proven an excellent bailiff until the recent disclosures.

Thomas Kavanaugh, who is asserted to be a leader in the bribery plot, is a member of the firm of

Brown & Kavanaugh, steam-fitters and plumbers at No. 50 Franklin street, and lives at No. 926 West Twelfth street. He has the reputation of being rather a shrewd rascal, and much surprise is manifested by those who know him that he squealed so easily. He has for a long time been a member of Camp No. 135 of the Clan-na-Gael. He has also figured as a prominent Democratic politician. For a considerable period — ending with the arrest of the boodlers — he was the nominal engineer at the County Insane Asylum. He was an intimate friend of Harry Varnell, and is reported to have lined his pockets in plethoric fashion during the boodle regime, narrowly escaping indictment with his brother boodlers.

Fred W. Smith hails from Connecticut, but he has lived in Chicago the greater part of the time for the past twenty years. He took up his abode for a time in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, where he narrowly escaped being indicted on a charge of perjury. He then returned to Chicago, and blossomed as a "hardware manufacturers' agent," at Nos. 135 and 137 Lake street. Those doing business in the vicinity say, however, that he has not been particularly successful in that line. He is a married man, and lives at 365 LaSalle avenue, and his father-in-law, James Reynolds, is quite a prominent boot and shoe manufacturer in New Haven, Connecticut. Smith is quite a swell in dress, and a gorgeous neckscarf and lofty collar are always features of his attire. Those in the vicinity of his office say he was never around his place of business more than

an hour each day, and very little is known of his life here.

Jeremiah O'Donnell is hardly more than a boy, and is said to be not a very wise boy at that. He claims, however, to be 29 years of age. He was appointed to the position of United States storekeeper for the First District of Illinois last June. His bond as storekeeper was \$10,000, but it is impossible to discover who signed that document, as it is now on file in Washington. O'Donnell, who has lived in Chicago for fifteen years, was recommended by Senator Farwell and quite a number of prominent politicians in the Second District. He is unmarried.

Joseph Konen has for a year past been a fruiterer at No. 246 Madison street. The business was not apparently at all lucrative. Konen is married, but has no children. He is of German parentage, but was born in this country. He is the man who was offered \$1,000 to go on the jury, and \$5,000 in case of an acquittal. His friends say Konen is not so foolish as to become criminally complicated in so serious a matter.

State's Attorney Longenecker says that the case by no means ends with the present indictments, but will be very much more far reaching than the most sanguine can suppose. In the meantime the laborious and tedious work of securing "twelve good men and true" to try the five defendants indicted for the murder of the Irish patriot, Dr. Patrick Henry Cronin, goes slowly but surely on.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A JURY SECURED AT LAST—TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE—NAMES OF THE JURYMEN—THE LONG HUNT FOR MEN WHO WOULD AND COULD SERVE—WHAT IT COST THE STATE TO FIND THEM.

ON October 25, 1889, a jury in the Cronin case was completed.

To adjudge the question of life or death in active participation or complicity in the murder of P. H. Cronin, as charged against the prisoners—Daniel Coughlin, Martin Burke, P. O'Sullivan, John F. Beggs and John Kunze—are:

JOHN CULVER, real estate dealer at No. 108 Washington street, forty years of age; American; Methodist; temperance man; resident of thirty years' standing, and belongs to no secret societies.

JAMES A. PIERSON, farmer, living near Glenwood; fifty-five years of age; belongs to no church or secret society; American of Dutch parentage.

JOHN L. HALL, aged twenty-nine years; draughtsman in office of Bauer & Hill; his home is at Fernwood; American; Methodist and temperance; belongs to no secret society.

CHARLES C. DIX; born in Chicago, resides at 132 N. Carpenter street; about thirty years of age, cashier in insurance office; Episcopalian, and member only of a beneficial association.



THE JURY.

HENRY D. WALKER, fifty-eight years of age; resides at No. 3738 Cottage Grove avenue; Protestant, and American born. In the upholstery business.

FRANK ALLISON, a machinist with C. F. Elmes, at Jefferson and Fulton streets; aged thirty-nine years; native-born American.

CHARLES L. CORKE, drug clerk; lives at Evanston; of English parentage; thirty years old; member of the Methodist church and Royal League.

WILLIAM S. NORTH, of 96 Walton place; manufacturer of sewing machines at 60 Michigan avenue; American and Presbyterian.

CHARLES F. MARLOR, drug clerk, living at 429 Washington boulevard; an American and Episcopalian.

ELIJAH BONTECOU, salesman for Besself & Co.; born in New York. His intelligence and candor obliged him to serve, spite of objections by the defense.

EDWARD S. BRYAN, of Maywood; native of New Jersey; salesman for C. J. L. Meyer & Co., 307 Wabash avenue; member of the Congregational church. A model juror.

BENJAMIN F. CLARKE, for twenty years in the real estate business, No. 4432 Evans avenue. His fairness and intelligence so impressed both court and counsel that he was gladly received by all concerned.

To secure this "chosen twelve" cost the State of Illinois, in fees alone to veniremen summoned, about \$3,800.

No better jury, apparently, was ever collected. Individually and collectively they are most intelligent, well balanced and fair men, of excellent standing and fully capable of rendering a fair verdict in the remarkable case placed before them.

The trouble in obtaining a jury in this trial far exceeded that experienced in any other. The "omnibus boodle" case required three weeks in securing a jury, and 720 veniremen were called before twelve were selected. In the anarchist trial, over three weeks were occupied in examination of 982 veniremen.

In the Cronin case, up to the close of the proceedings of October 23, 1889, 1,115 men had pledged themselves that they would "true answers make to all such questions as should be put to them by court or counsel touching their competency to serve as jurors." Of this number 175 answered the lawyers' questions in such a manner as to entitle them to be qualified as jurors, but they were peremptorily excused from service — ninety-seven of them by the defendants, and seventy-eight by the prosecution; 752 citizens declared that they were unable to give the defendants a fair trial.

Of the twelve men chosen, six were tendered by the defense to the State, and the other six by the prosecution to the defense. Those tendered by the defense are Messrs. Culver, Hall, Dix, Walker, Corke and Bontecou; while the prosecuting lawyers were the first to be satisfied with Pierson, Allison, North, Marlor, Bryan and Clarke.

Mr. Culver was designated to act as foreman of the jury. After which Judge McConnell remarked: "Gentlemen, we have completed the jury, I am glad to say. What is your further pleasure?"

"I want to state to your honor," said State's Attorney Longenecker, "that we would like some time for preparation in this case, and by giving us time, I am satisfied we can shorten the case at least a week."

"Do you want until ten o'clock to-morrow morning?" quietly inquired Mr. Forrest.

"We want longer time than that," replied the State's Attorney. "I will leave it to the court, but I will state, that we have been interrupted in this case by other matters, and there are a great many witnesses to be called, and we have to get together and arrange for the presentation of the case, and by so doing I am satisfied we can shorten it, if not two weeks, at least one week."

"We object to that," said Mr. Forrest. "With all the police force of the city of Chicago at their disposal, and four of the best criminal lawyers —"

"There is no necessity for arguing the matter," quietly remarked the court, interrupting Mr. Forrest.

"How much time do you want?" inquired Mr. Donahoe.

"They want two days," said the court; "but I am inclined to think two days too long. I am perfectly willing to give you a full day, until the day after to-morrow at ten o'clock. I think two days is

too long, after the time we have already taken in the case!"

"Your honor knows there are incidental matters we have taken up, and which have consumed a great deal of time and attention, apart from this case," said Mr. Hynes.

"I am willing to indulge you, some time later, in shorter hours, if necessary," replied the court; "But I think the case should go on now, after resting until the day after to-morrow at ten o'clock, in view of the application of the State's Attorney, which I think not unreasonable, considering the other matters which they have taken up, and which have claimed a great deal of their attention. There will therefore be an adjournment until the day after to-morrow. Probably the attorneys will appreciate the rest, and the court will."

"But probably the jury will not," interrupted Mr. Forrest.

"I am satisfied that an adjournment will be of benefit to all parties," remarked Mr. Mills.

"I have endeavored to consider this jury from the beginning," said Judge McConnell, "and I have been inclined to expedite its selection within the past few days, but I am satisfied, from the representations already made to me, that it will expedite the matter to take a recess for twenty-four hours. I think probably the case can be presented more compactly and concisely and in shorter time if a recess is taken; and while, if more time were given, it would consult the convenience of the counsel for the State, I cannot take that into consideration at

the present time, and twenty-four hours is the longest recess I can give you. Therefore the court will now take a recess until Thursday morning at ten o'clock."

The court then addressed the jury, and advised them at this stage of the case not to discuss even the merits of the case among themselves, but to wait until they have some evidence before them. The jury then retired in custody of the bailiffs, and the court took a recess until Thursday morning, October 24.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TRIAL — MASTERLY SUMMING UP OF THE PLOT — BITTER ARRAIGNMENT OF THE ASSASSINS — A TERRIBLE SUMMARY OF STARTLING FACTS — PROOF, PROOF, PROOF, FROM THE FIRST TO THE BITTER END.

IT was an attentive, deeply interested throng that came crowding, pushing, wedging into the space of court-room, Branch No. 3, on October 24, 1889.

Calling the list of jurors was first in order, and then State's Attorney Longenecker proceeded to deliver the opening address in a trial that was to arouse the interest, awaken the curiosity, and command the attention of two continents.

In manner extraordinarily impressive, this official of the commonwealth began his speech. He reminded the jurors of the trying ordeal of examination through which each of them had passed. Without any attempt at oratory, he gave to the jury a plain and succinct statement of the evidence he had collected, and would presently present to them for their consideration and verdict thereon. He said that he was confident this evidence would convince the jury of the existence of a conspiracy to murder Dr. Cronin.

"You are not called upon," said Mr. Longenecker, "to try the Clan-na-Gael organization. We are not here to prosecute that organization or to defend



JUDGE McCONNELL.



STATE'S ATTORNEY LONGENECKER.

it," but, as the murder of Dr. Cronin grew out of the fact of his being a member of that organization, and his dealings therewith, the State's Attorney proceeded to give to the jury a detailed account of its history. "This organization," he said, "began its existence in 1869, its proper name being the United Brotherhood. It was organized for the purpose of protecting Ireland by force of arms. Into the organization went patriotic Irishmen, Irishmen for political effect, and Irishmen for the money that was in it. Remember that this organization required every man to be of Irish descent, and that his sworn duty was loyalty to Ireland. A great many patriotic Irishmen went into it believing that some day they would set Ireland free, and give her a republican form of government the same as we have here.

"In 1881, the organization met in national convention in Chicago, and selected as an executive board Alexander Sullivan, Feeley and Boland. The board consisted of five men, but these three constituted the majority of that executive board. They had a right to do what they pleased, and no one had a right to disobey. Whatever these three men commanded they had to do; so that Alexander Sullivan, Feeley and Boland took the control of this executive board."

At this point in Mr. Longenecker's remarks, an objection was made by Mr. Forrest, for the defense, that it was not admissible at this stage of the trial, for the State's Attorney to state to the jury what Sullivan, Feeley and Boland did or did not do.

Judge McConnell suggested to Mr. Longenecker that he must keep within the limits of what may be admissible, and the State's Attorney resumed his remarks.

"As I was remarking," continued Mr. Longenecker, "you will see that the power of this organization was all vested in this board. They were its directors from year to year ever since 1869. They were raising funds, and the oath taken was, that it was to be used for no other purpose than to benefit Ireland. Now, up to 1881, this fund was held secret by this organization—was regarded as secret until these three men got in; then they began to debate a policy different from what was contemplated by the organization." "Instead of waging legitimate war," continued Mr. Longenecker, as his remarks are summarized by the *Herald*, "for the freedom of Ireland, a dynamite policy was pursued abroad, and a system of embezzlement practiced at home. One policy was in defiance of the laws of England; the other in defiance of the laws of America. Both were atrocious. The money in the treasury was squandered in mysterious ways; men were sent to England on desperate missions, and a score of them were now in British jails. The commands of the triangle were fatal. A man who should shirk the responsibility thrust upon him by Sullivan, Feeley and Boland, in this corrupt era of the Clan-na-Gael, was instantly branded as a traitor to the cause."

Here Mr. Forrest again objected to the statements of the State's Attorney as being inadmissible

at that stage of the case, and requested the reporter to note an exception on behalf of the defendants.

Continuing his remarks, Mr. Longenecker said: "In 1884 this so-called triangle was the closest corporation that ever existed. The members did not dare to question any act of the executive board; so that you can see as I go on further that they could carry out whatever they decided to do. In 1884 they adopted the policy of what they called 'active work.' If a member was sent to England he was ordered to report there for funds, and his identity was made known, and he was thrown into prison. This was done to enable them to steal the funds that had been accumulating for legitimate purposes. They had to make an excuse for the use of the funds for the order, until at last, when they made the last report, making the members in the order believe that English detectives were among them and that they were in debt \$13,000 out of \$250,000, which they had in hand when the 'triangle' took charge of the order. Some members would not stand that business, and began to investigate, and began to draw out of the organization. Camp after camp was expelled by the board — by these men who stood there robbing the treasury. Dr. Cronin read a circular from one of these camps protesting against the action of this board, and for that, and nothing else, Dr. Cronin was tried, and Alexander Sullivan prosecuted him, and he was expelled for treason, simply because he had read that circular in his camp, showing the

action of these men. That was done in 1885 in this city. Dan Coughlin sat on the committee that branded him as a traitor simply because he had exposed the doings of these men who were robbing the order of these funds. Le Caron sat on that committee also, and it suspended Dr. Cronin for treason."

Here Mr. Forrest noted another exception to the statements of the State's Attorney.

Mr. Longenecker, continuing, said: "Finally, in 1888, in this city, a convention was held, which was called a union convention.

"This organization began its existence in 1869. It is known as the Clan-na-Gael, its proper name being the United Brotherhood. It was organized for the purpose of protecting Ireland by force of arms. Into that organization went patriotic Irishmen; into that organization went Irishmen for political effect; into that organization went Irishmen for the money that was in it. Remember that this organization required every man to be of Irish descent, and that his sworn duty was loyalty to Ireland, and that every exertion was to be made in the interest of freeing that country when the opportunity came, not by special work, but by legitimate warfare. Into this organization went these different germs. They had districts all over the country, and now it spreads from ocean to ocean, and has camps everywhere. They assume different names; for instance, Camp 20 is called 'Columbia Camp,' and was supposed to be a literary society. This organization was in existence for a number of years

without its becoming known to the public in general that there was any such organization in existence. They had their national conventions, and few of the members even knew when the national conventions were held. They had an executive board, made up of the district members. In each district there was an officer who had charge of the district, and he was called the district member. These district members constituted a board. In 1879 there were fifteen districts, I believe, and there were fifteen members of the executive board. There is no question that that organization was organized for the purpose of freeing Ireland by war; that is to say, that, whenever there was an opportunity of going into war to free Ireland, this organization should act in that direction. A great many patriotic Irishmen went into it believing that some day they would set Ireland free and give her a republican form of government, the same as we have here.

"In 1881 this organization met in national convention in Chicago and selected as an executive board Alexander Sullivan, Feeley and Boland. The board consisted of five men, but these three constituted the majority of that executive board. They had a right to do what they pleased, and no one had a right to disobey. Whatever these three men commanded they had to do; so that Alexander Sullivan, Feeley and Boland took the control of this executive board."

"I object to further inquiry as to the doings of

this triangle," said Mr. Forrest. "At this stage what they did or did not do is not admissible."

"We object to these interruptions," said Mr. Mills."

"I take it for granted that at this time the State's Attorney must keep himself within the limits of what may be admissible. I can do no more than suggest that."

The State's Attorney, resuming his argument, said: "As I was remarking—and you will see the force of it when I get through—you will see that the power of this organization was all vested in this board. They were its directors from year to year ever since 1869. They were raising funds, and the oath taken was that it was to be used for no other purpose than to benefit Ireland. Now, up to 1881, this fund was held secret by this organization. These men regarded it as secret until these three men got in there; then they began to debate a policy different from what was contemplated by the organization. Then they adopted what was called the dynamite policy, and they called it 'active work.' That is what these three men did, as we will prove from the witness stand here. That policy was adopted after they got control of this board.

"Remember, now, that they had planted in their constitution an oath, that every man who became a member of the organization must obey the orders of this triangle. This ran along, and money was being used, and camps were called upon to send in more funds, and 'active work' was being had. As

I say, the object of the organization was diverted from that of legitimate warfare to that of special acts against individuals and property in England. That was the policy adopted by these three men, as we shall show from the witness stand."

Mr. Forrest again objected to this line of argument, and requested the reporter to note an exception on behalf of the defendants.

Judge Longenecker, resuming, said: "This ran along for some time, and, finally, when they ordered men to go to England, they must obey the executive board, and whatever they ordered had to be done. The members had no right to question; the executive board was supreme. In 1884 this so-called triangle was the closest corporation that ever existed. The members did not dare to question any act of the executive board; so that you can see, as I go on further, that they could carry out whatever they decided to do. In 1884 they adopted the policy of what they called 'active work.' If a member was sent to England, he was ordered to report there for funds, and his identity was made known, and he was thrust in prison. To-day the prison doors are locked upon twenty men who were sent there by this executive board. This was done for the purpose of enabling them to steal the funds that had been accumulating for legitimate purposes. They had to make an excuse for the use of the funds to this order, until at last, when they made the last report, making the members of the order believe that English detectives were among them, and that they were in debt

\$13,000 out of \$250,000, which they had in hand when the 'triangle' took charge of the order. Some members would not stand that business, and began to investigate, and began to draw out of the organization. Camp after camp was expelled by this board — by these men who stood there robbing its treasury. Dr. Cronin read a circular from one of these camps, protesting against the action of this board, and for that, and nothing else, Dr. Cronin was tried, and Alexander Sullivan prosecuted him, and he was expelled for treason, simply because he had read that circular in his camp, showing the action of these men. That was done in 1885 in this city. Dan Coughlin sat on the committee that branded him as a traitor, simply because he had exposed the doings of these men who were robbing the order of these funds. Le Caron was on that committee, as we will show, and this committee suspended Dr. Cronin for treason."

Mr. Forrest again objected to the statement of the State's Attorney, and took a formal exception.

Judge Longenecker, resuming, said: "Finally, in 1888, in this city, a convention was held, which was called a union convention. Remember that in the meantime this 'triangle' had disappeared. They got out. Sullivan had left the order; as to the others I do not remember, but he had dropped out of the order. When this union convention was called, it met here in this city. At that convention charges were made against the executive board — against the 'triangle' — charging them with those

things I tell you of—misappropriation of funds, and those other things that happened in England. This was charged by Dillon and Devoy in that convention of 1888. At that convention a committee of ten was appointed to investigate the charges against the triangle, and on one side Dr. Cronin was selected as a committeeman. I do not remember the names, but there were six committeemen selected to try Alexander Sullivan and those two other men for the things that I have told you of. This committee met last year and had a trial in Buffalo, N. Y., at which place Alexander Sullivan and those two other men appeared and made their defense. A resolution was made to order the secretary to destroy everything that was done, and to keep no record of the trial. A protest was made by Sullivan that Dr. Cronin should not be allowed to sit on the committee, but he was permitted to sit there, and they took days and days to hear the evidence, and that evidence will be introduced here. Dr. Cronin took full minutes showing what they had done in this country and across the water, under the direction of this board. When that committee disbanded and got ready to make their report, four were against publishing the evidence, but Dr. Cronin insisted on publishing the evidence to all the camps, and letting the members know what this triangle had done. This report was not sent out. Dr. Cronin insisted on this evidence being published through every camp in the country. That publication would have shown that these men had robbed the order of its funds, and robbed men of their liberty.

" You may ask, 'What has that to do with this case and with the men on trial?' It comes in this way. Dr. Cronin insisted on this publication. A majority of the executive that exists to-day is in favor of the 'triangle,' because they were made up of that faction and controlled the executive board. So they did not send out this report. Dr. Cronin insisted on its going forth, and they kept it back. Up to the 4th of May this report had not been sent out; but the very day on which Dr. Cronin met his death the executive board was called together, and on the 5th an order was sent to the camp with Alexander Sullivan's protest, charging that Dr. Cronin was a perjurer; that he had sworn allegiance to Canada, and that he was a traitor to the Irish cause, as we will show over his own signature.

" Now, keep these facts together. That report was not sent out until after Dr. Cronin's disappearance, and then it was the assumption that he would never be found. Then the report was sent out that Cronin had sworn allegiance to the English people, that he was a spy and a traitor to the Irish cause.

" There was a twofold purpose in ruining Cronin's record as an Irishman and a citizen. It was for the purpose of building up this triangle and making them a power. If it was necessary that Cronin should be killed, he must be killed, but they never intended that this community should understand that Dr. Cronin was killed. That is why I made the remark that the unseen hand that concocted this conspiracy to take the life of Dr. Cronin was

again at work making this community believe that Dr. Cronin was still alive, and that he would appear on the other side of the water as a traitor to the cause in which he was enlisted. But, you will ask, what was the motive for this? Dr. Cronin's report had been sent to all the camps, and convicted these men of embezzling the funds for years, and, if that were published, it would convict them of being traitors to the Irish cause, embezzlers and violators of the laws of two countries, and, instead of doing that which would benefit poor Ireland, it would brand them as the worst traitors on earth to the Irish people. So Dan Coughlin went around telling people that Cronin was a traitor, and in Camp 20 on the night of the 8th of February—to show you how far back this conspiracy began—as far back as the 8th of February they began to educate the camps to believe that Cronin was another Le Caron. He led them to believe that this patriotic Irishman, who was the leading man to demand an investigation of these men, and to inquire as to the funds belonging to this order—they wanted to make the rank and file believe that he was a spy, and that he was another Le Caron, and that he was waiting to go to England and testify as Le Caron had done. So these men began to educate the camps to believe that Cronin was in reality a traitor to their cause. They excited these men to conspire to 'remove' Cronin for one purpose, when they were actually removing him for another purpose.

“ The thing was concocted in this way: John F.

Beggs, an intimate friend of Alexander Sullivan, made a speech in Camp 20 denouncing Cronin, and said that this thing would have to be stopped if it took blood. That is the kind of a speech Beggs made. The triangle had gone out of existence after robbing the organization of its funds, and yet this senior guardian, in his own camp, said he would not permit that kind of talk about the triangle, and it had to be stopped if it took blood. We propose to prove in this case that John F. Beggs, Martin Bourke, Patrick Cooney and Patrick O'Sullivan all belonged to Camp 20. They met here on the North Side. We will prove that John F. Beggs was the senior guardian of that camp, and that on the 8th day of February they had their regular meeting. This report had not been sent out. Remember that every one was sworn not to question the work of the executive. This report of that trial committee had not been sent out, and no one had a right to know of that report except through the executive. On the 8th of February, with Beggs in the chair as senior guardian, they charged that there had been spies in their camps, and one member got up and said that the best thing they could do was to investigate the 'triangle'—these men who had robbed them of their funds. At that Dan Coughlin and several others jumped to their feet and wanted to know where he got that information. He said he had been in a camp where it had been reported that the triangle had misused the funds of the order and sent men to English prisons. Dan Coughlin then moved that a secret committee be appointed

to investigate that matter, and it was seconded and carried and entered of record, and we will present it to you here — that the senior guardian appoint a committee to investigate where the charges were made in another camp. The records will tell you where it was. It was in Dr. Cronin's camp and by Dr. Cronin. It was on the 8th of February. I wish you to remember closely these dates. The senior guardian wrote on the 8th of February to the district officer, Mr. Spellman, of Peoria, telling him he was directed to investigate this matter, and wanted the district officer to appoint an investigating committee. On the 17th of February Mr. Spellman wrote to Beggs, that he knew of no law in the constitution requiring him to investigate, and that he would not investigate unless charges were made directly to him. On the 18th of February, Beggs wrote to him that, although there was no written law, yet there was a law for it, and that this had to be stopped, or he feared trouble would grow out of it.

“ On the 19th of February a man by the name of Simons appears at a real estate office on Clark street and rents a flat at 117 Clark street, opposite the Opera House building. He said he wanted to have his eyes treated, and wanted to have a front room on account of the light, and he rented the whole flat and paid forty dollars. That was just across the street from the Opera House building, in which Dr. Cronin had his office. This man Simons then went to Revell & Co. and bought a bedstead and mattress, a bureau and washstand and carpet and a large pack-

ing trunk. Then he got the trunk strapped. This property that was bought was moved from Revell's to 117 Clark street. Remember that these men all belonged to Camp 20, of which Beggs was senior guardian. We will prove that Burke was out of employment at that time, and that he was doing nothing where he could earn a dollar; that Carlson had a vacant cottage; that Burke paid twelve dollars and took a receipt for a month's rent, and gave his name as Frank Williams. He went directly from there to P. O'Sullivan and told him that he had rented it. He removed the furniture into the Carlson cottage, and we will have the expressman here to show that Burke, together with another man, moved it out there and carried it into the cottage. We will prove that he came back about the 20th of April and paid another month's rent, and at that time he said his sister was sick and in the hospital, and that he could not go to housekeeping; that at that time Carlson wanted to carry out a lounge that had been left by another tenant, and he helped him to move it, and that Carlson saw the carpet there, and saw the trunk there on the 20th of April.

"Following that, we will show that Patrick O'Sullivan—something had to be done to induce Dr. Cronin to go to this cottage—made this contract, which will appear in evidence. Prior to the spring election Dr. Cronin was at a meeting of an organization called the Washington Literary Society, and P. O'Sullivan acted as doorkeeper. Two weeks afterward—after the city election, so that places it in April—Justice Mahoney went with O'Sullivan

to introduce him to Dr. Cronin, for the purpose of making a contract for the doctor to treat his icemen. We shall show that, up to the time the contract was made with Dr. Cronin, O'Sullivan never had an accident, and never had any occasion for a doctor; that there were any number of doctors between Cronin's and O'Sullivan's places; that Coughlin, who was a bitter enemy of Dr. Cronin, was a close associate of O'Sullivan—so that there was no reason why there should be any love between any of these men, or for O'Sullivan to go and employ Dr. Cronin to treat his icemen. The contract was made in April—but here I will stop the discussion as to O'Sullivan, and take up another branch.

“It will appear in evidence that Daniel Z. Coughlin was seen in a saloon with O'Sullivan late one night. They were drinking together, and Coughlin declared that a North Side leading Catholic would soon bite the ground—that he would soon be out of the way. Now, remember that we will prove that on the 4th of May Coughlin was in the neighborhood of the Carlson cottage with a man who fills the description of the one who drove the doctor to his death. We will show that he was recognized a short distance from the cottage by a man with whom he had done business. We will prove, that, on the 4th of May, Coughlin was telephoned to by O'Sullivan to go out to the house. That was in the forenoon. And in the afternoon we see him in company with a man who fills the description of the one who drove Dr. Cronin away to be killed.

On that same day Coughlin went over to Dinan's livery stable between eleven and one o'clock. The officers of the Chicago Avenue Station had been in the habit of doing business with Dinan. Coughlin told Dinan that he had a friend who would come for a horse and buggy that evening. Dinan thought it was all right, and asked what kind of a horse and buggy the man would want, and Coughlin answered, 'Almost any kind.' What else? About 7:15 in the evening of the 4th of May a man goes to the livery stable and wants the horse that Coughlin had ordered for him. When it was hitched up he objected to the rig, but, on being told that that was the only one he could have, he took it and drove directly to the Conklin house, which was only a few blocks away. He was there five minutes after he left the stable. He rushed up to the doctor's room, presented O'Sullivan's card, said O'Sullivan was out of town, that a man had had his leg mashed, and the doctor was wanted right away. Dr. Cronin was informed what was wanted; he laid the iceman's card on the bureau, hurried into the buggy, and drove out to the Carlson cottage. This was about 7:20 in the evening.

"We will prove that Coughlin was seen going into the Carlson cottage; we will prove that the man drove Dr. Cronin to the Carlson cottage; that the horse and buggy that took him there were hired at Dinan's livery stable for that purpose, and that Dan Coughlin was the man who hired the horse and buggy.

" On the night of the 3d of May there was a meeting of Camp 20. Recollect that it was on the 4th that those other things occurred; but we will prove that on the night of the 3d some one at a regular meeting of Camp 20 inquired whether that committee, or a secret committee, had reported. He made this inquiry of John F. Beggs, the senior guardian of the camp, and Beggs waved his hand and said: 'That committee is to report to me; the camp has nothing to do with it.' That we will establish beyond a doubt. On the night before Cronin was taken away to be murdered Beggs said: 'That committee reports to me, the senior guardian, and not to the camp.'

" We will prove that Coughlin told other parties that Dr. Cronin was a spy. We will prove that a year before he tried to hire a man to slug Dr. Cronin, showing that his mind was against the doctor prior to the murder. We will show that the trunk, bought at Revell's and taken to the Carlson cottage was filled with the body of Cronin, placed in the wagon, and show the points where it struck on its journey; that it landed in Edgewater near the lake, where the driver told the watchman that they were looking for the lake shore drive; that the watchman told him where the lake shore drive was; that they drove back to Evanston road; and that the trunk was found just three-quarters of a mile from the catch-basin where the doctor's body was deposited. The key that unlocked the trunk was found in the Carlson cottage, covered with some of the paint found on the floor. I can-

not go into the details of the evidence, but I want to go as far as possible, because it is due the defense to know what we shall present. We expect to show, that, after it was discovered that a white horse drove the doctor away, Dinan went to the Chicago Avenue Station to see Captain Schaack, and Coughlin met him, and said: 'Don't mention anything about that horse and buggy, because Cronin and I were not on good terms.'

"We will follow that up by showing what Coughlin's feelings were toward Dr. Cronin. We will show that Martin Burke, under the name of Williams, hired the cottage, and that a man appeared there after the murder (Patrick Cooney) and wanted to pay another month's rent. The old lady would not take it, because, as the cottage was not to be occupied, she did not want to take any more rent. Burke did not return the keys to the cottage, and on the 18th of May a letter was received from Indiana, in which he (Burke) said: 'I am sorry we had to give up the building,' and explained about painting the floor. We will show that, when the men failed to move in, Mr. Carlson asked O'Sullivan the reason why. O'Sullivan says, 'Haven't you got the rent?' 'Yes,' said Mr. Carlson. 'Then,' said O'Sullivan, 'what is the use of your worrying?' Mr. Carlson says, 'Do you know him?' And O'Sullivan says, 'I know one of them.' We will prove that O'Sullivan was seen at a certain place, the name of which I cannot give, on the night of the 4th. He made statements that

he was in his house that night, but he was not in the house at the time of the murder.

"As to Coughlin, there will be other evidence as to dates and circumstances. It will be shown that Beggs, after the disappearance of Dr. Cronin, said, in conversation with two men who thought the doctor was killed, 'I know better than that, he will turn up all right, you are not in the inner circle; you don't know what is going on.' Then, you will remember that on the 6th day of May, Martin Burke appears at a tinsmith's with a box, the contents of which he will not permit the tinner to see. Remember that Dr. Cronin's clothes were not on his body when it was found. Where that box has gone no one knows, but it is a circumstance in the case.

"As to Kunze, we will prove that he was seen in the flat on Clark street at the time it was occupied by those parties. He was seen at the window washing his feet. We will prove that a short time before the murder, Kunze was seen in company with Dan Coughlin on Lincoln avenue, and that Coughlin told a person that Kunze was his friend. We will show that on the night of the murder, Kunze drove Coughlin from the cottage; that Kunze disappeared from the North Side in April, and was employed as a painter on the South Side, under an assumed name. We will prove that he and Coughlin were associated together, and that is about the evidence we have in reference to Kunze. He stated to a man on the South Side, when the papers were stating it was doubtful as to whether Dr. Cronin

was murdered, that he (Kunze) knew the doctor was murdered, but he never would be found, or an expression of that kind."

At this point of his address (11:45) Mr. Longenecker suggested to the court, that he might shorten his speech, if he were given the usual time for the afternoon session to look over the facts a little more; and, there being no objections made by the defense, a recess was taken until two o'clock.

When the court reassembled in the afternoon, the State's Attorney resumed his address, grouping again in a large measure the points of evidence against the respective defendants. He said:

"I will make my statements as brief as possible. Before lunch I was talking about the evidence in the case, and called attention to the fact, that on the morning of the 6th of May, two days after Cronin was killed, Martin Burke appeared at the tinner's establishment to have a box sealed up. The tinner undertook to raise the lid to clean out some dirt, but Burke told him not to open it, and, in order to solder it up, he put a band around it. Having read the papers on Sunday, which announced that Dr. Cronin had disappeared, the tinner mentioned the fact to Burke, who said, 'Oh, the —— ——, he was a spy; he will turn up all right,' or words to that effect. Of course, what was said at that time is only binding in reference to himself. I neglected something in telling about the contract with P. O'Sullivan. I want you to bear in mind the fact that Coughlin was a bitter enemy of Cronin's, and that P. O'Sullivan was an

intimate friend of Coughlin; that they were together on the night when he spoke about the prominent Irishman being put out of the way; that they were telephoning to each other; seen together at different points; that they were members of the same camp. Remember the fact that they were intimate friends, whereas Coughlin and Cronin were enemies, and every chance he had to declare his hatred of Cronin, Coughlin took advantage of. On the 29th of March O'Sullivan hunted for Justice Mahoney to get him to introduce him to Dr. Cronin. Mahoney could not be found at that time, but two weeks later he got Mahoney, and they went down to the doctor's office together to make the contract to treat the icemen. There was a gentleman in the doctor's office at the time. After they had passed the compliments of the day, Cronin asked them their business, and they said they wanted to see him on a private matter, whereupon the other gentleman stepped out of the room. At that time O'Sullivan gave the doctor some of his cards, and stated that he would send one of such cards, when his services were needed, so that the doctor would know where to go. The night the doctor was sent for, one of O'Sullivan's cards was presented. The man who presented the card, of course, knew the arrangements with Cronin — that he was to go to the iceman's on a presentation of that kind. The man stated that O'Sullivan was out of town, and that one of his employés was dangerously hurt; his leg was crushed.

“ On the evening of the 4th of May Martin Burke was seen on the front steps of the cottage, and bid the time of day to old man Carlson. Late on the evening of that day, following the meeting of Camp 20 on the night of the 3d, another person was inside of the cottage. After everything was removed, so far as Cronin and the trunk were concerned, Mrs. Carlson, who is proud in regard to keeping the yard and walk in good order, went to sweep the walk running along the front of the cottage. She noticed on the steps something that she supposed to be preserves. She supposed the people had moved in, and broken a jar, and then swept it off. She thought nothing more of it until after the discovery of what transpired in the cottage. The rent had been paid up to the 20th of May, and two parties appeared to pay another month's rent, when Mrs. Carlson declined to receive it, stating she wanted the house occupied. On the 18th of May they got this letter from Indiana, but, as they supposed they had no right to enter the cottage until the time was up, they did not enter the cottage until the 20th, that being the time the rent of the cottage expired. At that time the Carlson people entered the cottage by raising the window. They found the floor painted; they found blood on the walls; footprints in the hall, where a man had stepped on the threshold on the painted floor, and they found a general disarrangement of every particle of furniture in the house. The carpet was taken up; it was on the floor when young Carlson was in on the 21st. This will all be introduced in

evidence. The Carlsons reported the fact the next day to the police, telling of the condition of the floor and the blood-stains scattered around. They found that the trunk was then absent. The key that unlocked the trunk was under the bureau, with some of the paint on it. The arm of the rocking-chair was broken, and everything indicated that a struggle had taken place in the building.

" Another thing I omitted to state this morning, in reference to Kunze was, that a short time before the murder he was in company with some parties in a saloon near Patrick O'Sullivan's, and exhibited a note of O'Sullivan's, saying that he had sold him a horse, or something of that kind, showing the intimate acquaintance of Kunze with O'Sullivan. Then, there is another item in reference to Coughlin. Dan Coughlin, Martin Burke, Kunze, and other parties in this case—whether P. O'Sullivan was present or not—were seen together on the 5th of May in a certain saloon, in which the man who fills the description of the one who drove Dr. Cronin away was introduced by Coughlin. So we see the association of these men was intimate prior to the murder, and the next day some of them met and talked together.

" This is about the evidence in the case; I am not going into all the details, but simply state prominent parts with reference to the individuals. I believe I mentioned this forenoon that the wagon was driven out to Edgewater. There were three men on the wagon, two sitting on the trunk, and one driving. They were seen at three different

points. Just half a mile from Edgewater is where the catch-basin is located in which the body was found, and about three-quarters of a mile south of that on the same road, coming toward the city, the trunk was found besmeared with blood. In the trunk was also some cotton batting. When the doctor was called for, he grabbed his instruments and some cotton batting, and was driven away in the buggy. Cotton batting was found in the trunk; cotton batting was found in the catch-basin. After the discovery of the body and its identification, Martin Burke disappeared; he travels under an assumed name and is arrested in Winnipeg, in Manitoba, on this charge of murder, and extradited. He had a ticket to Liverpool with him. All this is evidence against Burke; flight is always considered in a case of murder or any other crime.

"I believe I have gone over the main points of the evidence. Of course, there will be evidence here and there showing conclusively that this conspiracy was well planned, and showing conclusively to your minds before you are ready to render your verdict that these defendants are guilty. I said this was a conspiracy. Any one who looks at the evidence can see very readily that the acts committed of themselves are conclusive that the murder was the result of a conspiracy. When Dr. Cronin's body was found the head was cut in a dozen places—from behind and on the temple—showing that they had killed him by giving him lick after lick until his life was beaten out. All that will be described by the doctors; the condition of

the body shows that the blows were dealt from behind.

“ Now, a conspiracy is made up of certain acts by individuals, either together or separate, and every act that was done by either of these parties necessary to carry out the object of the conspiracy binds the others who were in the conspiracy. For instance, if a conspiracy existed, then the act of Coughlin in hiring the horse was the act of Burke, the act of Sullivan, or the act of Beggs, or any other person who engaged in that conspiracy. The renting of the cottage by Burke, under the name of Williams, was the same as if they had all gone there and rented it. The going over to P. O’Sullivan’s to tell him they had rented the cottage was the going over of all those interested in the conspiracy, and so in making the contract with Dr. Cronin. If O’Sullivan made a contract and those other parties were in the conspiracy, and that was a part of the conspiracy, then they all entered into that contract as part of the work to be done. Every act that was done by either of those parties before the commission of the crime is the act of all, if you believe there was a conspiracy to kill Dr. Cronin.

“ Another thing I wish to call attention to, and that is that the accessory is the same as the principal. It does not matter whether either of these parties struck the deadly blow; it does not matter whether they were a thousand miles away from the cottage — if it was a conspiracy and they were accessories to the crime, then they are principals to

the crime just as much as if they helped to strike the deadly blow. For instance, three men may enter into a conspiracy, knowing that you have \$1,000 in your house. You may live between Thirtieth and Thirty-first streets, on State. The three men go to rob your house. One stands at Thirtieth street, and the other at Thirty-first street, and the other goes in and robs you of your money. All of these three men have committed burglary. The men who stood on the street corners are just as guilty as the man who went inside for the purpose of stealing your money.

“ When you take this evidence into consideration, when you take the fact that this man Coughlin hired the horse, and another fact, that after Dinan had gone to the station and Coughlin said: ‘ Don’t say anything about me engaging the horse and buggy; you may get me into trouble, because Cronin and I were not good friends ;’ when you consider that he claimed that the man for whom the horse and buggy were hired was named Smith ; that he was sent out to hunt Smith, and saw Smith and let him go ; when you consider the hiring of the flat at 117 Clark street, the buying of the furniture and trunk and the strap, the renting of the cottage, the contract between the doctor and this man O’Sullivan ; the statement that a sister was to be there to occupy the cottage ; the driving of the doctor from his home under the supposition that he was going to minister to the wants of an injured man ; the appointment of a secret committee by Dan Coughlin to have the committee appointed ; the fact



W. S. Forrest, leading attorney for the defense.



W H. Foster, Beggs' attorney.

that the senior guardian said that the committee reported to him, and not to the camp ; the statements that Dr. Cronin was a spy ; the grouping together of all these things makes the conspirators as guilty as if the murder was the act of one man.

“ And, gentlemen, if, after hearing this evidence, you are satisfied that Dr. Cronin was murdered; if you are satisfied from this evidence that this thing had been deliberated upon from the 8th day of February, or from the 19th day of April, when they rented the flat on Clark street, and all those deliberations to take away the life of this man Cronin; the appointment of a secret committee; the attempt to make it appear that the society was trying this man as a disguise to those who might not approve of such work ; all these things, if they are proved to you, if it appears in evidence that this great deliberation was had, that this great conspiracy was concocted as we claim, that this man's life was taken away, as we shall prove—if all this satisfies your minds, then your duty will be plain; then you can give the correct answer to the question as to whether you have conscientious scruples against the death penalty. Gentlemen, we will present this evidence as rapidly as possible, but I trust you will be patient with us in this case. It is a matter that concerns the people as well as the defendants. We will present it as rapidly as we can, consistent with doing our duty; and, when you have heard this evidence, if you are not satisfied that Dr. Cronin was murdered ; if you are not satisfied that these men, whether present at the killing

of the doctor, or whether only present in the conspiracy; if you are not satisfied that they are guilty of the charge, then, of course, turn them loose. But, if this evidence shows this deep-laid conspiracy; shows its premeditation; shows the coolness with which they planned it; if it convinces your minds beyond a reasonable doubt that they are guilty, then your duty is claimed to inflict upon them the highest penalty of the law."

It was 2:35 when Mr. Longenecker completed his address. When he sat down the lawyers for the defense announced that they would postpone their replies until the close of the trial.

EXAMINING THE WITNESSES.

At the suggestion of Mr. Forrest, for the defense, the witnesses, with the exception of Messrs. Holland and Beck, newspaper reporters, were ordered by the judge to be separated and excluded from the court-room.

The work of examining witnesses was then begun, the examination of the State being conducted by Mr. Ingham, and that of the defense by Mr. Forrest. The prosecution at once set out to prove the *corpus delicti*, it having been asserted that the defense would contend that the body dragged from the catch-basin had not been satisfactorily identified as that of Dr. Cronin. Ex-Captain Francisco Villiers, a nervous little Frenchman with sparkling eyes, was the first witness. He had known the doctor for three years and identified the body the instant he saw it. James Boland, who met

the doctor every day for a year and a half; Joseph C. O'Keefe, a tailor, who made Dr. Cronin's clothes, and reporter James P. Holland, were also positive that the body was that of Dr. Cronin. Barber H. F. Wisch, who used to shave the doctor, and who saw him one hour before he took his fatal ride, swore that there was no doubt in his mind as to the identity of the corpse he saw in the Lake View morgue. Stephen Conley identified the body by the front teeth, Maurice Moris by the "Agnus Dei," and Joseph O'Byrne by the broken finger of the right hand. The skillful cross-examination of Mr. Forrest showed that it was the hope of the defense to secure from the State's witnesses admissions that the body was badly swollen and discolored, and thus establish tangible grounds for the supposition that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to identify a body under those conditions. All of the witnesses admitted that the body was swollen, and that the hair on the head and the mustache had been nearly destroyed, but all were enabled to identify the body by its physical peculiarities, the contour of the face, and little imperial close to the lower lip. The cursory cross-examination of these witnesses by Mr. Forrest soon convinced the officers of the State that the defense would enter no serious dispute as to identity of the body. But Mr. Forrest did make a bold effort to prove that the wounds on the doctor's head were inflicted in the removal of the body from the catch-basin. Henry Rosch the sturdy German who first discovered the body, was on the stand, and Mr. Forrest endeavored by sub-

the questioning to draw from the witness the admission, that, when he assisted in drawing the body from the hole by means of a blanket, which was tied under the arms, the head bumped against the bricks. Rosch swore that the only portion of the body that touched the masonry was the breast. Notwithstanding these answers, Mr. Forrest, evidently misconstruing the language of the witness in his description of the construction of the basin, tried to establish the theory, that, with the head under one side of the foundation and completely shut out from vision, it would be impossible to remove the body without violent effort and consequent peril of mutilation. The witness, however, retold the story of the discovery, with illustrations, and showed the impossibility of any portion of the human body to get under the masonry. He was positive, that, with the possible exception of the loss of some of the hair, the body was in no way disfigured in its removal from the basin. A bloody towel was tied about the neck, and a bushel of blood-stained cotton was removed from the surface of the water which had covered a large portion of the body.

Court adjourned until ten o'clock next morning, October 25th.

And thus closed the first day of the trial of the five men, Martin Burke, Daniel Coughlin, John F. Beggs, Patrick O'Sullivan, and John Kunze, under indictment for the murder of Dr. Patrick Henry Cronin. The vast crowd of men and women who had early in the morning of that eventful day

wedged their way through the compact, writhing mass of humanity that thronged the entrance of the Criminal Court building on Dearborn avenue, and succeeded, in spite of the frantic efforts of the bailiffs to keep them out, in finding seats or standing places in the court-room, scrambled again for the doors, seemingly as eager now to get out of the big, gloomy building as they were to wedge their way into it in the morning. It had been a day of thrilling excitement to them, and it is safe to say that most of them had reached a verdict of guilty as to each and all of the defendants. Everything favored the prosecution. The newspapers had worked up the matter to a fever heat, and the atrocious manner in which Dr. Cronin had been done to his death had prejudiced the minds of the entire community against any man and any thing that there was the least suspicion of having had any connection whatever with the terrible crime. Notwithstanding the fact that the prosecuting attorney had, in his opening address to the jury, candidly cautioned them that they were not called upon to try the Clan-na-Gael organization, and that, if, after they had heard the evidence, they were not satisfied that the men under trial for the murder of Dr. Cronin were guilty of the charge, they were to turn the prisoners loose, it is safe to say, considering the mutterings of the crowd, that not only the five men under trial, but the entire Clan-na-Gael organization, had, in the minds of a majority of the motley crowd that thronged the court-room at the end of that first day of the trial, been, "beyond any

reasonable doubt " on the *ex-parte* statement of the case by the State's Attorney, convicted of conspiracy and murder. But the jury—God help them to abide by their oath to weigh all the evidence before reaching a verdict—moved silently from the court-room, and made no sign.

SECOND DAY OF THE TRIAL.

Herald's summary:

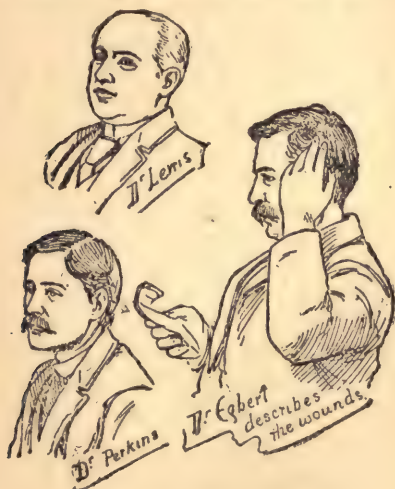
The two Fifth Precinct policemen who were stationed at the foot of the Dearborn street entrance to the Criminal Court building did not have much trouble in controlling the crowd that sought admission to the Cronin trial. A cold, rain-laden wind was blowing off the lake, and the streets were deep with mud. These conditions served to keep most men and women at their regular posts. There were plenty of seats for the spectators during the two interesting sessions of the court, and at no time was there a crush at the doors. Inside the court-room the air was damp and cold. Bailiffs walked around in overcoats, and the women who clean the rooms wore scarfs about their necks. Smoke, fog and rain clouds so darkened the room that the incandescent lights were turned on in mid-day. The first thing Beggs did when he dropped into his seat at the head of the prisoners' box was to glance nervously over a morning newspaper. Coughlin and O'Sullivan did not appear to notice the spectators who were craning their necks in an effort to catch a glimpse of the famous suspects. Burke and Kunze, however, showed their apprecia-

tion of the attention they were receiving by grinning at the women who were banked in three benches at the east end of the room. Later in the day these two prisoners began a flirtation with a girl, and were laughing heartily over their conquest, when Lawyer Forrest, who hopes to clear them of the charge of conspiracy to murder, commanded them to cease their merriment. During this exhibition by his client, long-haired Senator Kennedy, of Wisconsin, sat facing the court, with his feet spread out upon the table before him. Lawyer Foster, who is defending nobody but ex-Senior Warden Beggs, was reading a novel. The public prosecutors were more alert. Longenecker, Hynes, Mills and Ingham each conducted a portion of the examination. The cross-examiners were Forrest and Judge Wing.

There were three distinct branches in the examination. The first was a continuation of the State's proof of the *corpus delicti*. The second point the prosecution sought to establish was that the body received no wounds in its removal from the catch-basin on the lonely Evanston road. The third branch of the interesting inquiry was the effort of the State to prove by expert testimony that the wounds on Dr. Cronin's head were sufficient to cause death. The defense made a pretense at breaking the power of the testimony on the first points, and then, failing in this, made a vigorous onslaught on the evidence of the experts. This would seem to indicate that the defense will combat every theory set up by the prosecution.

As the investigation as to the identification of the body proceeds, it is clearly shown that Mr. Forrest still clings to the idea that the corpse found in the catch-basin may have been that of a man who in life never knew Dr. Cronin. The idea is based on the theory that the body was so swollen and so discolored that it was impossible to identify the features. Mr. Forrest's efforts to support his theory, have been woefully unsuccessful. Nearly a score of the friends of the murdered man have sworn that they had no trouble in identifying the body. Some of them were assisted in their labor by the physical peculiarities of the doctor, which were afterward found in death. Others recognized the corpse by its teeth, by the contour of the face, by the length of the body, by the hair upon the wrists, and by the "Agnus Dei" the doctor wore. There has naturally been some discrepancy in the testimony of so many witnesses as to the extent of the swelling of the body and the ravages of decomposition. But, despite the disintegration which had set in beneath the cuticle, the witnesses were positive in their identification. T. T. Conklin, the little nervous saloon keeper, with whom Dr. Cronin boarded for nearly eleven years, identified the body by physical peculiarities. Big John F. Scanlan knew the body by the arms and shoulders and the little tuft of hair which grew beneath the doctor's lower lip. Frank Scanlon, who saw the doctor an hour before he was butchered, recognized the body by the teeth. Patrick McGarry knew that the body was that of Dr. Cronin by the long,

slender hands. But the most interesting testimony presented by the State in its effort to prove the identity of the corpse taken from the catch-basin was given by dentist E. W. Lewis. His evidence clinched the identification, if such a thing were needed. Dr. Lewis had treated Dr. Cronin's teeth, and had made a peculiar and experimental plate



MEDICAL WITNESSES.

with four small teeth for the four lower central incisors, which had been drawn. The extraction of these teeth had left an unnatural or uneven absorption, which Dr. Lewis noticed when he made the plate. It was the habit of Dr. Cronin when in deep thought to remove the old plate he used, and twirl it between his fingers. That was why Dr. Lewis made an experimental plate that could not be easily removed. He was desirous of

breaking Dr. Cronin of his habit. Dr. Lewis had also prepared the right back bicuspid for crowning, and filled the lower second molar with red rubber filling. When the body of Dr. Cronin lay in the morgue of the Lake View Police Station, Assistant County Physician Egbert, who was conducting the autopsy, removed a peculiar plate of false teeth from the mouth of the corpse. When Dr. Lewis beheld it, he immediately pronounced it the identical plate he had made for Dr. Cronin. Then Dr. Lewis went to the undertaker's rooms on Chicago avenue, where the body had been taken after the autopsy. It was eight o'clock at night when he reached the corpse. With a flood of gaslight streaming down upon the body, he compared the plaster of paris cast of the peculiar plate with the formation of the jaw. One look satisfied him that the plate had been made for it.

"What else did you see in the mouth of the corpse?" asked Mr. Mills, with great impressiveness.

"The rest of my work," was the sensational reply of the witness. "I saw the bicuspid I had prepared for crowning, and the molar with its filling of red rubber. I also noticed the absorption of the lower jaw, which was so noticeable in life."

This testimony had a remarkable effect on jurors, prisoners and spectators. Even Kunze ceased his laughing. The jurors leaned forward, and looked at the four tell-tale teeth and their queer-looking plate, as the dentist held them in his hand. The lawyers for the defense were clearly disturbed. They grouped themselves for a

hurried consultation. Mr. Forrest led the cross-examination. It was short, and failed to shake the positiveness of the witness as to the identity of the teeth.

Then came Assistant County Physician Egbert, who swore he removed the plate he held in his hand from the mouth of the corpse, and since the autopsy the ghastly looking relic had been locked in his safe. Thus far Dr. Egbert had been a satisfactory witness for the State. But the wily cross-examiner scored a point before the doctor left his seat. One of the four false teeth on the plate was broken. Concealing the plate behind his back, and walking hurriedly to the witness' chair, Mr. Forrest asked Dr. Egbert in a loud voice whether the broken tooth was at the right or left end of the plate. The witness hesitated for a moment, and then said it was at the right end of the plate.

"Are you sure?" asked Mr. Forrest, advancing nearer the witness.

Dr. Egbert nodded affirmatively. Then Mr. Forrest presented the teeth for Dr. Egbert's inspection. The broken tooth was at the left end of the plate. The witness looked crestfallen, while the prisoners grinned as the triumphant cross-examiner hurried past the jurors to join his colleagues. The mistake the doctor had made was not damaging or very material, but, when he swore, in reply to a question from Mr. Forrest, that to the best of his belief the plate he removed from the mouth of the corpse in the morgue had a broken tooth at the right end the prosecutors looked annoyed. Mr

Forrest then dismissed the witness with a pompous sweep of his hand. He had made his first impression on the wall of identification which the State had set up. But upon the re-direct examination, conducted by Mr. Hynes, Dr. Egbert swore that he was positive that the plate Mr. Forrest held in his hand was the one he had removed from the mouth of the body. There will be more witnesses to prove the *corpus delicti*.

The effort of Mr. Forrest to nourish the theory that the body, however it may have been in life, had been mutilated in its removal from the catch-basin, was not crowned with much success. The only witness who caused him any encouragement at all was John Fenneger, a ruddy-faced German, who had a very imperfect understanding of the English language. Fenneger was one of the men who discovered the body. He was an easy prey to the cross-examiner, who tangled him so completely that the audience laughed at the irrelevant and humorous replies of the witness. The German was clearly "rattled," and said many things which he no doubt did not mean to say. He swore that the police first tried to drag the body out of the basin with their hands, but, failing in this, brought a fence board and a hoe into requisition. His colleagues, however, testified that the body was removed by poking a folded horse blanket beneath the arms with a hoe handle, the blanket afterward being crossed at the back, and then drawn up from either side. Ex-Captain of Police Wing and Officer Malie, who had charge of the work, also swore that this

method was adopted, and that no fence-board or violence was used. Even Fenneger testified that the body was handled with such care that the skin was not broken.

DR. EGBERT'S EXHIBITION.

Then came the effort of the State to prove that the wounds on the doctor's head were sufficient to cause death. Dr. Egbert was the first witness. As he walked to the witness chair he carried with him the stomach of Dr. Cronin, and the vegetable matter which was found in it at the autopsy. The stomach was in a jar of alcohol. Its contents at the time of the autopsy were in a piece of red, flimsy paper. Dr. Egbert again proved unsatisfactory to the State. He had but a vague recollection of many essential incidents of the autopsy, and was painfully embarrassed. In reply to questions from the prosecution, he testified that, in his opinion, death had resulted from the many wounds on the head. The cross-examination was conducted by Judge Wing. It was exhaustive, and not unsatisfactory to the defense. The skull had not been fractured, and the neck was not dislocated. It was evident that the doctor had died within three hours after eating, as some corn which was found in the stomach had not been digested. There were no external manifestations of decomposition, although the body was badly swollen. Judge Wing discussed each wound, and drew from the witness the admission that not one of the cuts was necessarily fatal, inas-

much as they had not, according to Dr. Egbert's investigation, severed a single artery or fractured the skull. Death might have resulted from concussion or contusion of the brain, but the autopsy failed to reveal this to be a fact, as the brain matter was destroyed by disintegration. The doctor might have bled to death if the flow of blood was not stopped, and Dr. Egbert, in the course of his rambling testimony, left it to be inferred that that was the opinion he held, notwithstanding the fact that there was blood in the heart—a scientific refutation of such a claim. The witness was satisfied that the doctor had not died of natural causes, as all of the vital organs were found to be in a healthy condition. The witness also admitted that all the wounds could be inflicted without producing unconsciousness or concussion. He was of the opinion, however, that the wound near the base of the brain would render a man insensible. He could not determine, from the appearance of the wounds, whether they were inflicted before or after death.

The advantage gained by the defense from the testimony of the assistant county physician was greatly weakened by Dr. Charles F. Perkins, who wielded the knife over the body. This witness proved of inestimable value to the State, and his recital was as interesting in its ghastly details as that of dentist Lewis. Dr. Perkins declared without hesitation, that, to his mind, Dr. Cronin had died of concussion of the brain, produced by blows on the head from a blunt instrument. A sharp weapon, without a stroke, could not produce con-

cussion. One proof that the doctor had died from concussion was destroyed by disintegration, as a microscopical examination of the brain was sometimes necessary to determine the existence of concussion. In this case such an examination was impossible, owing to the liquid condition of the brain. But there was another proof left to the surgeons, and that was to be found in the condition of the heart. Eminent authorities had declared, that, in cases of concussion, the right side of the heart was invariably filled with blood, while the left side was drained of the fluid. This was the case of Dr. Cronin, and the discovery of this fact convinced the witness that the man had died from concussion. Dr. Perkins also declared that the incision on the jaw had severed the facial artery, and that one of the wounds on the back of the head had cut the occipital artery. The hemorrhage from these wounds must have been great, and would no doubt have produced death had not the injury the brain sustained proved fatal. There might have been contusion and compression of the brain as well as concussion, but this could not be determined at the autopsy, owing to the ravages of decomposition.

Judge Wing was severely nettled at the scientific and damaging recital of the witness, and, in a petulant way, asked Dr. Perkins why he did not sink his knife until he found the severed arteries. The witness replied, that, being satisfied, from the location of the incisions, that the facial and occipital arteries were cut, and knowing that blood-vessels retract when severed, he deemed it unnecessary to

make a further investigation. The witness was then hurriedly dismissed by the defense.

THIRD DAY OF THE TRIAL.

It was again cold and dismal around the Criminal Court building when the Cronin case was resumed. Rain splashed against the windows, and the day grew so dark that the electric lamps were lighted. Notwithstanding the storm, a large crowd besieged the Dearborn street entrance, and howled for admission. Men and women were flanked along the brick walk, and received the pelting the rain gave them without any evidence of discomfort. When the prisoners, led by ex-Senior Guardian Beggs, tramped into the room from the slippery bridge of sighs, every seat reserved for spectators was occupied. Many women, whose bonnets and wraps had been disarranged by the storm, were on the long black benches at the Dearborn street side of the room. Among them was the silly girl who has been carrying on a flirtation with Kunze and Burke. She smiled at all the prisoners as they marched in single file to their chairs.

Court was in session just two hours and a half. In that time the prosecutors introduced two rare witnesses, and successfully combated a remarkable ruling by Judge McConnell. They did not attempt to present any additional evidence as to the identity of the body found in the catch-basin on the Evans-ton road, or to strengthen their almost invulnerable proof, that the corpse was not injured in its removal from the basin to the Sheffield Avenue Police Sta-

tion. They did, however, continue their inquiry as to the cause of Dr. Cronin's death, and succeeded in substantiating all the sensational and vital points made by surgeon Perkins, who removed the viscera and the top of the skull of the body at the autopsy. Dr. D. G. Moore was placed on the stand. He assisted in the dissection. His presence in the witness chair was clearly a surprise to the lawyers for the defense. Dr. Moore did not testify at the coroner's inquest or before the grand jury, and he made no deposition in the extradition of Burke. Mr. Forrest, drawing these admissions from the witness, objected to giving testimony, but the court promptly overruled the objection, and the doctor began his ghastly story of the appearance of the wounds and the condition of the viscera. These gashes, the witness was convinced, were necessarily mortal. Death had come from concussion or contusion of the brain, and not from hemorrhage caused by the severing of the facial and occipital arteries. These blood-vessels, the autopsy showed, were cut, as they had retracted, and could not be found. While a strong man could bleed to death from the severing of these arteries, dissolution would not be speedy, as these vessels are small. Death had doubtless come from the shock the brain received and while the hemorrhage was yet in progress. A thorough examination of the viscera showed no signs of ante-mortem degeneration. There was another proof that the doctor had died from violence. The brain, however, was gone. Cross-ex-

aminer Forrest, with his grim face wrinkled in a smile, asked if there were not some ground for believing that Dr. Cronin died suddenly of acute brain trouble. This was a new move by the defense. The witness declared that the healthy condition of the viscera was in itself a convincing refutation of such an assertion. Then Mr. Forrest suggested the possibility of sudden death from chronic brain trouble, and asked, provided such were the fact, if the surgeons who conducted the autopsy could determine it by the appearance of the brain. As there had been no brain to examine, Dr. Moore was unable to combat this strange theory. The witness was satisfied, from the contused condition of the wounds, that they had been inflicted before death. In his opinion it was impossible to leave any contusion about a scalp wound made after death. Mr. Forrest, still looking for a cudgel with which to break the damaging testimony of the surgeon, was rewarded a moment later by drawing from the witness the admission that he had but a few hours before read the newspaper reports of Dr. Egbert's testimony of the previous day. Then Mr. Forrest created a sensation by moving that Dr. Moore's entire testimony be stricken from the record.

Judge McConnell, to the amazement of nearly everybody in the room, sustained the motion. A dramatic scene followed, and suppressed exclamations of surprise burst from the audience. Mr. Forrest, with a triumphant smile, walked hurriedly past his associates and sipped a glass of water. For an instant the public prosecutors were dumb-

founded. Mr. Hynes was the first to contest the ruling. His face was crimson with excitement as he drew his massive form above the table at which he was sitting, and in a loud voice declared, that, if such an unprecedented ruling were followed, the trial might just as well stop then and there. Raising his arm so that his clinched fist was on a level with the bar of the court, Mr. Hynes challenged Judge McConnell to show authorities to sustain such a ruling. Beside the big lawyer was Luther Laffin Mills, pale with emotion. Almost before Mr. Hynes had finished his thundering attack, the clear, resonant voice of Mr. Mills arose above the noise of the street and the mumbling of the auditors. He, too, declared that it was time to stop the case if the testimony of the rest of the State's witnesses was to be excluded for the reason that they had read the testimony of witnesses who had preceded them on the stand. State's Attorney Longenecker nervously watched the fight being waged by his associates. Hurrying down the center aisle were Mr. Ingham and Mr. Scanlan, who were on their way to the State's Attorney's office for authorities. Judge McConnell sat in his chair with his head in his hand. Before him were Mr. Hynes and Mr. Mills, the first red and valiant in attack, the other almost startling in his pallor. The prisoners leaned forward and watched the struggle with intense interest. The prosecutors had scarcely resumed their seats to watch the effect of their first volley when Mr. Forrest arose and intimated that Dr. Moore had been called at the

eleventh hour to patch up the holes in the testimony of Assistant County Physician Egbert. This was a taunt that brought Mr. Hynes and Mr. Mills to their feet again, and called forth a censure from the court. Judge McConnell, speaking in a low voice, then said, that, if such a ruling was enforced in its spirit, there would be no reason for continuing the case, but he did not contemplate such a course. Mr. Hynes, seeing that the court was retreating, now leaped to his feet, and, with a burst of rhetoric that came very near provoking applause in the benches, declared that, with such a ruling as that delivered from the bench, the testimony of honorable men who would appear for the State, and who could not be influenced by newspaper reports, would be excluded, while the testimony of perjurers who would swear that they had not read the newspaper accounts of the trial would go on record. As the big lawyer sat down, Mr. Ingham and Mr. Scanlan returned with law books piled high upon their arms. But the battle was now over, and the prosecution had won. With much deliberation and a gratuitous encomium on the press for its enterprise and influence, Judge McConnell reversed his previous decision and ruled that the testimony of witnesses who had read the newspaper reports of the testimony of other witnesses was competent, and that it must be admitted. Mr. Forrest thereupon took an exception to the admission of Dr. Moore's evidence.

EVENTS OF MAY 4TH.

After this sensation was over, the prosecution, making a sudden shift from the finding of the body and the autopsy of the events of May 4th, the day on which Dr. Cronin was murdered, introduced Patrick Dinan, the liveryman, who rented a rig to Coughlin's mysterious friend on the fatal night. The story of the witness was intensely interesting, and had a noticeable effect on Coughlin, who moved uneasily in his seat. Dinan had known Coughlin for five years. On May 4th the detective came to the stable, and engaged a rig for a friend, who was to call for it at seven o'clock that evening. At that hour a young man, who was closely muffled in a faded overcoat, and who wore a soft hat, the rim of which was turned down so as to conceal the eyes of its wearer, called at the stable, and asked for the rig which Coughlin had engaged. This stranger's trousers were frayed at the bottom, his boots were muddy, and his mustache was dark at the roots, but sandy at the edges. He also had about a week's growth of beard. Dinan called for an old white horse for the stranger, and the beast was harnessed to a buggy, which had a White-chapel body. The stranger found fault with the rig, and suggested that he be given a chestnut horse which stood in the stable. But Dinan refused to make the change. The stranger was also opposed to the buggy assigned to him, because it had no side curtains. Dinan said the night was dark, and, with the top up, his customer could easily escape recognition from the street, if he so desired. The strange

man drove out of the barn at 7:10 o'clock. He went directly north and in the direction of Dr. Cronin's home. Dinan watched the horse pass Chestnut street, and saw that he was working in good form. That was the last he saw of the rig until the next day. Two days after the disappearance of Dr. Cronin, Dinan went to the East Chicago Avenue Police Station to see Captain Schaack about a visit he had received from a policeman, who had asked him if he had had a white horse out on the night of the murder. There he met Coughlin, who, noticing the liveryman's excitement, asked him what kind of a horse he had given his friend. Dinan replied that the animal was white. Then Coughlin, becoming nervous, requested Dinan to keep quiet about the transaction, as he and Dr. Cronin were not good friends, and an exposure of the deal might cause him trouble. Dinan, however, being determined to clear up the mystery, made a full report of the transaction to Captain Schaack. The next time Dinan met Coughlin the latter said he had just seen his friend, who was on his way to a railway station to take a train for New Mexico.

Mr. Forrest made repeated efforts to have the conversation between Dinan and the stranger at the barn stricken from the record, but the court overruled all of his motions.

The third time Dinan met Coughlin was soon after Mrs. Conklin's failure to identify the old white horse as the animal that carried the doctor to his death. Both had heard of the incident, and Coughlin, being exuberant, exclaimed:

"I'd hate to trust you with anything ; you are a clear case of a weakener."

Mr. Forrest, in his cross-examination of the witness, resorted to many subterfuges to entrap Dinan, but the latter, being blessed with a remarkable memory, could not be shaken,

Court adjourned until ten o'clock Monday morning, October 28th.

FOURTH DAY OF THE TRIAL.

Napier Moreland, who was a hostler at Dinan's livery stable on May 4th, was the first witness called. He was examined by Mr. Mills. After he had stated that he was at work in the stable on the night of the murder, he was questioned by Mr. Mills as follows:

"You may state whether or not any person called to engage a horse and buggy that night."

"No one called to engage one," responded the witness, "but a man called to get one about seven or ten minutes after seven o'clock."

"Did you see him?"

"Wait a minute," cried Mr. Forrest; "I object to everything that was said or done by this man who called for the horse at that time. I would like to have the court permit us to make one general objection and save exceptions."

"I think I shall let it in," said the court, "in view of what I know of the circumstances."

"I supposed the objection to Dinan's testimony," remarked Mr. Hynes, "would save the point."

"I prefer to follow our own course," said Mr. Forrest, and the exception was noted.

"Did you see this man?" continued Mr. Mills.

"Yes, sir," responded the witness.

"Where were you when you first saw him?"

"I was in the stable, at about the center, sweeping the floor, at the time."

"State what, if anything, this man said in your hearing."

"He asked me for the horse that had been ordered. I told him I didn't know anything about the horse being ordered. I said: 'You will have to go to Mr. Dinan.' He says: 'Where is Mr. Dinan?' I says: 'He is out in front somewhere.' So the man went out of the stable to hunt for Mr. Dinan, and the next order I got was to harness the gray horse."

"From whom did you get this order?"

"From Dinan; he hollered that in the door. The man was out on the carriage floor in front of the stable at that time."

"What, if anything, did this man say as to the horse?"

"When I brought the gray horse out he said he didn't want that white horse. He said he didn't want that horse—that he didn't want a gray or a white horse. I didn't make any answer to him."

"Did Mr. Dinan make any answer to him?"

"Not then; he was talking to me, not to Dinan, at that time. When Mr. Dinan came up he said: 'Take that horse back and send the other one out;

don't send him out single.' I brought back the old gray and harnessed it."

"Did you know this man?"

"No, sir."

"You may state whether or not he was the only man who took that horse out that night."

"He was the only man that I saw that night who took the horse out."

"What kind of a buggy was it?"

"It was an old buggy, pretty well worn — a top buggy."

"How about the side curtains?"

"There were no side curtains on it."

"Do you remember how this stranger was dressed?"

"He had a faded brown coat on — a kind of lightish brown color. The two buttons at the top were worn buttoned up, and the collar was turned up, but not turned up high enough to cover his cheeks. He had a dark hat on, the color of it was somewhat similar to the coat, but a little darker. It was a soft hat, and the rim was high — two inches wide, I guess. The crown was round, a little flattened in on top."

"Did you notice the man's face?"

"A little, not very much. He had a dark beard, and a light brown or rather auburn mustache. He looked as though he hadn't been shaved for four or five days. His face was dirty, and he looked like a mechanic returning from work."

On motion of Mr. Forrest the expression "looked

like a mechanic coming from work" was stricken out.

"Did you see that horse and buggy again that night?"

"I saw it when it came back, about half-past nine, or thereabouts. It was on the wash-rack in the stable when it came in."

"In what condition was the horse when it returned?"

"It was in the condition of a horse that had been driven very fast for the length of time that he was out. He was sweating all over, and had the appearance of having been driven very fast. His nostrils were blowing at the time he came in."

"Did you examine the condition of the buggy?"

"Not that night; I did on Sunday morning when I washed it. It was covered with sand and boulevard mud. The color of the sand was a kind of dirty yellow, and the boulevard mud very much like putty."

"Were there a hitching strap and weight attached to the buggy that night?"

Objection was raised to this question, but the court overruled it, and the witness answered:

"I took a hitching-strap and an eighteen-pound weight out of the buggy next morning, when I went to wash it."

"State what you saw the man do, if anything, when the horse and buggy returned at half-past nine that night."

"When he drove in I was on the wash-rack, and my back was toward him, but, when I heard

the horse stepping on the floor, I looked around, and then he was going out. He was then a little toward the door, and all I could see of him was his back. Whether it was the same man or not I could not say."

"Did you notice his hat?"

"It looked about the same kind of hat. He looked to be a man about five feet seven or eight. I didn't see him getting out of the buggy; he was out of it and going out of the stable when I looked around."

"Did you see him speak to anybody?"

"No, sir."

"Tell us as to how he went out?"

"He went out in a business way."

"Did you see any one else going out of the stable at that time?"

"No, sir. There was a gaslight in the stable, almost in the center of the floor."

"Did you see the stranger near the gaslight?"

"When he talked to me about the horse, he was standing with his back toward the gaslight in the center of the floor, which would be about forty feet from the front door."

"When you first saw this stranger, how did he wear his hat?"

"His hat was on his head the same as it ought to be."

"When you saw him near the gaslight, how did he wear it?"

"He had it pulled over his face this way." [The

witness pulled his own hat partly over his eyes and nose to indicate.]

"Was his coat buttoned or unbuttoned?"

"It was not buttoned from the second button down. It was hanging loose from there."



MRS. CONKLIN ON THE WITNESS STAND.

"Did you examine the feet of the horse?"

"I did next morning. His front legs above the pastern joint were skinned considerably. His hoofs were about the same as when he went out. There was a little mud on the feet, and a little sand mixed in with it."

A motion to exclude the witness' testimony, on the ground which caused the discussion Saturday, was overruled and Mr. Forrest cross-examined the

witness as to how he remembered the time when the horse and buggy was returned. Witness stated that he had seen the clock at ten minutes to nine, and calculated the time from what he had done until the rig returned. He admitted stating before the coroner's jury that he did not know whether there



MRS. CONKLIN, ASSISTED BY THE COURT, LONGENECKER AND FORREST, EXHIBITS A PLAN OF HER ROOMS.

was a weight in the buggy or not, but averred that he remembered his mistake after leaving the courtroom. He didn't correct that mistake.

Mrs. T. T. Conklin, with whom Dr. Cronin boarded in the Windsor Theater Block, was next called and examined by Judge Longenecker. She stated that Dr. Cronin made his home with her in

St. Louis before she came to Chicago, and had lived in her family in this city about eight years. His apartments in the Windsor Theater Block were on the south side of the hall, fronting on Clark street. They had been two separate flats, and were afterward connected for her use, the stairway dividing the north from the south portion. She saw Dr. Cronin there about five o'clock on the 4th of May.

"Will you now tell the court what occurred after five o'clock in your place in reference to Dr. Cronin?"

"I object," said Mr. Forrest.

"As to his movements?" continued Judge Longenecker.

"That makes the witness judge of the admissibility of what she is about to say," said Mr. Forrest.

A diagram of the apartments occupied by Mrs. Conklin and her family was produced, and John C. McDavitt, who made the diagram, was sworn, and testified to its accuracy.

The examination of Mrs. Conklin was then resumed, and she pointed out to the jury the rooms occupied by Dr. Cronin. They were a front room, or reception-room, with a bay window in it looking out onto Clark street, and a private room behind, with sliding doors connecting the two.

"You say the doctor took dinner about five o'clock?"

"Between five and six."

"Did he go out anywhere after that hour?"

"He did."

"Did he return?"

"He returned about six o'clock, or perhaps a little later. He was in his office after he came into the house. He had a number of patients there during the evening. His office hours were from 6 to 7:30, but he had another office down town in the Opera House Building. His morning hours at home were from 9:30 to 11.

"Was he called away—did any one call for him that evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"At about what hour?"

"At about 7:20 he was called to go out."

"Where was the doctor at the time the call was made?"

"He was in his private room—his private office?"

"Was there any one there at the time other than yourself?"

"Yes, Miss McNerny was in the reception-room. Dr. Cronin was treating her sister in the private room, and a gentleman was waiting in our parlor to see the doctor."

"Will you now state what was said and done at that time by the man who called for Dr. Cronin?"

Mr. Forrest objected, and took an exception to the overruling of his objection.

"I saw him at the outer door leading into the south room. He asked if Dr. Cronin was in, and I said 'He is here.' 'Can I see him?' 'Yes,' I said; 'walk in.' He hesitated, without replying. I said 'You must come in if you wish to see the doctor,

because he is engaged.' With that he came into the reception-room."

"I make a special objection," said Mr. Forrest, "to the answer that he hesitated."

"When you say he hesitated," said Judge Longenecker, "how did he act? What did he do?"

"He waited, and did not come in when I asked him."

"Well, go right on."

"I ushered him into the reception-room, and gave him a seat, which he took very nervously."

"I object to that," said Mr. Forrest, and Mr. Donahoe, both springing to their feet at once.

"Describe his manner," said Judge Longenecker.

"He was sitting on the edge of the chair."

"I would like to have the court instruct the witness not to give an opinion," said Mr. Forrest.

"I submit that it is description," said Mr. Mills, "and an accurate description."

"You may take an exception, Mr. Forrest, said the court. "I will give you an exception upon any point upon which you wish to take it."

"Well, that is satisfactory," said Mr. Forrest.

"Go on and tell how he acted," said Judge Longenecker.

"He sat on the edge of the chair in a rather uncomfortable position. I rapped on the door which connected with Dr. Cronin's room, and said: 'Doctor, you are wanted.'"

"Had he said anything to you before that?"

"Coming into the hall he said: 'I cannot wait

here; I am in a hurry.' I said: 'Just walk in,' and then he stepped into the office. When I said: 'Doctor, you are wanted quickly,' the doctor answered: 'In a moment,' and with that he threw open the doors and came out to meet this man. The man advanced toward Dr. Cronin. He said: 'Dr. Cronin, you are wanted to attend a man; he has been hurt at O'Sullivan's ice house.' The doctor made some remark which I did not hear, and at that moment that man drew a card from his pocket on the right side of his coat and presented it to Dr. Cronin."

"Was that it?" said Judge Longenecker, handing a card to the witness.

"A card like that."

"Do you expect to offer this in evidence?" asked Mr. Donahoe.

"Yes, when the time comes," replied Judge Longenecker.

"I want to know now," said Mr. Donahoe.

"Certainly we expect to offer it in evidence," said Judge Longenecker. "She is now telling what was done."

"He handed a card like this," witness proceeded, "and Dr. Cronin took the card, and asked what was the nature of the accident. He said: 'A man has been run over by a wagon,' drawing his hand across in this way [the witness showed how the man drew his hand across his body]. The doctor said: 'I will be with you soon,' or something to that effect, and the man sat down again on the edge

of the chair. The doctor laid the card on the mantelpiece."

"What was said about Mr. O'Sullivan, if anything?"

"The man said: 'Mr. O'Sullivan is out of town, and left word that you were to attend to his men.' He said that in drawing this card from his pocket."

"Is that all that you remember?"

"The man also said: 'I have a horse and buggy here for you.'"

"Is that all you remember that was said to the doctor?"

"That is all that I remember. He said something else to the man, but I did not catch it. I heard distinctly, though, every word that I have repeated. The doctor sat down to the table and wrote a prescription for this young lady, and gave it to her just as rapidly as he could do anything, and then he ran to his private room and gathered together some bandages and cotton batting in his arms and brought them out, and also his surgical case and a case of heavy splints, and, drawing on his coat as quickly as possible, he ran out, carrying these things in his arms."

"While he was gathering up the cotton and these bandages and splints, where was this individual that called for him?"

"He rose from the chair and stood on the floor waiting for the doctor to get his coat and get these things together."

"Then what did they do after they gathered up these things?"

"They went hurriedly out of the house just as fast as they could go. I could hear them running down-stairs. They left the door standing open; the doctor did not even close the outside door."

"Who went ahead down-stairs—do you remember?"

"The man; and the doctor followed. I in the meantime had gone into the bay window and looked out at this horse and buggy."

The witness exhibited to the jury, by reference to the diagram, the position in which she stood looking out of the south window of the north-side front room. She proceeded to testify that the horse was facing north, so that she could see him distinctly. The night was clear, and the electric lights were burning. The man got into the buggy first, followed by Dr. Cronin."

"How did they sit in the buggy then?"

"The man sat on Dr. Cronin's left, facing north. He seemed to feel that that was not right, and got up and moved across in front of Dr. Cronin, and sat on the doctor's right, facing north."

"Did you see any one there near the buggy at that time other than the doctor and this strange man?"

"I did. Mr. Frank Scanlon stepped up to the buggy and spoke to Dr. Cronin. It was impossible for me to hear what they said, but I saw them. I saw Dr. Cronin draw something from his pocket, it was a bunch of keys, and he passed them through the side of the buggy, through the up-rights that hold the top of the buggy up. He

almost threw them to Mr. Scanlon, and Mr. Scanlon caught them in his hand."

THE LAST THAT WAS SEEN OF CRONIN ALIVE.

"Did you see them drive away?"

"I did."

"In what direction?"

"Driving north. The man took up the reins quickly and seemed anxious to get away. The horse started two or three times quickly, and he drew them back."

"Will you describe the horse and buggy to the jury?"

"I will to the best of my ability. It was an old buggy, but very clean, without side curtains; it was small; they were very much crowded in the buggy; very narrow it seemed to be, and the horse was peculiarly white, creamy white. It was a medium-sized horse, with very small limbs, small hoofs and feet and very large knee joints, and the bones were very large and prominent. It had a very peculiar motion which I never will forget."

"Describe it."

"It seemed to be from his knees down, something like that."

Mrs. Conkling described the manner in which the horse acted, describing a swaying motion.

"Giving it an uneasy appearance while standing?" asked Judge Longenecker.

"I object to that," said Mr. Forrest. "That is leading. I ask that it may be stricken out."

"It may be stricken out," said the court.

"I am not particular about it," said Judge Longenecker. "Is there any other description that you can give?"

"Nothing, except the horse started on very well. It was a very nice, pleasant evening and a great many people were out on the street walking. It was very warm."

"Now, Mrs. Conklin, will you describe the man that got into the buggy and drove him off north on Clark street?"

"He was about five feet seven, as near as I could judge. He was a medium-sized man, with a small mustache, a dirty-looking face and straight hair. He had a slouch hat with a very low crown, and very faded-looking clothes. He had on an overcoat, which looked too large for him and very much faded. He looked rusty and dirty looking. His coat was buttoned at the neck, but the collar was not turned up at all. The rim of his hat appeared to be very soft—that is, bent and broken—and it fell down at the back. It was a hat that could be crushed up. It was not a small hat, but had a very low crown."

"You speak of his face being dirty?"

"It was not clean shaven. He had a small mustache; it was dark, not black. It was a long growth of beard, a stubbly and unshaven face."

"How about his build, as to whether he was heavy or light?"

"He was not a heavy man. He was well put together—I should say wiry, and quick in his movements. His eyes were very peculiar—very

wicked. He had a most villainous countenance, I will say right here, when he looked at you ——."

"I object to that," said Mr. Forrest.

"His eyes said, 'Don't look at me again.'"

"I object to that," said Mr. Forrest.

"That may be stricken out," said the court, "bothas to the villainous look and the other; the two last stanzas may be stricken out."

The witness, resuming her testimony, said that the man had on a faded overcoat with a greasy collar.

"Now, the doctor did not return that night, you say. What was done the next morning by yourself and your husband?"

"I object," said Mr. Donahoe. "It is immaterial, unless it was done in the presence of the defendants."

"We propose to show that she saw one of the defendants next day," said Judge Longenecker.

"I will have to have an explanation of how you make it relevant," said the court.

O'SULLIVAN AT CRONIN'S OFFICE THE NEXT DAY.

"Did you see Patrick O'Sullivan, one of these defendants, the next day?"

"I did."

"Where did you see him?"

"In Dr. Cronin's reception-room. I saw him on the Sunday afternoon after Dr. Cronin's disappearance, the 5th of May."

"Who brought him to your house? Do you remember?"

"Mr. Murray, one of Pinkerton's men, I think."

"In the first place, Mr. Conklin took me out to Mr. O'Sullivan's house."

"Did you see him then?"

"I did not. We returned, and found Mr. O'Sullivan there with Mr. Murray. They sat on the couch in Dr. Cronin's reception-room. I took a seat in front, and Mr. O'Sullivan sat directly opposite me. Mr. Murray said: 'This is Mr. O'Sullivan, Mrs. Conklin.' I said: 'Mr. O'Sullivan, you say you did not send for Dr. Cronin?' My husband had seen him before in the meantime. Mr. O'Sullivan said: 'No; I did not send for Dr. Cronin.' I said: 'Mr. O'Sullivan, you made a contract with Dr. Cronin a short time ago.' 'Yes,' he said, 'I made a contract with Dr. Cronin.' 'Well,' I said, 'is it not very singular that you should send for Dr. Cronin so quickly after having made that contract?' 'Well,' he says, 'it was about four weeks ago we made that contract.' 'No,' I said, 'it is not four weeks ago.' 'Well,' he said, 'it is three weeks.' 'No,' I said, 'it is not three weeks since I knew of it.' 'Well, it must be about that long.' I said: 'Well, is it not very strange that you should make a contract with Dr. Cronin to come six or seven miles to tend your men, when there are fifty or a hundred physicians near you, who are equally as skillful as he? Why did you do it?' 'Well,' he said, 'because Dr. Cronin was so highly recommended.' I said: 'Who recommended Dr. Cronin so highly?' 'Well,' he said, 'it was Justice Mahoney.' He said: 'Justice Mahoney came with

me down town when I made this contract, and introduced me to Dr. Cronin.' I said: 'You did not know Dr. Cronin, then, before?' 'Well, not very well,' he said. I said: 'If you knew him at all, why was it necessary to be introduced?' 'Well, I did not know him very well,' he said. 'Well, Mr. O'Sullivan, explain this thing.' 'Well, he said, 'I cannot explain it.' I said: 'You must make some explanation. You must admit that this looks very bad for you, if you cannot explain it.' 'Well,' he said, 'it does look awful bad, and I cannot help it.' In the meantime he would not look at me at all. He sat just this way all the time [witness cast her eyes on the floor], and refused to look at me, twirling his hat, and crushing it, and turning it round."

"Can you recollect anything else that was said at that time by you to him, or he to you?"

"I said to him, 'Did you ever have an accident, Mr. O'Sullivan?' 'No,' said he, 'I never had an accident.' I said, 'It is strange that you say you never had an accident,' and I asked how many men he employed. He said, 'At present I have three;' and I said it was very funny to make a contract for a physician when he had only three men in his employ. 'Well,' he said, 'I expect to have more men after a while.' He said he never had any one injured, but he didn't know but what there might be."

"Was anything said about the card the man presented?"

"He said he could not explain that at all; he said he hadn't sent for the doctor; that there

was no one sick at his house, and he didn't know how that card came to be presented."

"At what time was it when your husband took you to O'Sullivan's house?"

"We left about three o'clock. Mr. O'Sullivan had then left his house to go to our house."

"Did you see that horse and buggy after the 4th of May?"

"I did."

"Where did you see it?"

"Just in the same place it was when it started to take Dr. Cronin away—in front of our home in the Windsor Block."

"Do you know who drove the horse then?"

"Mr. Beck, a reporter."

At the suggestion of Mr. Forrest, Mr. Beck was sent out of the room.

"Do you remember the day of the month when Mr. Beck drove up?"

"It was on the 5th of May, after the discovery of the body."

"What kind of a day was it?"

"It was a very nice day—a clear, bright day."

"Was it something like the 4th of May?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was the horse standing?"

"In front of the house, just where it did when I saw it before."

"Where did you stand?"

"I stood in the same position, in the north bay window, looking out of the south part of the win-

dow—exactly the same position as I occupied when they drove the doctor away.”

“Do you state to this jury that that was the horse and buggy in which Dr. Cronin was driven away?”

“I do, most emphatically.”

“When you looked at the horse at that time, did you observe anything?”

“Yes, sir. When Mr. Beck came in I stepped to the window to look at something—I don’t know what—and I said [pressing her hand to her breast in a startled manner] ‘Where did you get that?’ I was so startled.”

“What caused you to make that expression?”

“Seeing this same peculiar motion of the knees of the horse. I said to my husband, ‘See, it is doing that same thing.’ It startled me.”

The reference to the witness’ husband was struck out.

“Do you know whether the card the stranger presented was removed from the mantelpiece?”

“Not until my husband took it from there next morning.”

“Did you then see the card?”

“I did, and read what was on it.”

“Who took possession of the card then?”

“My husband; he took it with him when he went to look for Dr. Cronin. That was between eight and nine o’clock Sunday morning, May 5th.

“Did you know P. O’Sullivan before that?”

“I did not; I had never seen him before that day.” Witness further said that she spoke to Mr.

O'Sullivan about Dr. Cronin's having told her about the contract.

"What did you say to him?"

"In speaking to Mr. O'Sullivan about the time the contract was made, he said of his own accord he had made a contract two or three weeks ago. I said, 'No, it is not so long.' He said he thought it was. I said 'No, because it is not long since Dr. Cronin spoke about it. It was only nine or ten days ago.'"

"What did he say?"

"He said it seemed longer to him."

This completed the examination in chief.

"I move to exclude from the record," said Mr. Forrest, "so much of the testimony given by this witness as pertains to what was said and done by the stranger in her presence; another motion to exclude so much as pertains to what was said and done by the stranger to Dr. Cronin in her presence; also to exclude from the record what was said by the stranger; and then a motion to exclude all testimony as to the acts done by the stranger in the presence of the witness and the deceased Dr. Cronin."

"For the present," said the court, "I will overrule all these motions."

"Exception," said Mr. Forrest. "I also move to strike out what this lady said when she saw the horse brought by reporter Beck."

"I think I will let it stand," said the court.

Another exception was entered, and then Mr. Forrest began his cross-examination. He started

by asking questions in regard to her husband's business, and then elicited the information that Miss McInerney was about twenty feet distant from the witness when she admitted and conversed with the stranger in her ordinary tone of voice. She was subjected to rigid questioning in regard to the appearance of the man and the clothes that he wore, but the cunning lawyer was unable to shake her evidence in any particular. Mr. Forrest carried her along the main points of her testimony with the evident object of confusing Mrs. Conklin, but the lady was not to be confused, and repeated, in almost substantially the same language, what she had said in regard to the doctor's leaving the house, the interview that Mr. Scanlon had with him when he entered the buggy, the manner in which Cronin threw the keys to Scanlon, and the rapid, nervous way in which the driver started the horse on its mission of death. She described the peculiar motion of the horse's lower fore legs, and said she had never seen any other horse with a similar motion, and she had seen a great number of horses, and driven quite a number of times.

"When did you first see that horse after the 4th of May?" queried Mr. Forrest.

"The first time I identified the horse after the 23d of May."

"When was the first time you saw the horse after the 4th of May?"

"I saw a horse which was supposed to be the white horse."

"Did Captain Schaack show you a horse?"

"He did; I think it was the latter part of the week following the death of Dr. Cronin. He brought a horse, saying that it was out that night."

'Didn't he tell you before he brought the horse that he thought he had the rig that took the doctor away?'

"He did not."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, sir; he said nothing about bringing the horse and buggy until he brought it."

"When he brought the horse and buggy there, you saw it, didn't you?"

"I did; I saw more of the buggy than I did of the horse."

"Was that the horse that took Dr. Cronin away?"

"I could not say it was the horse on that day, because I saw it under very unfavorable circumstances."

"What were the unfavorable circumstances?"

"It was raining very hard, which changed the color of the horse, and the horse was placed in such a position that I could not see it properly. The horse was driven beyond our place, so that the buggy was between myself and the horse."

"Did Captain Schaack ask you whether that was the horse and buggy?"

"He did not."

"Did you tell him, when you were looking at it, that you wanted to have it in a more favorable position?"

"I did not. I said to him: 'Captain Schaack, I cannot identify this horse in the rain.'"

"Do you tell me that the rain would interfere with the motion of the horse's legs?"

"I don't say that it would interfere. I could not see the motion."

"Did you ask him to place the horse in such a position that you could see it?"

"I did not."

"What did Captain Schaack say to you?"

"He said, 'I have a horse here I would like to have you look at.' I told him to walk in, and he excused himself for coming in the rain, by saying, 'Us fellows have to go out in all kinds of weather.' I said we were accustomed to that kind of thing. He came in and asked me to look at the horse and buggy. We went to the bay window on the south side of the house; the horse and buggy were north of our bay window."

"Do you say it rained all that time?"

"It rained all that time constantly?"

"Don't you know that it didn't rain until the captain started to go away?"

"I beg your pardon, it was raining when he came in. He took his hat off, and shook the raindrops from it, and he had his rain coat on."

"Did you tell Captain Schaack at that time that that was not the horse?"

"I did not."

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am very sure of it?"

"Did you tell him that in no way did it resemble the horse?"

"I did not."

"Did you tell Captain Schaack about that motion?"

"I did not."

"Why didn't you tell him?"

"Because I didn't think it necessary."

"Did you say, 'Captain, it is raining, bring the horse another day?'"

"I did not."

"Did you tell him that it looked anything like the horse?"

"I told him I could not identify the horse in the rain."

FORREST TRIES HARD TO SHAKE HER TESTIMONY.

This line of examination was continued of much greater length, and then Mr. Forest endeavored to get the witness to admit that she had told a reporter that the horse brought by Captain Schaack did not in any way resemble the one which drove the doctor away.

Mr. Forrest announced that he would read from the *Inter Ocean* on this subject, but the court would not permit this to be done, and Forrest said he would withdraw that.

"Just as a man withdraws a knife after giving a stab," remarked Mr. Hynes. Forrest either didn't hear this, or didn't want to hear it, because he continued the examination without making an effort to respond.

"When did you first state that the horse that drove the doctor away had that peculiar motion of the lower fore legs?"

" I think the first time I stated it was to the grand jury."

" Did you ever tell that to any of the reporters who called upon you? "

" I think not."

" Did you ever tell that to any human being before the doctor's remains were discovered? "

" I don't quite understand you; I spoke to my husband about it."

" When did you first tell him about it? "

" We talked about it until afterward I identified the horse."

" Why didn't you tell some of the officers about that movement of the legs? "

" I was never asked to note any peculiarities of the horse."

Mr. Forrest turned once more to the man's appearance, and asked the color of his mustache. Mrs. Conklin again declared that it was a dark mustache.

" Do you not remember meeting Patrick O'Sullivan, Mr. Schuettler, Captain Schaack, and Patrick O'Sullivan's man, Mulcahey, in Captain Schaack's office? "

" Yes, sir."

" Did you not at that time notice that O'Sullivan's man Mulcahey had a very black mustache? "

" Yes, sir."

" Did you not on that occasion say, ' The driver had a mustache blacker than yours '? "

" No, sir; I never said such a thing."

" Do you remember meeting Patrick O'Sullivan

with Superintendent Murray and a reporter at your house?"

"I do."

"Did you not at that time say, in the hearing of those persons, that the driver was dark-complexioned?"

"I have said he was dark."

"Didn't you say, 'even darker than you are, Mr. O'Sullivan.'"

"Yes, I might have said that."

Lawyer Forrest told O'Sullivan to stand by his side a moment. The prisoner did so, and looked at the witness sharply.

"Now, Mrs. Conklin," said Forrest, "was he darker than O'Sullivan?"

"He is darker than O'Sullivan is now." [Laughter.] His mustache was a little darker than that" [pointing to O'Sullivan's mustache]. "It seemed to have a reddish color in the center, but the ends were darker than his. The man's eyes were dark and sharp," but in answer to several questions, the witness declared she had not said the man had black eyes.

At this point recess was taken.

After recess Mrs. Conklin again went upon the stand, and was further cross-examined by Mr. Forrest.

"Mrs. Conklin, did you, before the coroner's inquest in this case, testify with reference to the color of the stranger's overcoat — the stranger that called the doctor away?"

"I do not know that I did; I presume that I did."

Mr. Forrest read to the witness a series of questions from the report of the coroner's inquest, and asked her if she had testified in that way about the stranger's overcoat being of a dark color. She said she did not remember how she answered, but probably she did answer that the color of his overcoat was dark. Mr. Beck called about ten days or two weeks after Captain Schaack called at her house. It was at an earlier hour of the day than when Dr. Cronin was called away. She did not remember what she told the reporter, but she knew that she had said the stranger had dark eyes, and was very restless, and at no time had she said that he had a red, stubby mustache. She always described it as being a dark mustache.

"Did you ever before to-day describe it as a red, stubby mustache!"

"I do not think I called it a red, stubby mustache to-day. It was a small, dark mustache."

"May I ask you to indicate how dark? How would it compare with this gentleman's?" pointing to Judge Longenecker.

"I could not compare it with that."

Mr. Forrest then put the same question, asking the witness to make the comparison with the mustache of Juror Allison.

"It was darker than that on both ends."

"Captain Schaack showed you only one horse, I believe?"

"Captain Schaack showed me two horses."

"The week after the doctor's disappearance he showed you only one?"

"That is all."

Mr. Donahoe then proceeded to cross-examine the witness on behalf of O'Sullivan.

"What time on Sunday afternoon on the 5th of May was it that O'Sullivan had a conversation with you?"

"About five o'clock in the evening. Mr. Murray brought him there, and was present during the conversation."

"Are you satisfied that he did hear the conversation?"

"Yes."

"Who else heard it?"

"There was a lady friend of ours present at the time, and I presume she heard it. There was a gentleman there during a portion of the conversation whom I do not know."

"Did you understand at that time that he was a reporter?"

"No; I did not."

"Did your husband hear the conversation?"

"I cannot say; I presume he did; he was there."

"Before you had this conversation with O'Sullivan you had been at O'Sullivan's house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you now testified to all the conversation that you can remember?"

"As nearly as I can; yes, sir."

"Have you talked with Mr. Murray since that conversation?"

"No; I have not talked with him."

"Have you seen the person that you supposed to

be a newspaper reporter since that conversation?"

"Not that I know of."

"Have you seen this lady since that conversation?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you talked with her about the conversation?"

"No. I have talked with her about O'Sullivan being there."

"Answer my question. Did you at any time talk with her about the conversation you had with O'Sullivan?"

"I did not."

"Before you testified at the coroner's inquest, did you see Mr. Hynes, one of the counsel in this case?"

"I saw him, but I did not talk to him."

"Did you talk to Mr. Longenecker about the case before you testified at the coroner's inquest?"

"I do not know whether it was before or after; I cannot remember that. I had a very short conversation with Judge Longenecker at one time, but I cannot say whether it was before or after the inquest."

"Did you see Mr. Longenecker at the coroner's inquest?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you there testify about the conversation you now have detailed with O'Sullivan?"

"I think I did so."

On re-direct examination by State's Attorney Longenecker, Mrs. Conklin stated that the reporter,

Beck, drove the buggy in front of 468 North Clark street in the same position that it was when Dr. Cronin was called out, and she looked at it through the south side of the north bay window. When Captain Schaack came there with a buggy, he drove the horse north, so that the buggy was between her and the horse, and she could not see it from that window.

"You were asked in reference to Captain Schaack bringing a second horse there. Do you remember that circumstance?"

"I do, perfectly."

"Do you remember when it was?"

"It was on the very day—just soon after I had identified the horse that took Dr. Cronin away."

"The one that Mr. Beck brought there?"

"Yes. Captain Schaack and Captain Wing came to our house with another horse."

"I object to that," said Mr. Forrest.

"You called it out," replied the court.

"I want to know what was said and done," said Judge Longenecker.

"If you are going to the point of asking what she said about that horse," said the court, "I cannot allow it, and we might as well stop right here."

"They brought out the conversation with Captain Schaack about the identification of the horse," said Judge Longenecker.

"Very true," said the court; "but they have simply brought out the fact that Captain Schaack

brought the horse there. They had not brought out anything about what she said about that horse. I think on the part of the State it would be improper to pursue it."

"Was she not asked," said Mr. Hynes, "if she did not recognize the horse at that time, and did she not say so to Captain Schaack?"

"If she said so, I should let it come in," responded the court. "But I have a distinct recollection she said nothing of the kind. If the cross-examination called out what she said about that horse, turn to your notes; you cannot show it unless they brought it out."

"We'll look that up and see," said Mr. Hynes.

Judge Longenecker then asked Mrs. Conklin whether she had testified or said anything about the peculiarities of the knees of this horse before the coroner's inquest, and she replied that she had described it before the coroner's jury.

Mr. Forrest then put Mrs. Conklin through a searching and minute examination as to the particular window from which she had looked at the horse which Mr. Beck had brought for her to identify, and also as to the horse which was brought there by Captain Schaack; and Mrs. Conklin again explained by reference to the diagram the precise position in which she stood when looking out on both occasions.

"I looked where I could see the horse," she said. "I could not see the horse from any other position. Captain Schaack came into the house and rang the bell, and he was admitted on that side of the

house, and walked directly around to the bay window."

"Why did you not ask him to step around to the other window?"

"We could not see the horse at that window. I could not have seen the horse from any other window. I could only see the back of the horse from where I was. I mean the back of the spine. I could look down upon him, but I could not see the face of the horse at any time from that window."

Charles W. Beck, a reporter for a morning newspaper, was the next witness. He testified to having taken a horse and buggy from Dinan's livery stable on the 25th of May, after the finding of Dr. Cronin's body, to Frank Scanlon's house and to undertaker Carroll's on Chicago avenue, near Wells street, where Frank Scanlon saw it, and to the Windsor Theater building, where Mrs. Conklin then lived. Mrs. Conklin came to the bay window, and looked at the horse and buggy that he drove there. That was the only horse and buggy that he got from Dinan's stable, and was the same that he stopped with at the undertaker Carroll's establishment, and that Frank Scanlon saw.

On cross-examination by Mr. Forrest the witness said he came to Chicago in 1885, and had been a reporter for about fifteen years.

"How often have you figured as a witness in a criminal case?"

"Well, I cannot remember; not in a court-room since 1885. I was a witness on one murder case, and this case."

"That is the Burns murder case?"

"The Burns murder case."

"You are the man that went to Jefferson Insane Asylum and acted as a detective, are you not?"

"Yes, sir; I am."

"Made the court and jury believe you were insane?"

"I did; yes, sir."

"Acted as a witness in that case?"

"I did."

"The man was acquitted that was on trial?"

"He was."

"Did you ever live in Cheyenne?"

"I have."

"What was your business in Cheyenne?"

"I do not think I will allow this cross-examination to proceed," said the court. "He is testifying to some inconsequential matters. I think it is utterly immaterial to this inquiry—anything except the bare fact that he drove a horse and buggy to a couple of places."

"That is satisfactory to us," said Mr. Forrest.
"That is all."

Sarah McNearney was the next witness for the State, and was examined by Mr. Mills. She stated that she lives at 80 Locust street with her mother and sister, and on the 4th day of May, of this year, went to the office of Dr. Cronin, accompanied by her sister, Agnes, who was ill at the time. They went there between 7 and 7:30 o'clock; she judged about 7:15. They went into the doctor's reception-

room, and then the doctor took her sister into the consultation-room.

"State whether or not a man came into the reception-room while you were there."

"Yes; I had just been there about five minutes when the door bell rang and Mrs. Conklin went to the door and I heard a man's voice."

Mr. Forrest made another objection to any testimony respecting what was done and said in the presence of this lady.

"It is the same old objection, I presume," said Mr. Mills.

"Yes," said Forrest, "the same old objection."

The court, of course, overruled it, and an exception was noted. Then the witness proceeded:

"He asked if the doctor was at home, and Mrs. Conklin said 'Yes.' He said there was an accident case, and he wanted the doctor right away; it was very urgent. Mrs. Conklin said the doctor could not go right away — 'come in.' I suppose he hesitated in coming in."

"Was there any delay in his coming in?"

"Yes, sir. She said the doctor was busy, and with that he came into the reception-room."

"In what part of the room were you sitting when the stranger came in?"

"In the southeast corner — right near to the doctor's private room, where my sister was receiving treatment."

"Did the stranger take a chair or stand?"

"Mrs. Conklin told him to take a chair, and he walked over to the other end of the room."

"How far was that from you?"

"I think about eight feet. He then sat down."

"Describe to the jury how he sat?"

"Very nervously."

"Full upon the chair, or on the edge, or how?"

"He was sitting more like this." The witness bent forward slightly, and indicated as if the man were on the edge of the chair, with his hands on his knees.

"What did he do, if anything?"

"I didn't see him do anything; only, he had a very uneasy look on his face."

"I object to that," cried Forrest.

"Yes," said the court, "I think that ought to be stricken out."

"It is a matter of describing a man's appearance," remarked Mr. Ingham.

"Yes," said the court, "but it is so misleading."

"Suppose you should describe a restless eye," observed Mr. Hynes.

"You could say it was a restless eye," chipped in Mr. Forrest.

"Did you notice any peculiarity in his eyes?" resumed Mr. Mills.

"I did," replied the witness.

"Tell the jury what it was."

"He had a stare that you would not see in many persons. It was a stare that was just piercing. He looked at me so sharp that I had to throw my eyes off his face. Every time I looked up he looked straight at me, and would not take his eyes off."

"How tall was this man?"

"About five feet seven."

"Describe his face."

"He had a thin face."

"Did you notice a mustache?"

"Yes, sir; he had a dark mustache."

"How about his face as to being shaved?"

"Well, it was not cleanly shaved."

"Did you notice the overcoat or outer garment that he wore?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was that buttoned or unbuttoned?"

"Unbuttoned."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, sir."

"Did he speak to you?"

"No, sir."

"What occurred after he had taken a chair?"

"Mrs. Conklin went to the door of the doctor's private room and rapped, and told him that there was a gentleman outside who had an accident case and wanted him right away. The doctor answered: 'In a minute.' Two minutes afterward the doctor opened the door and came into the reception-room. As he did so, this man advanced toward the doctor, meeting him just near the library table, and asked if he was Dr. Cronin. The doctor said: 'Yes,' and then the man said: 'There is an accident.' 'Who is it?' asked the doctor. 'A man who was run over by an ice wagon,' said the man; 'it is one of P. O'Sullivan's men.'"

"Did the doctor say anything?"

"He said: 'Why didn't you get another doctor.'"

With that this man put his hand in his pocket and drew out a card and gave it to the doctor. When he looked at the card the doctor said: 'All right; I'll be with you in a minute.' The man said: 'Well, I have a horse and buggy down at the door,' and the doctor said: 'Well, I'll be with you.'"

"Did the stranger say anything about O'Sullivan being absent?"

"Yes, sir, he did. When he produced the card he said Mr. O'Sullivan was out of town, and had told his men, that, if they wanted a doctor, to go for Dr. Cronin."

"Did the doctor make any reply to that remark?"

"When the card was shown he seemed to remember right away that it was P. O'Sullivan."

Witness had seen the card, but, on one of O'Sullivan's ice cards being produced, she said she could not identify it because she had not read what was upon it."

"What did the doctor do with the card?"

"I saw the doctor with it in his hand, but I don't know what he did with it."

"What happened then?"

"The doctor sat down and wrote a prescription for my sister."

"Where was this man while the doctor was writing the prescription?"

"Right behind the doctor, on the same chair he had when he first came in. The doctor gave my sister the prescription, and gave her some advice, and then went to his private room to get his over-



Luther Lafin Mills, one of the attorneys for the prosecution.



George C Ingham, one of the attorneys for the prosecution.

coat and surgical case. I then asked the doctor a few questions as to my sister's case, and, while he was talking to me, I had my back toward the stranger. He told my sister to come at three o'clock on Monday afternoon, and then we left."

"Did you notice the stranger's boots?"

"I did, sir. They were rather rough looking, and the leather looked very red and muddy. They looked as if they had been wet; there was no polish on them."

"Did you at any time see the man's hat?"

"Yes, sir. It was a soft felt, flat hat. The rim was narrow."

"State whether or not the man was thin or stout?"

"He was a small, thin man."

"Was there any peculiarity as to his shoulders or chest?"

"He was narrow across the shoulders. The coat he wore looked like a faded black; it was well worn."

"Can you tell the appearance of any other garment the man had on besides this overcoat?"

"No, sir, I cannot. The reception-room was lighted by a chandelier in the center of the room. Mrs. Conklin's room was dimly lighted."

"The gas was burning while you were there?" asked Forrest, in cross-examination.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"It was quite dark, was it not?"

"The evening was dark."

"What time was it?"

"It was about 7:15 when we reached the office, and we left about half-past seven. We left before the doctor did."

"You say the man had a dark, piercing eye?"

"Yes, sir."

"A faded overcoat?"

"Yes, sir."

"And sat nervously on the chair?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know that Mrs. Conklin testified to exactly the same thing and used the same language?"

"I object to the question as irrelevant and improper," interrupted Mr. Mills; but, the witness having already answered in the negative, the court allowed it to stand.

Mr. Forrest then tried to get witness to describe the dress of Dr. Cronin, which she did with a surprising degree of particularity, considering the fact that she had paid no attention to it or given the matter any thought.

Miss Agnes McNearney, Dr. Cronin's last patient, next took the stand. She told about going to consult the doctor in company with her sister, and said she had heard a man's voice while she sat in the consultation-room.

"Could you hear what he said?" asked Mr. Mills.

"He had asked for the doctor, and Mrs. Conklin had gone to the door, and said the doctor was engaged, and told him to step in."

Here Mr. Forrest interrupted, and made the same old objection, and had an exception entered.

"The door between the two rooms was open at the time," continued the witness. "When the doctor heard the man's voice he closed the door from the reception-room into the consultation-room. The man didn't seem to care to stay; he wanted the doctor immediately. When Mrs. Conklin called him the doctor left me and went out."

"Did you hear what was said afterward outside the consultation-room?"

"Yes. The gentlemen asked: 'Is this Dr. Cronin?' 'Yes,' said the doctor. 'There is a man injured,' said the man; 'one of P. O'Sullivan's ice-men.' As nearly as I can recollect those were the words he used."

This witness corroborated the testimony of her sister during the subsequent stage of the fateful interview between Dr. Cronin and the driver. She said the man seemed to be quite excited, and had a great stare in his eyes—so much so that she could not look at the man. He was also very nervous. She was not a very good judge of such matters, but she thought the man was about five feet seven, or seven and one-half. Her description of his clothing tallied with that given by her sister and Mrs. Conklin.

On cross-examination, she stated that she did not testify at the coroner's inquest or before the grand jury; the first person she mentioned the facts to was Captain Schuettler, about two weeks after the doctor's disappearance. On being questioned as to the look in the man's eye, she said:

"It was a stare, but it was quite a bright eye. I

looked at the gentleman just as I would look at you [Forrest], and dropped my eyes again."

"Do you know that your sister used exactly the same language in describing the same thing?" queried Forrest.

"I won't permit that," said the court.

"Have you and your sister talked about the way you would tell this?"

"No, sir, we have not," said the witness, indignantly; "I know nothing of what she said."

"Can you tell how you hit upon identically the same language?"

"I object," cried Mills, "because I think it is a misstatement."

"And it involves too much of an argument," said the court.

"Counsel has no right," cried Judge Longenecker warmly, "to make such insinuations."

"If I have said anything improper," responded Forrest, "I would like the court to tell me, and I will withdraw it."

"I have ruled against it," said the court.

"It might be as well, your honor," slyly observed Mr. Hynes, "to act on Mr. Forrest's suggestion. He asked if he had said anything wrong. You should tell him, because he won't know it himself." [Laughter.]

"I should suggest," cried Forrest hotly, "that that is a play for the grand stand."

This ended the colloquy, and the witness was dismissed after declaring that she did not know how the doctor was dressed.

John Joseph Cronin, brother of the murdered doctor, who is a farmer in Arkansas, was the next witness as to identification. His testimony was very brief. He said that his brother was born in Buttevant, County Cork, Ireland, between the years of 1844 and 1845. Witness came to the city on May 15th last, and on the 24th of May he went to the morgue at Lake View to look at a body.



"Whose body was that?" inquired Mr. Ingham, who was conducting the examination for the State.

"It was my brother's body, Patrick Henry Cronin."

"You are sure that was his body?"

"That was his body—yes, sir, certainly."

"Were there any peculiarities about it by which you recognized it?"

In cross-examination, Mr. Forrest elicited the information that witness had lived at Carlinville, Ill., about four years ago.

FRANK SCANLON, WHO LAST SAW THE DOCTOR.

Frank T. Scanlon, shipping clerk with W. M. Hoyt & Co., then took the witness chair, and was examined by Judge Longenecker. He said he saw Dr. Cronin on the evening of the 4th of May in front of the Windsor Theater building about 7:30 o'clock; the doctor was leaving the building to go into a buggy.

"Was there anybody with him?" asked the State's Attorney.

"Yes, sir; the man who drove the buggy came down-stairs with him."

"Who came down first?"

"The driver."

"Did you speak to the doctor?"

"I didn't speak to him until he was just getting into the buggy. The man who drove got into the buggy first."

"State what occurred."

"As the doctor got into the buggy the man had the lines, and appeared to be ready to drive away; and I said: 'Hello, doctor, where are you going?' He said: 'I am going to attend to an accident at an ice house north.' I said: 'You know there is a meeting of the Celto-American Club at your office to-night.' Just as I said that the man asked him to change seats; at this time the man was on his left hand, facing north. What the man said I

did not understand, but the doctor listened to him and nodded, as much as to say 'yes.' Then the man got up, with his knees close to the dashboard, moving to the right, and the doctor slid over, moving to the left. When he came on that side, he says, 'It is very fortunate you came. Now you can take the keys.' He reached his hand in his pocket and got out the keys. They were cramped for room in the buggy, and he got his hand in the wrong pocket. He turned to get his hand into the other pocket, and got the keys out on a ring. When I saw the number of keys I asked him which one would unlock the door. He got the keys up on the ring to get the key which would unlock the door, and the man started the horse up. The doctor was reaching through the bows of the buggy when the man pulled the horse up, and I lost the key that would unlock the door; I could not tell which one it was. I said, 'When will you be back?' I intended to tell them at the meeting. He said, 'God knows. I do not know how long this will take.' The man started again, and the doctor said, 'You will find some papers down there for the men to sign.' I followed him up a few steps. I thought he said papers for the stockholders to sign, or something of that kind. While he was talking I followed them up a few steps farther, and they got off while he was still talking."

"Who was still talking?" asked Mr. Forrest

"Dr. Cronin."

"As the buggy got off he was talking about these papers?" asked Judge Longenecker. "Now,

did Dr. Cronin have anything in his hands as he came out of the stair door where you first saw him ? ”

“ Yes ; he carried a package on his left arm — a box of some kind. ”

“ Where did he have that in the buggy ? ”

“ On his lap on his knees. ”

“ Did you notice the man that drove the doctor away ? ”

“ Yes, sir ; I noticed the man. ”

“ Will you describe that man to this jury ? ”

“ I thought the man was about my build — no, not quite as heavy. ”

“ Did he have on an overcoat ? ”

“ Yes, sir ; he had on an overcoat ; I noticed his overcoat. It was not a long overcoat. It was one of those short overcoats ; a kind of dark brown overcoat of light weight. ”

“ How was it as to wear ? ”

“ I thought it was an old overcoat that hung around the barn. ”

“ How about the hat ? ”

“ The hat was a black hat, a soft felt hat, small crown, small rim ; a soft felt hat. ”

“ How did he wear it ? ”

“ He wore it pulled down over his eyes. ”

“ Did you see the man's face ? ”

NOTICED THE HALF-HIDDEN FACE.

“ Yes. I saw his face up to here. [The witness described the portion of the man's face that he saw.] When he looked out he was on the right side of

the buggy, and I was talking to the doctor. His eyes appeared to be very dark. He had a rather fierce look in his eyes, and I rather thought it was on my account."

"That won't do," said Mr. Forrest.

"His eyes were dark, and his mustache was dark. I could not see anything regular about his features."

"As to the appearance of the face—whether he had been shaved or not?"

"Well, I do not think he was shaved for a week."

"Did you notice his mustache?"

"His mustache was dark. It was not a mustache that pulled out. It was a kind of mustache that clung to his lips—what you would call a 'moss mustache.'"

"Did you notice whether he had on boots or shoes?"

"No, sir."

"Did you notice the horse and buggy?"

"I noticed the horse and buggy; yes, sir."

"What kind of a horse was it?"

"It was a white horse; it looked to me to be a kind of an old horse and old buggy."

"How was the buggy as to width?"

"I noticed that the seat was very narrow from the way they were cramped in the seat. They could hardly move around."

"Did you notice the gait of the horse as they started off—its mode or manner of traveling?"

"Yes, sir, I noticed the horse going. In fact, he tried to make two or three starts before he did go. You could not call it pacing; it was a kind of

a rickety gait. I would not know what to call it. I noticed him for half a block."

"In what direction did they drive?"

"North on Clark street."

"How far north did you notice them driving?"

"I should say half or three-quarters of a block."

"Did you ever see that horse and buggy after that day?"

"Yes; I saw it in front of Burns & Carroll's, the undertakers, on Chicago avenue."

"Who was driving it at that time?"

"A reporter for one of the papers here. His name is Beck."

"You say that horse and buggy is the same horse and buggy that was driven that night in which Dr. Cronin was seated with this stranger?"

"Yes, sir."

"On this evening, when the driver came down with the doctor, state what he first did after coming out on the sidewalk."

"My attention was attracted to him in this way: I was talking to the confectioner at the candy store when this man stepped out with the doctor. The man went to the horse's head and removed the hitching strap and weight, and the doctor jumped in after him. I had to go pretty quick in order to catch them, because, if I did not, they would be off."

"Where is that candy store?"

"It is next to the Windsor Theater building."

"South of the entrance of Conklin's residence, is it?"

"Yes, south of the door, but in the same building."

"You saw him unsnap the weight and jump in the buggy?"

"Yes, and take the lines all ready to start."

"I will ask you if you have had any experience in reference to driving horses or seeing them driven?"

"Yes, I have had a good deal of experience. I am a shipping clerk."

"I object," said Judge Wing.

"I don't know what the point is," said the court.

"I presume they want to show," said Mr. Forrest, "that this driver was an expert driver."

"Let him answer," said the court.

"I notice the drivers of teams for our trucks," said the witness. "When a new man is put in, it is my business to see what kind of a teamster he is, and I generally watch the man to see how he handles the lines."

"You speak of being at Carroll's undertaking establishment. Did you see the same body there that you identified as Dr. Cronin's up at the morgue at Lake View?"

"I merely went there to have the remains transferred to the armory. I was back in the room and saw the casket, but did not look at the body. I had it transferred from Burns & Carroll's that Saturday afternoon. That was my business over there."

"Did you know that Beck was coming there with that horse and buggy?"

"I object," said Mr. Forrest.

"I want to show that it was not prearranged," said Judge Longenecker.

"There is no possible way by which I can contradict that," said Mr. Forrest.

"I suppose that is not always a test of competency," said Mr. Hynes.

"You might make this competent if you started in on it from the other side," said the court, "but, starting in on it from this side, I do not know that you can."

"There is no evidence that it was prearranged," remarked Mr. Forrest.

"No," said Judge Longenecker, "it is not very material. We do not insist on the question."

On cross-examination by Mr. Forrest, the witness repeated his evidence as to how the doctor started off in the buggy on the night of May 4th. Mr. Forrest attempted to confuse him by reading questions from the report of his testimony at the coroner's inquest, and asking him whether he testified in that manner. The witness said he did not remember whether he had used exactly the same words in testifying before the coroner or not. He did not remember saying at the inquest that he did not notice whether the stranger had an overcoat.

"Did you not use this expression, 'The man was about my build,' without qualifying it by the expression, 'but not so heavy'?"

"I thought, looking at him, he was about my build."

"Did you qualify it with the expression 'not so heavy'?"

"It is some time ago, and I do not remember."

"Have you not put on that expression, 'not so heavy,' to make your description tally with that of the other witnesses?"

"You need not answer that question," said the court. "I think that line of question is improper. That is a matter of argument."

Mr. Forrest noted another exception.

On re-direct examination by Judge Longenecker, the witness said he thought the stranger had a dark brown overcoat

"Now, Mr. Scanlon, you were going on to say something when Mr. Forrest stopped you with regard to the horse?"

"I object to that statement," cried Mr. Forrest.

"Yes, I was," said Mr. Scanlon.

"Let him say it," ruled the court.

"I wanted to say this," continued the witness, "that, when Dr. Cronin said, 'I am going to attend to an accident at the ice house up north,' the thought struck me that this was the foreman of the barn, and that that was the kind of a rig that they kept around the barn to run on errands. If an accident had happened to one of our men we would go out with that sort of a rig."

"Then, from that time on you noticed the rig? Is that right?"

"I will withdraw my objection and let him answer," said Mr. Forrest. "I want to cross-examine him on it."

"When my attention was first called to the rig I noticed the rig from the time I speak about going north."

"You say you noticed that rig," said Mr. Forrest, "because it occurred to you that it was just such a rig as they would have around an ice place?"

"No; that was not his answer," said Judge Longenecker.

"Around a barn or stable," corrected Judge Wing.

"Just such a rig," repeated Mr. Forrest, "as they would have around an ice barn or stable. Is that why you noticed it?"

"He did not say an 'ice' barn or stable," said Mr. Hynes.

"When he said he was going to attend to an accident at the ice-house up north," explained the witness, "I supposed this was a large ice house, and that this was the foreman connected with the barn, and that this was the rig used for errands of that kind, to be at the foreman's use. That is the reason that I noticed the rig, and I noticed that it was not bright and new, and not a young horse. It looked just like a rig that a foreman would use."

"That is the reason that you noticed the rig, is it?"

"Yes, sir."

T. T. Conklin, the saloon keeper, was recalled on behalf of the State, and was examined by Judge Longenecker as to what he did in reference to

searching for Dr. Cronin on the morning of May 5th.

Mr. Forrest interposed a most strenuous objection and interrupted the witness several times just as soon as he got out the words "immediately after we finished breakfast."

The court overruled Mr. Forrest's objection, and another exception was noted.

"Immediately after breakfast," said Mr. Conklin, "I telephoned over to the O'Sullivan Ice Company, taking the number from a card that lay on a mantel in Dr. Cronin's office."

The witness identified the card, which was handed to him for the purpose by Judge Longenecker.

Mr. Conklin went on to say, that after getting a reply, he drove over to O'Sullivan's house on the corner of Bosworth avenue and Roscoe street, and got there about eleven o'clock in the morning.

"Did you see Patrick O'Sullivan, one of the defendants at that time?"

"I did."

"Where did you see him?"

"In his house."

"State what you said to him at that time."

"I asked him if Dr. Cronin had been called to his house—if he had sent for Dr. Cronin."

Mr. Forrest again objected, and accepted on behalf of all the defendants.

"I understand," said Mr. Foster, that this testimony is not admissible except as against the defendant, O'Sullivan."

"Of course," said Mr. Hynes, "we recognize the fact that admissions made after the crime are only competent against the party making the admissions; but statements made before the crime, are admissible against all the defendants."

"In a long record like this," said Mr. Forrest, "we had better take our exceptions as we go along."

"We concede," said Judge Longenecker, "that this is only evidence against O'Sullivan."

"Then the gentlemen agree," asked Mr. Forrest, "that in any event this testimony is only admissible against O'Sullivan."

"Yes; statements after the death," said Mr. Hynes. "This is only competent as to O'Sullivan."

"Where was O'Sullivan—in what part of the house?" witness was then asked.

"I was admitted by Mrs. Whalen and taken into the room. O'Sullivan was there. I asked him if he had sent for Dr. Cronin. He said he had not. I asked him if he had any man injured by his wagons. He said no. I said that was singular. 'Some one called with a buggy and presented your card, and said there was a man hurt at your ice house the night before.' He took the card from me and looked at it."

"This card?" said Judge Longenecker, handing the witness a card.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness. "He said, when he looked at it, that it was one of his cards; one of the new cards he had just had printed. He said he had just got them recently."

"Do you remember what was said in regard to anything further?" asked the State's Attorney.

"I do not; no, sir. I don't remember—very little conversation occurred. I was in a hurry, and I did not stay long. Mrs. Whalen suggested ——"

"Hold on," shouted Mr. Donahoe; "We object."

"Was that in O'Sullivan's presence?" asked the court."

"Yes, sir."

"You may answer," said the court.

"He suggested that I go over to the Lincoln Ice Company's house; that perhaps they might have taken him there. I said I did not think he would call there on that card. I don't remember what Mr. O'Sullivan said in reply to that remark."

"Did you tell him what the man represented what the doctor was wanted for?"

"I did."

"Well, what did he say to that?"

"I don't remember. I think he said that all his men were in early that night, and Mrs. Whalen corroborated what he said. She said they were all in bed about nine o'clock."

"Did you tell him that the man represented that he was out of town?"

"I did."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said that was very singular."

O'SULLIVAN COULD NOT ACCOUNT FOR IT.

"Did you state what the man represented to him with regard to one of his men being hurt?"

"I did."

"What did he say to that?"

"He could not account for it."

"When the suggestion was made to go to the Lincoln ice house, did you go?"

"No, sir."

"Did Mr. O'Sullivan go or volunteer to do anything for you?"

"No, sir."

"Have you stated all the conversation?"

"I have—all that I can remember."

"Was there any one else present at that time?"

"No, only the three—Mrs. Whalen, Mr. O'Sullivan and myself."

"Where did you go from there?"

"I went to the Chicago avenue police headquarters."

"Did you see O'Sullivan again that day?"

"In the afternoon I saw him at our house."

"Who was with him at that time?"

"Mr. Murray, of the Pinkerton agency. There was also a lady present on that occasion."

"Did you hear the conversation that your wife had with O'Sullivan when he called with Murray at your house?"

"Part of it."

"State what was said by your wife and O'Sullivan at that time."

" She asked Mr. O'Sullivan why he had come six or seven miles for Dr. Cronin, passing, perhaps, fifty doctors on the way, who were just as skillful as he."

" What did he say to that?"

" He said he came because Dr. Cronin was highly recommended by Justice Mahoney. Mrs. Conklin asked him if he (Mr. O'Sullivan) knew Dr. Cronin. He said he did. Then she asked why it was necessary to take Justice Mahoney to the doctor's office, to make a contract with him — that is, to introduce him to the doctor when he was making his contract with him. He said he was not very well acquainted with Dr. Cronin. She then said: 'Have you ever had an accident on your wagons, Mr. O'Sullivan.' He said he never had. Then she said: 'Why did you make such a contract, never having had an accident, and having only three men in your employ?' 'Well,' said he, 'I expected to have more, and might have an accident.' She said: 'You must admit, Mr. O'Sullivan, it looks very bad for you.' He said: 'I know it does, but I can't help it.' She says: 'Explain.' He said: 'I can't explain.' She made a remark that he must explain. That was about the conversation as far as I heard and recollected. I was waiting at the door: people were calling and coming and going, and I left the whole matter with the folks — that is, Mrs. Conklin and Mr. Murray, who was present at the time."

" Had you seen Mr. Murray that morning?"

" Yes; I went over to his house."

"And he brought him [O'Sullivan] to your house?"

"Yes, sir."

"And they went away together."

"They went away together."

"I now offer this card in evidence," said the State's Attorney, handing in the card presented by the stranger who drove Dr. Cronin away on the night of May 4th. It was O'Sullivan's card, and both Forrest and Donahoe were instantly on their feet, vigorously objecting to its being admitted in evidence at this time. The court overruled the objection, and Mr. Forrest took his inevitable exception.

"That is all," said Judge Longenecker, and the witness was turned over for cross-examination.

Mr. Forrest appeared determined to rattle this witness, and, if the rapidity with which his questions were fired at him could have done so, he would have been successful. As it was, the witness was absolutely unshaken by the ordeal.

"You retained the Pinkerton Detective Agency that day, did you not?" asked Mr. Forrest.

"I did."

"You saw Captain Schaack that night, did you not?"

"I saw Captain Schaack about twelve o'clock, the first time on that day."

"When did you first inform Captain Schaack of the disappearance of Dr. Cronin?"

"At that time—twelve o'clock."

"Did you have a lengthy conversation with him in regard to the disappearance?"

"No, sir; he would not listen to any particulars. He said he would send out men on the matter at six o'clock, but he would not talk about it before that time."

"Did you explain to him what was wanted and what had taken place?"

"Yes, sir."

"At length?"

"Yes, sir, but not at that time."

"Well, that day; I don't care what the time was?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was Sunday the 5th?"

"Yes, sir."

"The doctor disappeared the 4th?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you retained the Pinkerton Detective Agency on Sunday morning, the 5th?"

"Yes, sir."

"And on Sunday afternoon, the 5th, you explained all the details, as far as you could, to Captain Schaack?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Conklin here appeared to be desirous of getting in an explanation as to his reasons for employing the detective agency before he gave the particulars to Captain Schaack, but Mr. Forrest didn't want to accommodate him, and Mr. Forrest had his own way about it.

"That was Captain Michael Schaack, of East

Chicago Avenue Station, wasn't it?" asked the lawyer, emphasizing each word with his forefinger, and looking at the jury the while.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"And he was a captain at the very station at which Daniel Coughlin was a policeman?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that was Sunday afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all," said Mr. Forrest, triumphantly gathering his coat tails under his arms and dropping into a chair.

IN BEHALF OF THE ICEMAN.

Mr. Donahoe then took a turn at the witness in behalf of his client O'Sullivan and thrashed the same straw all over again. He made the witness state the hour at which he called at O'Sullivan's house; wanted him to admit that O'Sullivan volunteered the information that he had made a contract with Dr. Cronin, and that he was very busy at his desk instead of sitting idling in front of it when the witness called on the night of May 5th, but Mr. Conklin refused to stir an inch from his statements on the direct examination. Mr. Donahoe laid some stress upon the question whether or not O'Sullivan went to his house under arrest or voluntarily on the Sunday of May 5th, but Mr. Conklin placidly admitted, that, so far as he knew, Mr. O'Sullivan was not under arrest on that occasion. The attorney also tried to confuse the witness with regard to the number of men that O'Sullivan

stated he had in his employment, but Mr. Conklin persisted that the number he mentioned to him was three. When Mr. Donahoe had got through with the witness, attorney Forrest said there were a few questions that he had forgotten to put to him.

"You say you explained the matter to Captain Schaack at four o'clock, did you not?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"You were not at the house when the doctor went away the night before?"

"No, sir."

"And did not see the stranger?"

"No, sir."

"Had you obtained a description of the stranger from your wife?"

The State's Attorney objected to this question, but the court held that it was admissible, and Mr. Forrest repeated it. The witness replied in the affirmative.

"Did you give Captain Schaack on that afternoon a description of the stranger that had driven the doctor away?"

"I did not. I did not go into any of the details whatever."

"Didn't you tell Captain Schaack that the stranger who drove the doctor away was a man with a black mustache and a black overcoat?"

"No, sir."

"And didn't you and he circulate that report, or

was it not afterward circulated all over town immediately?"

"No, sir."

This concluded the cross-examination by Mr. Forrest, and in reply to the State's Attorney the witness gave an explanation of the fact that he had not discussed the details of the matter with Captain Schaack; that the latter had absolutely refused to talk with him when he first called on him.

"I called Captain Schaack's attention to the fact that he knew that Dr. Cronin had enemies; that Dr. Cronin had sent him a circular which he had received long before, and had asked him to protect him in regard to his troubles; that he knew that the doctor was liable to be injured by some one, and that he ought to take action immediately in the matter in view of these things. Captain Schaack then instructed his sergeant, or some one in charge, to send out a description of the missing man. I don't think he mentioned Dr. Cronin's name, but called him a missing man, describing him."

"Was anything said in reference to the man who had driven him away?"

"No, nothing on that subject was mentioned. I also asked him to send two or three men up to O'Sullivan's house and investigate the matter, and he said he couldn't do it."

Mr. Forrest made one more attempt to confuse the witness as to dates and hours, but did not succeed, and Mr. Conklin was released.

Court then adjourned until ten o'clock next morning, October 29th.

FIFTH DAY OF THE TRIAL.

Herald summary :

There was a terrific crush at the doors of the Dearborn street side of the court building, but only those bearing credentials from the Sheriff or other officials were admitted.

Five members of Camp 20 of the Clan-na-Gael were placed on the stand by the State.

They were called to testify to the inner workings of this murderous camp, but, with a single exception, the witnesses resorted to all manner of strategy to hamper the prosecution. The men who were summoned were Recording Secretary John F. O'Connor, Andrew Foy, Junior Warden Michael J. Kelly, Patrick J. Ford and Stephen Colleran. They were all intensely nervous and embarrassed. O'Connor was confused and palpably evasive. Foy was rambling and incoherent. Kelly, although more concise than his predecessors, had an amazingly treacherous memory. Ford was more satisfactory to the State. His testimony, however, was not sensational. Big Stephen Colleran, who was the close friend of Burke before the assassination, and whose red, clean-shaven face and massive jaws bear a striking resemblance to those of the supposed tenant of the Carlson cottage, proved to be the only valuable witness the public prosecutors have yet drawn from the camp which is claimed to have plotted the death of Dr. Cronin. The embarrassment of all the Clan-na-Gael witnesses was painfully apparent. They quibbled and hesitated, and made some astounding assertions for men who

admitted that they were present at the now famous meetings of the camps on the nights of February 8th and 22d. O'Connor admitted that members of the order were always known by numbers, and that the camps themselves were known to the public by such misleading titles as the Columbia Club and the Washington Literary Club. His number was 156. Beggs' number was 256. Coughlin, Burke, Cooney and O'Sullivan were also members of Camp 20. At the meeting of February 8th, it is contended by the the State, a storm arose, during the meeting of the club, over an announcement made by Captain Thomas O'Connor, that he had heard Dr. Cronin read, in another camp, the report of the committee that had been appointed to try the triangle, which was then composed of Alexander Sullivan, Feeley and Boland. These men had been charged with misappropriation of funds belonging to the order, and of sending men to England for no other purpose than to get them put away in jail. After O'Connor had made this report, an exciting scene ensued, in which Coughlin, Beggs, Andrew Foy and others took part. Foy declared, if Captain O'Connor's declarations were true, that Le Caron had been sent to England and intrusted with \$28,000 of Clan-na-Gael money by the executive board, or triangle, the rest of the spies in the order should be discovered and expelled immediately. It is also claimed by the State that, at this meeting, a motion was made to appoint a secret committee to discover how one camp came in possession of the trial committee's report in advance of the rest of the

camps. The recording secretary, who was present at the meeting on February 8th, swore that he did not hear Foy speak at all, and could give no intelligent account of what Captain O'Connor said. The prosecutors were evidently perplexed, and broadly intimated that the witness had testified differently before the grand jury. Lawyers Foster and Forrest played to the jury by asserting that young O'Connor was frank and honest. The witness, however, was so embarrassed that many of his answers were unintelligible. It was not until State's Attorney Longenecker handed O'Connor the record book of the minutes of the meeting of February 8th, that he could positively assert that a secret committee had been appointed to investigate the reading of the trial committee's report in another camp. When the public prosecutor asked O'Connor if he, together with Ford, Kelly, and Nolan, had not discussed the propriety of destroying the books of the camp, the witness hesitated long enough for the lawyers of the defense to fire a broadside of objections. The court ruled that the question was improper, and the crimson-faced witness looked relieved.

Andrew Foy's conduct on the stand was as damaging to the defense as that of O'Connor. Even trivial and inconsequential details of the meeting of February 8th had to be wrung from these witnesses. On vital points their faulty memory assisted them to squirm out of small holes in the most conspicuous manner. The jurors were clearly disgusted, and from time to time the great audience manifested

its amazement by derisive laughter. Foy admitted that he had made "a few remarks at the meeting," but he was particular to impress everybody that it was no speech. He could not tell whether he was on his feet or upon his chair when he spoke. He did not think there was any excitement when Captain O'Connor made "his remarks." He admitted that he himself was "hot" to think that Le Caron had been intrusted with the funds of the order, and confirmed the report that he had said, that, if there were any more spies in the camps, they ought to be expelled. Foy's number was 69. He had seen Coughlin, O'Sullivan, Cooney and Burke at the meeting of Camp 20.

Junior Guardian Michael J. Kelly was another quibbler who had seen nothing and heard nothing of the salient points which the State desired to bring out against Beggs and Coughlin. Patrick J. Ford, the "No. 8" of Camp 20, was inclined to throw more light on the internal dissensions which were then threatening the existence of the order. He sat with his hands clasped upon his knees and with a face almost startling in its redness. Coughlin, O'Sullivan, and Beggs never kept their eye off the witness all the time he was on the stand. Ford was at the union meeting held in the room of Camp 20 on Washington's birthday of this year. He heard Patrick McGarry and Richard Powers speak at this assembling of the camps about the triangle, and the charge that it had been misappropriating the funds of the order. Senior Guardian Beggs presided over the meeting, and in earnest speech defended

Alexander Sullivan, whom he claimed was innocent of the charge of dishonesty. At one time during the senior guardian's harangue Ford heard him say that he would have peace or open war, as he was getting tired of the bushwhacking tactics of the anti-Sullivan or Cronin faction of the order. There was much excitement at the meeting, or, as Ford described it, "the members seemed to be very much heated." The witness had accompanied O'Sullivan to a meeting of Camp 20 just before the municipal election in April. On their way to the hall O'Sullivan talked about the deputies fraternizing with the members of Dr. Cronin's camp in Lake View. With this intelligence in mind, he made a speech in Camp 20 that night relative to the discovery, and cited O'Sullivan as his authority.

It has been claimed by the State that the rank and file of the Clan-na-Gael, or of Camp 20, at last, were led to believe Dr. Cronin a spy. The significance of Ford's testimony relative to O'Sullivan's conversation with him on their way to a meeting of Camp 20, is found in the iceman's attempt to strengthen this belief by making it appear that the Lake View camp, of which the dead doctor was the most conspicuous figure, was a rendezvous for deputies as well as for patriotic Irishmen who were battling to establish a republic in Ireland.

GOOD WITNESS FOR THE STATE.

It was nearly 3:30 o'clock when Stephen Colleran, a lusty County Mayo lad, and a member of

Camp 20, sat face to face with his old colleagues. The court-room was now densely packed. As the young man mounted the rostrum to take the oath, Mr. Forrest made the motion that he be not permitted to testify, as his name was not upon the back of the indictment with the names of the rest of the State's witnesses. State's Attorney Longenecker admitted the truth of the statement, but declared that Colleran had been a witness before the grand jury, and that the State had not discovered until yesterday morning that it would need him on the stand. The court permitted Colleran to testify. His story, although given with evident unwillingness and embarrassment, was damaging to all the defendants except Kunze, and showed that the suspects were well acquainted with one another, despite their assertions to the contrary. There had been conflicting testimony from the rest of the Clan-na-Gael witnesses as to the presence of Coughlin, Burke, Cooney and O'Sullivan at the meeting of February 8th. Colleran was positive that the first three were in the hall, and described with much minuteness where Coughlin and Cooney sat. He heard the wrangling over the report of the trial committee, but a treacherous memory now failed to retain even so much as an intelligent idea of the substance of the speeches. Colleran has known all the defendants, with the exception of Kunze, for from two to five years. He used to work with Burke in the water department of the city, and afterward chummed around town with him when both were out of work. In January and February of

that year they called three times at the office of Mr. Beggs, who was a lawyer in the Metropolitan Block, and asked him to use his influence in securing their reinstatement in the water department. They met Beggs each time, and talked with him quite freely. As late as March, or about the time the plot to murder Cronin was reaching its maturity, Colleran had seen Coughlin and Burke walking together in the shadow of the Criminal Court building. He joined them on the sidewalk, and all three walked to Clark street, and thence to Dolan's saloon, near Chicago Avenue Police Station. Dolan was at this time a member of the same camp to which they belonged. The three men took a drink together, and talked among themselves in the saloon for about fifteen minutes. The last time Colleran saw Burke was the Sunday preceding the finding of the body of Dr. Cronin. They met on North Market street, and Burke, who was on his way northward, said he was living at the stock-yards.

The rest of the witness' story went to show the intimacy of Cooney, "the Fox," Coughlin and Burke. These three men, whenever seen by Colleran during the few weeks preceding the culmination of the murderous branch of the conspiracy, were always hovering around the den of the camp, the Chicago Avenue Police Station, and the district where expressman Mortensen was hired by one of the Carlson cottage tenants to carry the stool-pigeon furniture from the Clark street flat to the slaughter-house on North Ashland avenue.

He even saw Cooney at Market street and Chicago avenue the day Coughlin was arrested. Shorn of all verbiage, the sensational testimony of witnesses showed that Beggs was acquainted with Burke, that Coughlin, Cooney and Burke were close friends, and that all four were particularly interested in one another during the four months preceding the butchery.

Colleran was not a willing witness, but it was evident that he was not possessed of the subtlety of his camp colleagues who had appeared earlier in the day. Whenever he hesitated the finger and blazing eye of Luther Laflin Mills met his almost despairing eye and seemed to wring from him the damaging admissions which the prisoners heard. Coughlin glared steadily at the witness during the time he wriggled in his chair, and Burke's face was pale and flushed as though colored lights were being cast against it. O'Sullivan and Beggs showed no uneasiness. Little Kunze laughed and threw his legs over the arm of his chair as though the testimony did not concern him in the least. When the hour for adjournment came, Colleran was still on the stand. His direct examination will be resumed by Mr. Mills this morning.

During the examination of the Clan-na-Gael witness, Mr. Forrest, representing all the defendants with the exception of Beggs, kept up a constant and offensive fire of objections. He was on his feet nearly every moment. When he was not objecting to the interrogatories of the State he was objecting to Mr. Foster's method of cross-examin-

ing in behalf of Beggs. Mr. Foster demanded a searching inquiry into the conduct of his client. Mr. Forrest, however, was not soliciting too much light, and during the day it became apparent that Mr. Foster was for Beggs and Beggs alone, while, so far as he is concerned, the devil can take the hindmost.

The wife of liveryman Dinan, who was on the stand early in the morning, testified to seeing the white horse return to the stable on the night of the murder. The animal was steaming and blowing from harsh treatment. The mysterious driver, wearing the same soft, black hat and the same old faded coat, hurried out of the barn and crossed Clark street in the direction of the Chicago Avenue Police Station.

Court adjourned until ten o'clock next morning, October 30th.

CHAPTER XXX.

WAR IN CAMP TWENTY — BRAVE WORDS OF BRAVE MEN — NO AFFILIATION, NO TRUCE, WITH ROBBERS AND TRAITORS — "LET US KNOW THE TRUTH" — OUTSPOKEN CAPTAIN T. F. O'CONNOR — BOILER-MAKER MCGARRY'S RINGING BLOWS.

OCTOBER 30, in open court, a disclosure was made by honest Irishmen of one night's proceedings in Camp 20, that opens to the imagination a scene of intense dramatic interest.

Two gallant men on that occasion stood boldly fronting the adherents and emissaries of thieves and betrayers.

In spite of sneers, threats, yells, the frownings and adverse rulings of official authority, two honest, fearless, warm-hearted Irishmen arose, almost without other friends to support them; and, well knowing that they were about to incur the hatred, to risk the deadly vengeance, of unscrupulous foes, they demanded to know, in the name of their plundered, outraged brothers, why charges of a criminal nature made against unfaithful leaders were not investigated, and, at the same time, in a spirit of true fraternity, they defended against the mutterings of malice, the open defamation of his character, a man whom they instinctively knew to be faithful in all things, a man whom they proudly called their friend, Dr. P. H. Cronin.

Captain Thomas F. O'Connor is a grand type of the Irish-American. "Soldier is written in his face, told in his bearing, and speaks with every word coming from his lips.

He has been a member of the Clan-na-Gael for twenty or twenty-five years; connected with Camp 20 for nearly sixteen years.

In December, 1888, or January, 1889, he visited the camp to which Dr. Cronin belonged, and there he heard read a report relating to the trial of the executive committee. Its disclosures grieved and angered him.

At his own camp, No. 20, on the night of February 8, 1889, he heard Andrew Foy address the Senior Guardian, and state that he believed that there were four British spies in the organization, that the society should be reorganized and given a new name, and that every one upon whom rested a taint of suspicion should be expelled and debarred from all contact and association with the body.

Well did Captain O'Connor know at whom these covert insinuations were directed; well he knew the object with which such proposition was made, nor was he blind to the fact that such dissolution of the existing order and its reorganization was to cover up misdeeds that were likely to be unveiled when men, fearless and independent of the Triangle, were still in the order to demand their rights and question those to whom they had delegated authority.

When Foy had concluded his speech, Captain O'Connor arose, and said that he was not surprised

to hear such a proposition. He knew positively that the organization was controlled by a clique of rogues known as the Executive Board, that they had squandered the funds of the society to the amount of at least \$100,000, and, not only that, they had sent brave, unselfish men to England, under orders to carry out their projects, and had betrayed these same men into British prisons.

He stated that he knew the spy Le Caron to have been an agent of, and to have received pay from, this same Executive Board.

Then there was a yell of rage and hate, and open threats against this man of truth, by the tools of the Trianglers. It was demanded that he give his source of information.

"I did not like the brother who first made this demand," said Captain O'Connor, "so I replied: 'You demand nothing.'

"Then two or three others, amidst the general uproar, made the same inquiry of me. I turned to the Senior Guardian and said that, if *he* demanded the information from me, I would reply to *him*.

"But the Senior Guardian would not ask the question; and, while the tumult still raged, three times I offered to reply if he would request that I tell where I gained the knowledge.

"At that instant Daniel Coughlin, a member of the camp, arose, and said: 'Mr. Guardian, I move you that a *secret* committee of three be appointed to find out the source of Captain O'Connor's information.' Those were his words. Then some one else was on his feet, and the Senior Guardian rapped

the camp to order. It was a tumultuous time—such turmoil—and somebody spoke, and he said: ‘I will hear no more of this subject, and I will appoint a committee.’”

Who was this Senior Guardian?

John F. Beggs.

And the *secret* committee was appointed by John F. Beggs; and then and there, to do the bidding of their masters, to hide robbery and betrayal of trust, a blacker crime was meditated, and the vendetta of the inner circle was pronounced against Dr. Patrick Henry Cronin.

Side by side with Captain O'Connor, sharing danger and honor equally with him, stands Patrick McGarry, the boiler-maker; Senior Guardian of a friendly camp, and a true friend to Dr. Cronin and honesty. As he retold in court the story of the quarrels in the Clan-na-Gael organization, the effect was startling as his manner of telling it was dramatic.

The effect of his homely oratory, repeating, in phrases devoid of any attempt at rhetorical ornamentation, the speech he delivered at the famous reunion of February 22d, impressed upon all a deep respect for the man who had stood up for the honor of his absent friend, attacked by the adherents of the Triangle.

His story of the tumult in Camp 20, on that memorable reunion night, carried with it the stunning ring and clang of the boiler shop to the ears of the defense, but to the prosecution and the jury every word was as the striking of the hammer weld-

ing into place a rivet in the sacrificial caldron in which the conspiracy was to be immolated.

He closed his eyes while he spoke, as if to recall more vividly the scene, and, gathering strength at every word, he repeated his fierce utterances of that night against the foes of his native land and adopted country. A happy description of the Parnell Commission as the "Forgery Commission" served as a flash-light to show that the witness was in accord with the true patriots of Ireland, and his blunt denunciation of "the cowards who would lay for a man in back alleys" caused a perceptible wince among the prisoners.

John F. Beggs acknowledged that he knew who was referred to as "a greater scoundrel than Le Caron." Beggs said he knew "it meant Alexander Sullivan," and he "was proud to proclaim himself as a friend of that individual."

McGarry told also how, when the murder was known, he had sought out iceman O'Sullivan to demand from him an explanation of the mysterious compact.

A thrill ran through the court-room as he repeated what he had said to the iceman at that time. He told how Dr. Cronin's life had been attempted once before, and how the intended victim had made his escape, shouting, as he plunged desperately down a dark stairway, "My God! did you bring me here to murder me?"

It was on the sixth day of the trial that these important disclosures of Captain O'Connor and Patrick McGarry were made. The morning's proceedings were opened by State's Attorney Longenecker taking out an attachment for Edward Spellman, of Peoria, whom he would be able to give some important testimony bearing on the secret committee appointed by John F. Beggs.

Dennis O'Connor was the first witness called to testify. Resides at No. 265 North Franklin street; is a trustee of the United Brotherhood, and a member of Camp No. 20. Was at the meeting February 8th, and heard Foy speak, but failed to remember what he said; heard Captain O'Connor speak also, in which he stated that up in Cronin's camp he had heard reports read—a minority report bearing on the trial committee that met at Buffalo to try the executive body. Witness remembered that Captain O'Connor said the report reflected somewhat on the executive body, in getting away with the funds of the order, and one thing and another. Remembers, that, after Captain O'Connor finished his speech, a committee was appointed. Somebody made a motion to have a committee appointed to go up to Dr. Cronin's camp and investigate that minority report that he was reading; couldn't say who made that motion. The motion was carried, but witness could not remember who were appointed on the committee. Presumed the senior guardian appointed the committee, as he was the one to appoint such committees.

Mr. Forrest moved to have the testimony of the

witness stricken from the record. The motion was overruled. Mr. Forrest then cross-examined the witness, but he made no material variance in his testimony.

In reply to a question asked by cross-examiner Foster, Mr. O'Connor said that there were "a great many things going on in Camp 20 about that time that he didn't take any stock in." Financial Secretary Patrick Henry Nolan was an important witness. At the meeting on May 10th he heard the mysterious voice ask if the secret committee had reported. Senior Guardian Beggs, who was sitting within six yards of O'Connor, replied that that committee would report to him alone. On the day following the murder, he met Burke and Cooney at Patrick Dolan's saloon on Clark street. Cooney wore a new hat, and when O'Connor chaffed him about his extravagance, "the fox" asked all hands to the bar to take a drink. From Dolan's saloon they went to another saloon and played cards for two hours. When he left, Burke and Cooney were still in the saloon. O'Connor, in reply to a question from Juror Allison, said he was a member of the auditing committee of Camp 20; and, following the same line of inquiry from Mr. Foster, declared that he was not aware that either he or his associates had been accused of the destruction or loss of a book.

There was a suppressed sensation when Captain Thomas F. O'Connor, a captain of the Clan-na-Gael Guards, a Fenian captain, a Clan-na-Gael member for twenty-four years, and a staunch supporter of

Dr. Cronin in the latter's merciless war against the triangle, walked hurriedly into the room and took the witness chair. Coughlin grinned sarcastically as his eyes met those of the intrepid witness. Captain O'Connor was not embarrassed. He sat with his big overcoat buttoned closely about his neck, and spoke in a loud voice. His testimony was a direct attack upon Coughlin and Beggs. After Andrew Foy's speech in Camp 20 on February 8th, in which he declared, that if there were yet four British spies in the Clan-na-Gael organization, as Le Caron had sworn before the Parnell commission in London, the order ought to be destroyed at once, the witness arose, and, facing Senior Guardian Beggs, said the camps ought to look to the triangle for traitors, as he now had positive information that Le Caron was the agent of the trinity. A scene of wild confusion ensued. Brother members leaped to their feet, and demanded the source of the speaker's information. Captain O'Connor replied that he would give details if he were so commanded by the senior guardian, but Mr. Beggs issued no such order. During the uproar Daniel Coughlin sprang to his feet and made a motion that a secret committee be appointed to investigate the genesis of Captain O'Connor's information, which was pretty generally understood to be Dr. Cronin's camp. The witness saw Burke and Cooney in the room during the uproar, and Captain O'Connor could not remember the words Beggs uttered in reply to the motion of Coughlin, but he was posi-

tive that he did not say that it was the duty of the district officer to look after such matters.

Henry O'Connor, who followed the captain on the witness stand, remembered the uproar which followed the latter's admonition to the camp that the real traitors were in the triangle and heard the demand for a secret investigating committee. The witness then made a long stitch in Coughlin's shroud. Amid intense silence he told how, at the meeting of Camp 20, on March 1 of this year, Coughlin had approached him at the doorway of the hall, and said that information had been received in Chicago of the presence among them of a confederate of Le Caron, and that the indications were that the spy was Dr. Cronin. O'Connor stopped the detective at this point, and replied that it was the duty of the camp to look to the triangle for the confederates. This bold declaration ended the conversation. O'Connor was at the meeting on May 10th, and heard the inquiry relative to the secret committee. The cross-examination of the witness drew out the admission that he did not even have so much as a speaking acquaintance with Dr. Cronin. The testimony of Police Officer John F. Collins merely corroborated some of the statements of preceding witnesses without eliciting anything new.

PATRICK M'GARRY APPEARS.

It was getting dark in the court-room when the athletic form of Patrick McGarry stalked past the jurors and up the steps leading to the witness stand.

The man's hands were black and hardened from toil. He is a boiler manufacturer and a member of Dr. Cronin's camp. Without wasting any time, State's Attorney Longenecker drew the witness to the exciting scene in Camp 20 on May 22d when he arose and made his bitter attack on the triangle.

"What did you say on that occasion?" asked the public prosecutor.

The witness, turning his honest-looking face to the jury below him, said: "I said it was all very well to talk of unity, and I wanted to see unity among the Irish people, but there could not be unity while members of this organization would meet in back alleys and in dark corners, and vilify and abuse the man (Cronin) who had the courage to stand out and take traitorism and robbery by the throat and strangle it. I said I was rearing children and educating children, and so long as God allowed me to be over them I would educate them first as Americans, and also educate them, that if ever there should come an opportunity to strike a blow for Ireland's freedom, they should do so. I said they could not be too particular about getting members in the organization, and that I had been investigating Le Caron's record. I also said that there were men in the organization that were worse than Le Caron. I said, too, that the man who gave Le Caron his credentials to go into the convention was a greater scoundrel than ever Le Caron could pretend to be."

The speech was repeated in a rich, resonant voice, which frequently quavered in its greatest inflections.

As the witness finished, a suppressed outburst of applause came from the benches at the east side of the hall. McGarry, continuing his story, told how Beggs had attacked him for coming among the friends of Alexander Sullivan to sow the seeds of dissension and discord, and how the senior guardian had branded him as a coward for excoriating a man who was not present to defend himself. When the uproar had subsided, McGarry again secured the floor, and in a speech as fierce as his first assault on the triangle, defended his honor by declaring that he was prepared to express his opinion of Alexander Sullivan in any place and before anybody. There was another ripple of applause from the audience.

When the witness heard that Dr. Cronin was missing, he went to O'Sullivan's house, and there, in the presence of four or five men and a woman whom he did not know, pointed out the iceman's suspicious association with the mystery, as Mrs. Conklin had done a few hours before. The iceman admitted that things looked badly for him. One of the strange men suggested at the conference that perhaps the United Order of Deputies had made away with the doctor, but McGarry declared that the crime was much nearer home, and that it would be found that his own race had killed him. When the strange man referred to the deputies, McGarry, suddenly turning his head, saw O'Sullivan make a grimace which might be construed as an admonition to say nothing more. McGarry then told O'Sullivan and his companions how Dr. Cronin had

previously been lured to a den to attend a fictitious sufferer, and how he was forced to run down-stairs, two steps at a time, to escape death from the hands of conspirators who were hidden in the room.

The court adjourned until next morning, October 31st.

SEVENTH DAY OF THE TRIAL.

The proceedings were opened by Mr. Donahoe moving to exclude from the consideration of the jury that portion of Patrick McGarry's testimony, given the previous evening, in which he described the conversation which he had had with O'Sullivan at the latter's house when he called there to find out what O'Sullivan knew about the disappearance of Dr. Cronin, and informed him of the suspicions that rested upon him on account of the contract he had made with Dr. Cronin, and the fact that Dr. Cronin had been called away in pursuance of this contract by a person who presented O'Sullivan's card. The motion was taken under advisement by the court, and at the afternoon session the State's Attorney conceded that the portion relating to the remark of some one present in O'Sullivan's house concerning the previous attempt on Dr. Cronin's life was not in order; the other portion of the matter was ruled to be admissible.

George Reily, a barkeeper, 238 East Chicago avenue, was the first witness examined. He stated that one night in March last Coughlin, in a harangue of the approaching municipal election, declared, that, if a certain Catholic on the North Side did not

stop talking so much, he would get the worst of it. He was then speaking to O'Sullivan in a saloon on East Chicago avenue.

Mr. Forrest moved to exclude this testimony given by Reily, but the court allowed it to stand. The witness, on cross-examination, admitted that Coughlin might have said "prominent" instead of "North Side Catholic," though he was certain he said Catholic.

The State maintains that the prominent North Side Catholic who was talking so much about that time was Dr. Cronin, and that Coughlin's threat, whether made in the course of a political or a Clann-Gael discussion, showed the violent hatred the detective had for the doctor. James A. Quin was the next to testify. He corroborated the testimony of Reily.

A broken, blood-smeared trunk, containing a lot of dirty cotton batting, was the chief object of interest at the Cronin trial yesterday. Judge, jurors, lawyers, bailiffs, reporters, and spectators all tried hard to get as good a view of it as possible, but to the five men on trial it was nothing but an object of disgust, and all of them turned away their heads as Bailiff Champion and Mr. Kickham Scanlan were seen lugging the foul thing into court, and, as it was carried past the prisoners' row, the only man of the five who appeared to notice it, was the young German, Kunze, lying sick in an easy-chair, his head propped up on the pillows and his face turned toward the west wall of the court-room.

Apart from the morbid excitement caused by

the introduction of the trunk itself, its presence within a few feet of the front row of jurors had another effect. Strong though its splintered sides were shown to have been, its shattered hinges, broken lock, and gaping hole in the cover, through which a glimpse of its ghastly interior could be had, proved it was not invulnerable. As a type of the conspiracy, brought into court shattered and disorganized, it was significant, while the evidences of crime revealed to the eyes of the jury by lifting the lid, were even more emblematic of the disclosures of interior rottenness of the controlling powers of the Clan-na-Gael.

W. P. Hatfield, the salesman for A. H. Revell & Co., who had sold the furniture to "J. B. Simons," was the witness whose testimony was clinched by the introduction of the broken trunk. Of all the articles in the "bill of goods" selected haphazard by the mysterious tenant of the flat at No. 117 Clark street, the trunk alone seemed to concern the purchaser. He had insisted on its being a big trunk and a strong one, and, to make sure of the latter requirement, he had purchased a thick strap to go around it. Even the strap itself furnished another particle of evidence of the man's anxiety about the strength of the trunk. The first one purchased was not strong enough, and Simonds returned the next day to procure one still stronger. The "next day" was two days before the famous reunion meeting at Camp No. 20, and less than two weeks after the secret committee had been appointed.

Mr. Hatfield told the jury how his customer had laid stress on the fact that the goods purchased were only for temporary use, a statement that one glance at the broken trunk confirmed.

John W. Sampson testified that two years ago, Coughlin approached him at LaSalle avenue and Erie street, with a proposition to lay in ambush near the Windsor Theater, and slug Dr. Cronin as he returned home at night. Sampson thought the undertaking too hazardous, but Coughlin, being desirous that the work should be done, and done well, suggested that he get another man to assist him in the slugging. During this interview, William Lynn, a friend of Sampson, stood upon a corner on the opposite side of the street. Lynn testified to the meeting of Coughlin and Sampson. Both witnesses were subjected to a merciless cross-examination by Mr. Forrest.

Sampson was forced to admit having a most extraordinary criminal career, and possessing no visible means of support. He had been a "shell-worker," and was frequently arrested by Coughlin on charges of robbery and vagrancy. The witness denied, however, that he had been convicted on these charges, and declared with much evidence of passion, that Coughlin's pursuit of him was in the nature of persecution. The young man was intensely nervous, but he succeeded in rattling the cross-examiner and the prisoners, and provoking an outburst of applause, when, in reply to a declaration by Mr. Forrest that shell playing was a felony, he exclaimed that it was not murder, anyhow. The

cross-examination failed to shake the essential point the State tried to establish, as to the meeting of Coughlin and Sampson.

The next witness called on behalf of the State was William Linn, who was formerly a police officer and lives at 141 North Market street. He said that he was acquainted with John W. Sampson, commonly called Major Sampson, and had known him about ten years. He remembered going with him to see Daniel Coughlin about two years ago.

Mr. Forrest objected to the testimony, but the court allowed it to come in.

Linn went on to say that he started in company with Simpson from the corner of Ontario and Market streets, and went to the corner of Erie and LaSalle streets, where they saw Coughlin on the opposite side of the street. This was about eight o'clock in the evening. They went down LaSalle street to between Erie and Huron, on the east side of the street, and stood there talking together, and Sampson left Coughlin there.

Mr. Forrest moved to exclude the entire testimony of this witness, but the court allowed it to stand on the ground that it was corroborative of the preceding witness, and Mr. Forrest once more fell back upon his exception.

Joseph C. O'Keefe was the next witness called on behalf of the State, and was examined by Judge Longenecker. He lives at 1233 North Halsted street, and is a merchant tailor. He is a member of Camp 250 of the Clan-na-Gaels, and has known John F. Beggs for about a year. He had met

Beggs at a meeting of Camp 96, now 20, some time in September, 1888.

"Did you have a conversation with John F. Beggs in relation to Dr. Cronin and Alexander Sullivan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"Coming from Turner Hall on Clark street as far as Madison and Clark, after the adjournment of the meeting."

"Will you state to this jury what John F. Beggs then said to you in reference to Cronin?"

"We were speaking first in reference to the union of the two orders, and John F. Beggs said that he did not have very much confidence in the new executive that was elected. Then the trial committees came under discussion, and he said that Dr. Cronin was not a proper man to put on a trial committee to try Alexander Sullivan. I said Dr. Cronin did not have as unsavory a record as James Rogers, of Brooklyn, another one of the trial committee. Then John F. Beggs told me that Dr. Cronin admitted Dan Coughlin as a member of 96 without the form of initiation, and furnished him with the passes to go in with."

Mr. Forrest noted an objection, and cross-examined the witness, but failed to shake his testimony.

Cornelius Flynn, a teamster, living at 150 North Halsted street, and a member of Camp 250, was next called as a witness for the State, and examined by Judge Longenecker. He corroborated the testi-

mony of Mr. O'Keefe as to the conversation above detailed, and as to the language which Beggs had used in reference to Dr. Cronin.

"Mr. Beggs told O'Keefe," he said, "that they had no right to put Cronin on the trial committee; that he was a detriment to the organization. He said something then about Coughlin — that Cronin had admitted him in the organization without being initiated. I said that was a pretty hard thing to believe."

Mr. Forrest made the same motion for the exclusion of this witness' testimony, and it was again overruled.

The next witness called was Edward G. Throckmorton, of 183 Dearborn avenue.

He stated that he was cashier and bookkeeper for Messrs. Knight & Marshall, in whose employ he had been about three years. The place of business of the firm is 97 Clark street.

"Do they have charge of the premises situated at 117 South Clark street, in the city of Chicago?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you, last February, rent the upper part of that flat to any one?"

"I did; yes, sir."

Mr. Forrest here objected to the testimony of the witness, and was overruled by the court.

"Tell the jury," said Mr. Ingham, "all that you know of that transaction."

"That is what we object to," said Mr. Forrest. "It is to the history of the transaction that we desire to make our objection."

"It is overruled," said the court; "let the witness go ahead and answer."

"On February 18th," said the witness, "a man came to the office and inquired about the rooms on the fourth or upper floor at 117 Clark street."

"Was that this year?" interrupted Mr. Ingham.

"Yes, sir, 1889. February 19th, in the latter part of the forenoon, he came to the office. I cannot give his language, but the substance of it, according to my best recollection, is, he inquired the rent of rooms on the upper flat. As they were always rented as a flat together, and as he only wanted two or three of the front rooms——"

"Did he designate what flat he wanted?" asked Mr. Ingham.

"Yes, the upper floor of 117 Clark street.

"Which side of Clark street does that floor front on?"

"On the east side. As I always rented the flat altogether and he only wanted two or three rooms, I objected to renting them to him, and said he must come in next day, and in the meantime I would speak to one of the firm about it, and, if they desired to rent part of it, we would do so."

"Next day did he come in?"

"Yes, sir; he came in next day."

"What time?"

"About the same time — in the latter part of the forenoon."

"That was the 19th, and the occasion of the second visit?"

"Yes, sir. At that time Mr. Marshall, one of

the firm, was present, and I asked him if we could rent this man part of the floor, and he objected to that."

"I object to any conversation between the witness and his employer," cried Mr. Forrest.

"I take it that there were others present," said the court; "the witness may proceed."

"What did you say to him about renting him the whole of the flat?"

"I said it was not usual to do so; that is to rent part of the flat. He said he wanted a front room."

"Did he tell you for what purpose he wanted a front room?"

"He said he was going to bring a brother here from the East to have his eyes treated, and he wished to have him occupy these rooms because of the convenient location."

"Now, go on with the rest of the conversation," said Mr. Ingham.

"When I told him I could not rent him part of the floor," continued the witness, "he decided to take the whole of it in order to get these front rooms. Then I asked him for a reference, as is customary, and he said he could not give any because he was a stranger in the city. I again consulted with Mr. Marshall, and, in view of the short time he wanted them for—two or three months—and of the general appearance of the man himself, etc., he thought he would let him take it without any reference."

"Did you make him a lease?"

"We made him a lease running to May 1st."

"What name did that man give?"

"J. B. Simonds."

"What was the amount of the rent?"

"Forty-two dollars a month."

"Did he pay you at that time?"

"Yes, sir, he paid me one month's rent in advance."

"What bills did he pay you in?"

"Large bills, most of them ten dollar bills."

"How did he carry his money?"

"In a roll."

"In a pocketbook?"

"No, sir; it was a roll of bills in his pocket. It was not inclosed in a pocketbook."

"What size roll was it?"

"A good sized roll."

"Did you see him after that?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever get any other rent for the premises after that?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know of your own knowledge whether those rooms were occupied by any persons or not after that?"

"Not until after May 1st."

"What did you learn, then, as to whether they were occupied or empty?"

"They were empty, for they were rented to another party just previous to May 1st."

"What had become of your old tenant?"

"We could not find him."

"When did you know that the old tenant was gone?"

"Well, our collector went up the re ——"

"I ask you, of your own knowledge, not what was told you by anybody else. Were you ever up there yourself, together with the collector?"

"No, sir."

A DESCRIPTION OF SIMONDS.

"Describe that man, as nearly as you can."

"As near as I can recollect, he was about thirty-five years of age, five feet seven or seven and a half inches tall, and had dark hair and a long, dark mustache. I think he had dark eyes. He had a fair skin and rosy cheeks. He was dressed in a heavy overcoat, and wore a drab hat."

"In appearance what was his business, apparently?"

"Apparently an office man, likely."

"During any of the conversation you had with this man Simonds, was anything said by him or by you about renting the rooms on the same floor in that building?"

"Yes, sir; I offered him two vacant rooms on the floor below — the third floor."

"In what portion of that floor were they?"

"In the front."

"What did he say about these rooms?"

"He said he would rather have those on the upper floor, because there were no other tenants on the floor and it would be more quiet and secluded."

" Were there other tenants on the floor below the one that you rented him? "

" Yes, sir. "

" Which one was it you rented to him? "

" The fourth or top floor. "

" Where is that situated with reference to the building known as the Chicago Opera House Block? "

" Directly opposite part of it. "

" Opposite which portion of the opera house, south, center or north? "

" The south portion. "

" Do you know on what floor of the Opera House Block this upper floor of your building was parallel with? "

" Well, it is a little higher than the fourth floor, and not quite as high as the fifth. It was between the fourth and fifth floors. "

" Were these rooms rented or occupied immediately before you rented them to Simonds? "

" No, sir, not for about four months before. "

" Any one of them during that time? "

" No, sir. "

" That is all for the present, " said Mr. Ingham.

" That is all, " said Mr. Forrest promptly, and the witness left the witness stand. Mr. Forrest moved to exclude the entire testimony, and was overruled by the court, and Aaron Goldman was called by State's Attorney Longenecker, and took his place upon the witness stand. Mr. Goldman stated that he is twenty-one years of age, and is employed by the firm of Knight & Marshall as col-

lector in their real estate office. Witness knows the premises of 117 Clark street, which are in the control and custody of the firm by which he is employed.

"Last March, did you go to these premises for any purpose?" asked Judge Longenecker.

"I went there to collect the rent. I think the first time I went there to collect the rent was on the 19th. I did not take any particular notice of the place on the 19th. I did not find any one in."

"Did you go there on the 20th?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you find any one there at that time?"

"No, sir. When I went on the 20th I noticed that the party still occupied the front room in the north part of the building."

"How do you know that the room was occupied?"

"Well, I looked in through a hole in the door; I think it was the letter hole. I saw furniture there and a carpet."

"Did you go back next day?"

"Next day? Yes, sir."

"That was the 21st?"

"Yes, sir. I went there some time in the morning. The particular time I do not know."

"What did you see there then?"

"There was nothing there."

"Were the rooms vacant?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many times in all did you go there during that month?"

" I think, in all, about seven or eight times."

" Why ? "

" We had some trouble with the water on the top floor."

" Did you find any one in occupation of the premises at any time ? "

" I never saw any persons there at any time."

" And you went there how many times ? "

" Four or five times."

" So far as you know, was any warning given to the firm by which you are employed, that these premises were to be vacated ? "

" No, sir."

This concluded the direct examination of the witness. The defense did not cross-examine, but Mr. Forrest moved to exclude the entire testimony. The motion was overruled, and James N. Marshall, of the firm of Knight & Marshall, was called by the State. Mr. Marshall testified to having seen Simonds for a moment, when the latter was renting the flat at 117 Clark street, but did not look at him closely, and was unable to describe him. He said he never saw Simonds after that, and the premises were vacated without any notice being given to the firm.

At this point the court adjourned until ten o'clock next morning, November 1st.

CHAPTER XXXI.

DESPERATE FIGHTING OF DEFENSE — STUBBORN RESISTANCE OF THE PROSECUTORS — A FAIR FIELD AND NO FAVORS — GALLANT BATTLE OF COUNSEL ON BOTH SIDES — THE "CREAM" OF ALL THAT WAS GIVEN TO JUDGE AND JURY — NO FAVORS ASKED OR GIVEN — LONG CHAPTERS NOW, FULL OF FACTS — TERRIBLE TRUTHS AND STARTLING SENSATIONS — FROM THE EIGHTH TO THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF THE TRIAL.

PRECEDING its account of the testimony given on the eighth day of the trial, the *Herald* thus graphically describes the struggle of the contending forces for the life or death of the defendants:

"The great Cronin case can now be compared with the siege and defense of a stronghold. When the trial began the generals of the prisoners and the prisoners themselves stood behind four redoubts. These were the question as to the identity of the dead body found in the Evanston road catch-basin, the possibility of mutilation in removing the corpse from the sewer, the assumption that the blood in the Carlson cottage did not flow from Dr. Cronin's wounds, and the sweeping and more impregnable assertion that there was no conspiracy in the camps of the Clan-na-Gael to take the life of the bold enemy of the triangle. The siege has been in progress for over a week. Step by step the

beleaguered men have been driven back until they now find themselves defending the third redoubt, which is rapidly crumbling before the furious fire of the State's guns. The first fortification fell in one charge. The second redoubt was blown out of sight with a single volley. The third line of defense is made of stronger material, and it took a fierce cannonading from the batteries of the prosecution to make a breach in the masonry. A terrible fire was kept up on the redoubt all day, and, when night came, the great bulwark was shattered in many places. Although clearly dismayed at the seemingly resistless advance of the prosecution, the generals for the prisoners were still battling fiercely for this vital fortification. If it falls, it will carry with it the lives of Coughlin, Burke and O'Sullivan, and possibly Kunze. Beggs is already intrenched behind the conspiracy redoubt, which, while clipped here and there by small shot, still defies the work of the heaviest ordnance possessed by the State, and the strategy of the skilled besiegers.

The testimony taken was of a most startling and dramatic nature. It began with the mysterious transactions of the strange J. B. Simonds in renting and furnishing the flat at 117 Clark street, opposite the Chicago Opera House building. A piece of cheap ingrain carpet was identified by Martin McHale as the exact pattern and texture of the carpet he laid in the Clark street flat. Fred N. Allen, who delivered the furniture at the place, told how he carried the big trunk lying before him,



Scene in Judge McDonnell's Court Room during the argument on the exclusion of Dr. Moore's Testimony.

COUNSEL FOR THE STATE—(1) Longenecker, (2) Mills, (3) Hynes, (4) Ingham, (5) Scanlan, **COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE**—(6) Forrest, (7) Donahoe, (8) Wing, (9) Qualey, (10) Kennedy, (11) Ames, and (12) Foster. **PRISONERS**—(13) Beggs, (14) Coughlin, (15) O Sullivan, (16) Burke, (17) Kunze.



MARTIN BURKE.



DAN COUGHLIN.



P. O'SULLIVAN.



JOHN F. BEGGS.



JOHN KUNZE.

THE DEFENDANTS.

and each piece of the furniture bought by Simonds, and afterward discovered in the Carlson cottage, to the rooms looking upon Clark street. Then the testimony, under the skillful guidance of Luther Laflin Mills, turned upon the slaughter house. It chained Burke to the den where Dr. Cronin was lured, and showed that O'Sullivan was deeply interested in the renting of the cottage, and in the mysterious tenants as well. Old man Carlson, his wife, and his son Charles and his wife were alone in the little house back of the building, now known as the Carlson cottage, on March 20th of this year, when a young man, wearing a short, brown mustache, a black Derby hat and a heavy, dark overcoat, rapped at the door, and asked to be shown the vacant house. Old man Carlson accompanied the stranger to the cottage. The fellow, after a cursory examination of the rooms, agreed to take the house at a rental of \$12 a month. The money was paid, the keys turned over to the stranger, and then both returned to the homestead of the old man. A receipt was made and given to the new tenant, who said his name was Frank Williams, that he worked down town, and that his sister and three brothers were coming to live with him.

When Williams left the house he walked over to O'Sullivan's buggy shed, a few feet away, and talked to the iceman. Old man Carlson followed his new tenant out of the house, and heard him say, as he greeted O'Sullivan: "Well, I have rented the cottage." The two men were still together when the old man returned to his house. About the

middle of April Mr. Carlson, seeing no evidence of life in the cottage which he had rented, asked O'Sullivan if he knew anything about the tenants. The iceman replied that he knew one of them, and that he was all right. He also gave the old man to understand that he would be responsible for the next month's rent in case Williams did not appear. The next time Carlson saw Williams was on May 4th, the day of the murder. The young man was standing on the front steps of the house, but afterward went indoors. This was at five o'clock. Two hours later the old man heard two men talking loudly in the front room of the cottage. He could not hear what they said, and the blinds were closed so tightly that he could not see the men. At eight o'clock all the members of the Carlson household were in bed. When morning came the old man, in prowling about his lot, saw strange stains on the front doorsteps, which he thought were made by the breaking of a jar of preserves. In the soft mud near the sidewalk in front of the house were the footprints of men who had worn heavy shoes, and near the curbing were fresh wagon tracks, which seemed to lead to the southward. The old man paid no attention at the time to these new marks and stains, and was still wondering about his mysterious tenants when he received a letter from Hammond, Ind., about May 19th, from Williams, who signed himself as "S. B. W." In this letter Williams wrote that he had lost the keys of the house; that he had painted the floors to save his sister the trouble of scrubbing them,

and that, if any damage had been done, he would see it would be paid in full. The letter aroused Carlson's suspicions, and the next day he began an investigation, which soon convinced him that all was not right. The doors were locked. One shutter had been cut from one of the blinds in front of the house, and through this aperture the old man passed his hand in and sprung the catch. Then he raised the window and crawled into the room. He was followed by his son-in-law and son. Somebody had daubed the floor of the front room with yellow paint. Only two clean spots remained. One was near the window. The other was in the center of the room. In the hallway were ten or twelve foot-prints upon the floor. A rocking-chair with the right arm broken, a chamber set of three pieces, a door rug, a bed, without sheets or pillow cases, and a wash-bowl and pitcher were in the house. The carpet was gone. So was the big yellow trunk, which the old man had seen when he peeped through the blinds several weeks before.

The day Carlson got the letter from Hammond, he talked to O'Sullivan, who came across the prairie to meet him. The iceman asked if the new tenants had moved into the cottage. Carlson declared that they had not, and then read the letter aloud. O'Sullivan then replied that Carlson had got to rent the cottage, and remarked that the old man was having bad luck with the building. This is, substantially, the testimony of Carlson and his daughter-in-law, Annie Carlson. When the latter

had finished her story, Mr. Mills, turning his face toward the line of prisoners, asked the witness if she could recognize, in the great audience before her, the face of Frank Williams. The silence was oppressive as the little woman's eyes rested upon the prisoners.

"Do you see the man?" Mr. Mills remarked, with great emphasis.

"Yes, sir," replied the witness.

"Where is he?"

Mrs. Carlson leveled the index finger of her gloved hand at Burke. The prisoner chewed viciously at his tobacco, and rolled his eyes wildly, as his red face wrinkled in a broad smile. Coughlin, Beggs and O'Sullivan did not look at their comrades. Little Kunze, with his head buried in a pillow, opened one eye as the gloved finger pointed within one foot of the chair where he sat.

The cross-examination on the point of identification was searching. Lawyer Donahoe stood before Burke as Mr. Forrest arose and asked the witness to describe the face of Frank Williams. The woman's description made it clear that she had made no mistake in the identification. She knew the man by his restless eyes, by his mouth, and by the contour of his face. Burke placed his hand over his chin (the most striking feature of his face) as the little woman began her description, but soon dropped his arm and grinned broadly at the audience as the terrible ordeal continued.

Old man Carlson's identification of Burke was even more dramatic. When asked to pick out

Frank Williams from the hundreds of faces turned upon him, he glanced nervously about him and remained silent. The request was repeated, and for the second time Carlson scanned the audience without discovering the face. During this terrible silence which prevailed, Burke, with his face rigid with determination, sat with his wild-looking eyes fastened upon the old man. The witness was asked to leave his chair and walk among the people below him. Seizing his soft black hat with his hand, he walked slowly past the jurors and lawyers. His little eyes were now fastened on the prisoners. He began with Beggs. Then his gaze passed from Coughlin to O'Sullivan, and thence to Burke. The two men were not five feet apart. With a grunt of satisfaction, Carlson shook his old hat at the crimson-faced and laughing prisoner.

"Is he the Frank Williams you saw?" asked Mr. Mills, as the witness returned to his chair.

"Yes, sir," was the sharp reply.

Mr. Forrest began the cross-examination of the witness by testing his eyesight. It took only two minutes for the old man to demonstrate that he can tell the color of a man's eyes at a distance of fifteen feet.

It was apparent the instant the cross-examination began that the witness was angry. Six or seven weeks ago Mr. Forrest, accompanied by a retinue of thugs, took forcible possession of the Carlson cottage, and tore from the floor and walls some of the bloodstains which it was claimed were made during the death-struggle between Dr. Cro-

nin and his murderers. While at their work, old man Carlson leveled a revolver at Forrest, and would have shot the trespasser had not his companion disarmed the old man. The witness scowled at the cross-examiner, and frequently refused to answer questions until the court admonished him of his duty. The old man evidently thought Mr. Forrest was disputing his veracity and taking unfair advantage of him before a great audience. Some of the retorts of the gruff old Swede provoked outbursts of laughter from the assemblage. The cross-examination failed to shake the direct testimony in any particular.

John C. Garrity, for whom an attachment was issued the previous day, took the witness stand, and was examined by State's Attorney Longenecker. He stated that he had known Daniel Coughlin about four years, and was well acquainted with him.

"Did you have a conversation with him about two years ago?" queried the State's Attorney.

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"On the corner of Market and Ontario streets."

"What was the conversation?"

"Coughlin asked me one afternoon, about two o'clock, if I thought Sampson would do a job for him—a piece of work. I asked him what it was, and he said he wanted to have a certain fellow slugged. I asked him who it was, but he didn't say. I said, 'What do you want done to him?' He said, 'Get a club and break his nose, or knock his teeth out or disfigure him for life, or something.'

I said, 'You had better find Sampson yourself and see if he will do it.' In the meantime I saw Sampson, and told him Coughlin wanted to see him."

Robert T. Stanton, a printer in Lake View, who printed the cards for the defendant O'Sullivan, stated that he printed some business cards for O'Sullivan on the 2d day of May. Mr. Mills showed the witness a card, which he identified as one of those which he printed for O'Sullivan at that date. On cross-examination by Mr. Donahoe the witness said he was not positive when O'Sullivan gave the order, but thought it was about the middle of April. The cards were delivered at O'Sullivan's place on Lincoln avenue by a boy. Witness did not personally deliver them. Mr. Donahoe moved to strike out the evidence as to the delivery of the cards on the ground that the witness had not personally delivered them, but the court overruled the motion, and an exception was taken on behalf of O'Sullivan.

"We do not care for it," said Judge Longenecker, "except for the delivery on the 2d of May."

"The jury will consider," said the court, "that nothing was done by Mr. Stanton except that he delivered the cards to a boy to be delivered to O'Sullivan on the 2d day of May. That is as much as can be inferred from the evidence."

Ex-Police Captain Villiers, who in the earlier stages of the trial testified to the finding and identification of Dr. Cronin's body, was recalled, and, after having been shown a map of Lake View, he traced on it what he believed to be the route trav-

eled by the wagon containing the trunk and the murderers.

Mr. Villiers said he was captain of police on the 4th and 5th of May last, and that the trunk was brought to the Central Police Station about 12:30 o'clock, Sunday, May 5th, and put in his private



CAPTAIN VILLIERS ON THE STAND.

office. There was some cotton batting and red tissue paper in the trunk. The trunk was brought to the station by Captain Wing and Officer Phillips. Mr. Villiers turned the trunk over to Captain Wing when he was succeeded by that officer on May 8th, also turned over to Wing lock of hair in same condition as he had received it from Officer Phillips.

Following Captain Villiers, Herman Kiel, Carl

Knop, and Herman Pauss described how the trunk was found and what it contained when they found it.

Officer Joel Phillips, who was formerly a police officer in the employ of the city of Lake View, and now attached to the police force of Chicago, testified that between nine and ten o'clock of Sunday, May 5th, he was ordered by Captain Wing to go with the wagon and get a trunk that was found. George Malia and Captain Wing went with him. The trunk was lying in the ditch on the side of the road, a little north of Sulzer street, on the west side of the road—they called it Evanston avenue. There was some cotton batting, and a little blue paper (Villiers testified to its being red paper) that had been on the cotton batting, and some hair sticking to it. Witness took part of the hair, and Malia took part of it. Witness turned his part over to Captain Villiers. Took the trunk to the station. Identified the trunk in court as being the one.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NEW BLOODY EVIDENCE—DR. CRONIN'S CLOTHES, SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, POCKET CASE, PRESCRIPTION BOOK, ETC., FOUND IN A CATCH-BASIN—FULL PARTICULARS OF THE FIND—PET THEORY OF THE PROSECUTION UPSET—BUT, FAVORED BY PROVIDENCE AND FORTUNE, THEIR CASE IS AS GOOD AS WON—WHAT DID THE TIN BOX CONTAIN?

"FORTUNE does favor us," exclaimed State's Attorney Longenecker, on the afternoon of the fourteenth day of the taking of testimony in the trial of the alleged conspirators for the murder of Dr. Cronin. "It doesn't seem possible that a case could develop just like this one has. The succession of all these discoveries is wonderful. We have only one long chain of evidence made up link by link, and it is getting stronger every day."

Ah! Mr. State's Attorney, and is there not a more potent factor than fortune that has favored the prosecution from its very inception down to the day of this clinching disclosure?

When the door of the Carlson cottage had closed behind the tall man and Dr. Cronin on that fateful night of May 4th, Mrs. Hoertel, the poor scrub-woman, who was passing by the cottage at the time, heard Dr. Cronin cry out, "Oh, God!" and then she heard a noise which sounded like a blow. Then came the stifled cry: "Oh, Jesus!" and all was still.

From that very hour when Dr. Cronin cried out to his God, as the cowardly concealed assassins wielded their merciless murderous weapons and felled him to the floor, and flayed him to death, that Providence, without whose notice not even a sparrow falls to the earth, has followed the assassins by day and by night, startling the detectives with clues they had never suspected, surprising the police with undreamed-of discoveries, and leading the learned lawyers for the prosecution to wonder how it could be possible that "a case could develop just like this one has," and to ascribe the whole series of wonderful developments to the favor of fortune.

Fortune, indeed! Was it fortune that induced Patrick Dinan, the livery stable keeper at 260 North Clark street, to refuse to let Dan Coughlin's "friend" have any other horse than the white one—one to be easily identified—when he called for a rig on the night of May 4th for the purpose of hauling Dr. Cronin to the death trap set for him at the Carlson Cottage? Was it fortune that raised up the ghost of Dr. Cronin and caused it to pass before the eyes of Mrs. Dinan in a dream, stretching out its hands to her as if imploring her for aid in avenging his foul murder, in such vivid manner that it seemed to her that she actually saw Dr. Cronin being driven away to his death in the rig which her husband had hired to the "friend" of Coughlin, so that she gave her husband no rest until she persuaded him to go straightway to the East Chicago Avenue Station and inform Captain

Schaack concerning the hiring of the white horse to the stranger on the night of the murder? Was it fortune that sent the milkman, David Mertes, to the grocer's for a can of oil on the night of May 4th, just in the nick of time to bring him in front of the Carlson cottage at the very moment the big, broad-shouldered man, wearing a



MRS. DINAN.

long overcoat, and who, it has since been proven, was Dan Coughlin, alighted from a top buggy, drawn by a small bay horse, and ran up the front steps of the cottage? Was it fortune that caused the murderers to drop the key of the bloody trunk on the floor of the Carlson Cottage, and thus give positive proof of a connection between the bloody trunk and the blood-stained walls of the Carlson cottage? Was it fortune that sent the poor, for-

saken scrub woman, Mrs. Hoertel, out into the street that Saturday evening in search of her recreant husband, and drove her back again disheartened from Ertel's saloon, where she had hoped to but had failed to find him, just at the proper moment for her to witness the white horse and buggy drive up to the Carlson cottage, to see Dr. Cronin alight therefrom and take from the buggy a valise and small case and enter the cottage, from whence she immediately afterward heard his agonized cries of "Oh, God!" "Oh, Jesus!" and the sounds of blows and a scuffle? Was it fortune that kept the police officers of Lake View awake after two o'clock in the morning of May 5th, so that they stood in the way of the murderers when they were about to dump the trunk containing the murdered body of Dr. Cronin on the beach at Edgewater, preparatory to sinking it out of sight forever in the depths of Lake Michigan, and compelled them to change their plan and to hurriedly dump it into the catch-basin, where it was afterward discovered? Was it fortune that guided the murderers to that particular catch-basin which soon afterward was to be ordered by the Lake View Department of Public Works to be cleared of obstructions, and where it was accidentally discovered by the gang of ditch-cleaners who had been sent there to remove the obstructions? And last, but not least, was it simply blind fortune—sheer "nigger luck"—that after the entire Chicago police force and a thousand detectives had spent five months of fruitless searching after the

clothes that had been stripped from the body at the time of the murder, a gang of workmen, while flushing the sewers of Evanston avenue, accidentally discovered, not only Dr. Cronin's clothes, but also his surgical instruments, his call books, his box of splints, the sachel that Revell & Co.'s salesman had sold to J. B. Simons, the small instrument case which Mrs. Hoertel had seen Dr. Cronin carry with him into the Carlson cottage on the night of the murder, and all just in time, too, to help the State's Attorney to let go of the prosecution's pet theory that the clothes had been soldered up in a tin box and shipped to England; and, just in time, too, to end any possible doubt in the mind of a juror as to the identity of the body found in the catch-basin some months before?

If all these things be nothing more than fortuitous happenings—accidental discoveries, it were difficult to conceive where there could possibly be any case that might be regarded as a providential direction and determination of events. Read the story of this last ghastly discovery, and determine for yourself whether or not it was the result of mere accident—of fortune favoring the prosecution.

After a lapse of over six months the attorneys who are prosecuting Dan Coughlin and his companions are in possession of the last thread of evidence needed to establish beyond the peradventure of a doubt that Dr. Cronin was assassinated in the Carlson cottage, and that it was his mangled body that was taken from the catch-basin at the corner of Evanston avenue and Fifty-ninth street, Lake

View. Shortly after two o'clock on the afternoon of November 8th, the murdered man's clothes, his surgical instruments, his address, guide and prescription books, a package of his business cards—almost everything, in fact, that he carried from home when he was lured to the Carlson cottage—were found in the sewer just underneath the manhole at the corner of Evanston and Buena avenues. The place is only a mile and a quarter southeast of the catch-basin where the body was found last May, and less than a quarter of a mile from the ditch where the trunk, with its rolls of blood-stained cotton, was picked up by three German laborers the Sunday morning after the murder.

This startling discovery, as in the case of the body, was made by employés of the sewer department, who had been ordered to that particular catch-basin early in the afternoon to remove obstructions from the sewer. Michael Gilbert, of 152 Sedgwick street, was foreman of the cleaning gang, Mike Reese was one of his assistants, and W. W. McMillan had charge of the flushing gang that was brought along to expedite operations. The three men raised the cover of the catch-basin, and Reese was lowered into it. He had scarcely reached the bottom when he shouted back to Gilbert and McMillan that he had found a box.

"What's in it?" one of them asked.

"Something that sounds like iron or tin," was the reply from Reese. A moment later the box was passed to his curious companions, who were peering into the filthy depths, and they opened it as eagerly

as if it contained Captain Kidd's lost treasure. It was an oblong box about a foot in length, seven or eight inches deep, and nearly as broad. In spots there were evidences that it had once been highly varnished and polished. A brass handle in the center of the case indicated that it had been carried by some one who carried it as a sachel is carried. To force open the case was the work of but a moment for Gilbert and McMillan, who, after a single glance at the filth-covered contents, exclaimed in one breath: "This is Dr. Cronin's box!" The "tin or iron," of which Reese had spoken, was an assortment of extension splints with which the doctor provided himself in anticipation of having to treat a fractured leg when he should reach Pat O'Sullivan's house in Lake View.

Reese soon began calling to McMillan and Gilbert again, and this time he exclaimed that he had found a sachel and a bundle of clothes. A moment later he passed up the broken frame of a second sachel, whose coverings had been entirely consumed by the foul waters of the sewer. The bundle of clothes was reeking with slimy, black refuse, and the three men, rather than examine it, concluded to turn it over to the police. One of them sent in a call to the old Lake View Station, and a quarter of an hour later the patrol wagon—the same one that drove Dr. Cronin's naked body to the morgue—was rolling up Evanston avenue at a lively clip. The bundle of clothes, the half-consumed sachel, the instrument box and the leather sachel were hurriedly loaded on the stretcher,

under the personal direction of Lieutenant Koch, and carried to the Sheffield Avenue Station. Once there, Lieutenant Koch hastened to telephone Chief Hubbard the details of his important find, and he received orders to deliver it at headquarters as quickly as possible. Before three o'clock the dirty packages were spread out on a rubber tarpaulin in Chief Hubbard's private office. The leather sachel, after being submitted to a bath under a running hydrant, was opened, and the first thing the chief drew from it convinced him that it was the missing sachel of the murdered doctor. The article the chief selected was a book that had swollen to more than twice its natural size. He opened it cautiously, glanced over the fly leaf and through the veneering of dirt he was enabled to distinctly trace the name "Dr. P. H. Cronin," written in the bold hand of the man who once owned the book. In another part of it was a package of cards which were in a fair state of preservation. These proved to be the doctor's business cards. They read :

<p>.....</p> <p>DR. P. H. CRONIN,</p> <p>Physician and Surgeon, Chicago.</p>	
Office,	Residence,
501 Opera House	468 and 470
Block.	North Clark street.
Office Hours :	Office Hours :
11 to 1 p. m.	9 to 11 a. m.
2 to 5 p. m.	and 6 to 7:30 p. m.
<p>.....</p>	

"We've got the whole thing," exclaimed Chief Hubbard triumphantly as he held up the tell-tale card to the view of the other officers when assem-

bled in his room. This examination satisfied him, and he ordered the whole dirty mass to be carted to the Chicago Avenue Station, there to be cleaned and secured, preparatory to delivering it to the State's Attorney.

This latest discovery recalls the frequent boasts of the police that they had searched every sewer on Evanston avenue. When it became a settled fact that the murderers had driven north to Edgewater, and that during their return to the city they had dumped the bloody trunk in the ditch above Sulzer road, the policemen who have had charge of the case claim that they ordered a close inspection of all man-holes and sewers. Until Dr. Cronin's body was found they continued to assert that the inspection had been thorough, and, when that important event proved that they were not telling the truth, they fell back on the excuse that that particular sewer at Fifty-ninth street had been overlooked. It would seem that the Buena avenue sewer was also overlooked, and it is not unlikely that every other sewer in Lake View was overlooked in the same way. There never has been a case in which the police have blundered so artistically and picturesquely as this one.

Every circumstance points to the conclusion that the murderers, after leaving Officer Way at Edgewater, becoming alarmed at meeting so many policemen, turned around as if to come back to Chicago. The expedient of disposing of the body in the Fifty-ninth street sewer, only half a mile from Edgewater, was a desperate one, but it had to be

done to avoid detection. The trunk was disposed of about a mile south of the sewer, and the clothes and surgical instruments half a mile further south, where they were found yesterday. The murderers distributed evidence of their crime all along the road, but, notwithstanding this, the police were unable to find any of it except the trunk.

One important circumstance of the great conspiracy still remains unexplained. What was contained in that mysterious tin box, covered with yellow sand and dirt, which the murderer Burke took to tinsmith Klahre two days after the commission of the crime, and guarded so carefully, while Klahre soldered down the lid, and rudely resisted all efforts of the tinner to look inside of it? The fact that it did not contain Dr. Cronin's clothes is now clearly established. What it did contain, may never be discovered until that great day when all things that are hidden shall be revealed. "Fortune" may, however, again favor the prosecution, and by some lucky accident bring to light its probable ghastly contents and reveal to the world the possible fact that there was a double murder on that fateful night of the tragedy at the Carlson cottage. The reader will, perhaps, remember that, at the time of the discovery of Dr. Cronin's body in the catch-basin, the newspapers reported the finding of the amputated finger of a woman in close proximity to the corpse of the murdered physician. Was there a woman also murdered by the conspirators that night? and did

the tin box, which the murderer Burke caused to be so carefully soldered up, contain the ghastly evidence of that fact? Who can tell? He That has said "Thou shalt commit no murder," and who has brought to nought the machinations of the men who thought to cover up the evidences of their terrible crime, will, in His own proper time and manner, disclose to the world that truth which is now known only to the murderers themselves and Him who shall judge them in eternity.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MORE DAMNING PROOF AGAINST COUGHLIN,
O'SULLIVAN AND KUNZE — NEWS OF THE FIND-
ING OF CRONIN'S CLOTHES RECEIVED IN COURT
— A SUICIDE IN THE SHADOW OF THE COURT
— THE EVIDENCE BEFORE THE JURY AND THE
WORLD — THE ARGUMENTS OF COUNSEL FOR
THE PROSECUTION AND FOR THE DEFENSE —
THE CHARGE OF THE JUDGE — THE VERDICT
OF THE JURY, AND HOW IT WAS RECEIVED BY
THE PRISONERS — END OF THE GREAT CRONIN
MYSTERY.

THE finding of the clothing and surgical instru-
ments of Dr. Cronin not having occurred until
about 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon, the morning
session of the court, on November 8th, opened with-
out any unusual excitement or premonition of the
important announcement that was to startle the
court at its afternoon session.

William Niemann was the most important witness.
He said he was in the saloon business on the south-
east corner of School street and Ashland avenue,
in Lake View. Was in same business there May
4th last. He opened his saloon one block and a half
from the Carlson cottage, on May 3d, the day before
the disappearance of Dr. Cronin. O'Sullivan called
on him during the morning to solicit a contract for
ice. Niemann agreed to take ice of his visitor, but
the latter said he could not deliver ice that day.

Early in the evening O'Sullivan entered the saloon, bought a cigar and went away. His men delivered ice at the place the next morning. Niemann saw nothing more of O'Sullivan until 10:30 o'clock on the night of the murder. He then entered the saloon in the company of two men, one of whom was a tall blonde with a light mustache and a Prince Albert coat. The other stranger was a blonde, too, but not so tall as the larger man. O'Sullivan and his big companion walked up to the bar and called for wine. The little stranger stood near the door and asked for beer.

"Oh, drink something better than that," exclaimed O'Sullivan, and the little man, making no objection, joined his companions in their favorite tippie. Two rounds of sherry were drank, and then each took a cigar. O'Sullivan paid the bill. During the time the three men were in the saloon, O'Sullivan and the larger man were in earnest conversation. Their heads were close together, and they talked so low that Niemann could not hear what they said. The taller man did most of the talking, and frequently emphasized his conversation with gesticulations.

The witness then satisfactorily identified the three men, O'Sullivan, Coughlin and Kunze, as being the three men to whom he sold drinks in his saloon, at 10:30 o'clock p. m., May 4th.

FINDING OF THE CLOTHES.

The newsspread rapidly, and at 5 o'clock a curious crowd had collected in the rain outside the Crimi-

nal Court building. A patrol wagon was backed up against the curbing in front of the Michigan street entrance. In the crowd was a slender young man who wore a rain coat and light-colored trousers. His face was pale, and he appeared intensely excited. After pacing nervously about the crowd he walked into one of the corners of the Dearborn street side of the building, and blew his brains out by exploding a revolver in his mouth. He died instantly. For several moments rumors came thick and fast that one of the murderers of Dr. Cronin, overcome with remorse, had taken his life. State's Attorney Longenecker and Captain Schuettler dropped the bloody clothing of Dr. Cronin, and hurried to the suicide. The almost lifeless body was borne up the iron steps, and placed upon the floor of the entrance to the detention hospital. There he was recognized as Edward Rehm, of Kansas City, who had previously made an attempt on his life, and had been but recently released from the detention hospital. The young man became crazy from brooding over the conduct of his fickle sweetheart, who came here from Kansas City several days ago. A note written in German was taken from the dead man's coat. It showed that Rehm was weary of the world. A woman who saw the tragedy fainted, and was borne to a neighboring house.

The finding of Dr. Cronin's clothes, and personal property that he was known to have had with him at the time of his disappearance, practically completed the case of the prosecution.

Microscopists Tolman and Belfield, and chemist Haines, of Rush Medical College, by their testimony November 9th, left no doubt that the hair and blood found in the Carlson cottage and the Cronin trunk came from a human being.

Gerhardt Wordell testified that on the night of May 4th, at about 10:30, he saw two men go up the steps of the Carlson cottage and enter the door. One of them was about five feet eleven inches tall, and the other about five feet seven or eight.

November 11th, young Gus Klahre, who sealed a mysterious galvanized iron box for the suspect thirty-six hours after the murder was committed, was a strong witness for the State. On May 6th, Burke, accompanied by an expressman, went to Klahre's tin-shop. He carried a box which measured 14 by 26 inches, and which weighed about fifty pounds. A piece of rope was tied around its middle. When Klahre made a motion as if intending to cut the rope in order to solder the galvanized strips without hindrance, Burke pushed the tinsmith's arm aside, and told him not to sever the line. While at his work, Klahre spoke about the disappearance of Dr. Cronin. Burke, without any hesitation, declared that Dr. Cronin was a British spy, and that he ought to have been killed. He also applied a vile epithet to the missing doctor. It took the young tinsmith over an hour to finish the job. When the galvanized iron bands had been securely soldered around the strange box, Burke opened the door leading from the basement workshop to the store stairway. At the same instant a

man appeared who took charge of the receptacle, and carried it away. Burke followed the stranger, who may have been the expressman for all Klahre knows to the contrary. There was sand on the box, and the tinsmith, when he looked at the heavy receptacle, thought it had been buried.

Before the clothing and surgical instruments of Dr. Cronin were found in the Evanston avenue sewer last week, it was the theory of the State that this mysterious box contained the articles, and that it had been shipped to England by the conspirators for the purpose of proving that the doctor had been killed there. State's Attorney Longenecker and his associates are now at a loss to account for the uses for which the box was designed. Klahre was positive in his identification of Burke. He had picked him out as his mysterious customer from among other prisoners in the jail as he recognized him yesterday in the court-room.

November 12th Mrs. Hoertel, the poor scrub-woman, who heard Dr. Cronin's death cry as she was passing the Carlson cottage on the night of May 4th, gave her testimony in court regarding the fact, substantially as it has already been stated in these pages.

John E. McKennon, of the police department of Winnipeg, who searched Burke after the latter's arrest in June, was the next witness. He carried a big yellow sachel which the prisoner had taken to Winnipeg. The testimony of the officer only confirmed what has already been printed about Burke's movements in Manitoba. When arrested he had

confessed having traveled under the assumed names of Cooper and Delaney. A railroad ticket from Winnipeg to Montreal, an Allen Line steamship ticket from Montreal to Liverpool and \$58.20 in money were taken from Burke by McKennon. While in the station house in Winnipeg the prisoner was nervous and excited. He told many falsehoods which he afterward admitted, and said he had worked his way from Chicago to Winnipeg, and was on his way to the old country.

November 13th, after recalling Mr. McKennon to testify as to reasons given him by Burke for adopting an *alias*, the prosecution rested its case, and the court adjourned until Saturday, November 16th, on which date the taking of testimony for the defense was begun. Apart from the medical testimony on behalf of the defense, an effort was made to impeach Mrs. Hoertel's testimony by calling a man named Salzman, who lived in Hoertel's house, and who testified regarding the date on which Hoertel put a new lock on the house for the purpose of locking his wife out. Mrs. Hoertel testified that the lock was put on before May 4th, and that she was locked out of her house by her husband, and had to sit for two nights on the porch. Salzman testified that he assisted the husband, Hoertel, to put on the lock, and that the lock was not put on until after May 8th. His evidence was, however, squarely impeached by the woman who sold the lock, and who testified that she remembered of selling it to Hoertel, because he told her that he wanted to lock his wife out, and she knew it was

before the 4th; and also by Albert H. Kleincke, a contractor and builder, who remembered seeing Mrs. Hoertel climb a ladder and get into the second-story window of her house one day, shortly before May 4th. William Coughlin, Danahy and others were called by the defense to prove that Burke was at William Coughlin's saloon on East Chicago avenue on the night of May 4th, and also a long number of witnesses to prove that Patrick O'Sullivan was in bed on the night of May 4th, and did not leave the house after six o'clock that evening. An analysis of the evidence tending to prove the alibi, shows considerable discrepancy in times and dates by the witnesses, and, while it would be error for the counsel for the State to in anyway comment upon the fact that the defendants were not put upon the stand in their own behalf, it is nevertheless regarded by them as a great admission of weakness, which is expected to have an influence with the jury.

The testimony for the defense was closed November 26th, and the prosecution's testimony in rebuttal November 30th. The defense then introduced several witnesses to support the theory of an alibi for Burke. Then came the most sensational scene of the entire trial. The State's Attorney announced to the court that he had some evidence that had only come to his knowledge that morning at ten o'clock, which, though properly evidence in chief, he felt like asking the court, under the circumstances, to introduce now. Mr. Forrest objected to re-opening the case. The

court ruled that the evidence should be admitted, with the understanding that it should not delay the opening of the case to the jury, and that the defense might have time to answer.

"Barney Flynn!" shouted Judge Longenecker. Dan Coughlin started nervously as the name of the little detective was pronounced, and, for the first time since the trial began, his face became as pale as death. By a superhuman effort he recovered himself, and, setting his heavy jaws firmly together, he managed to assume an air of unconcern. His little eyes wandered restlessly in every direction, and his big form trembled perceptibly, but the only person in the court-room who seemed to notice his emotion was his attorney, Forrest. The latter renewed his protest against the admission of new evidence more emphatically than ever, but Flynn took the stand, was sworn, and was ordered to proceed. Coughlin looked him straight in the eyes, and Flynn returned the look with a chilly stare. The little detective, who is at present connected with the Chicago Avenue Police Station, told a startling story, the force of which struck every man in the prisoners' box and the attorneys' quarter like a blow from a base-ball bat. Flynn was the man who arrested Coughlin after the latter concluded his famous interview with Chief Hubbard. He took him to the Armory Police Station, where, in the presence of Captain Bartram, he searched him. Among other things he found in Coughlin's pockets were two pocket-knives and a revolver. These he carried to the Central Police Station, and locked in

his private box for safe-keeping, and, when he was subsequently transferred to the Chicago Avenue Station, he removed them to his box in the vault of the Fidelity Bank. There they remained undisturbed until yesterday morning, when Flynn turned the knives over to Chief Hubbard. The latter submitted them to T. T. Conklin, who unhesitatingly declared they were the property of Dr. Cronin.

Then T. T. Conklin took the stand. The knives were handed him by Judge Longenecker. He glanced at the larger one, a medium-sized, pearl-handled affair, which he promptly identified as a knife he gave Dr. Cronin about a year ago. "It was a knife I carried myself for nearly two years," said Mr. Conklin, "hence I know it." The smaller knife, a little bone-handled thing of peculiar shape, was identified by Dr. Cronin's friend as one he found about nine months ago. He took it home, and laid it on a mantel, where Dr. Cronin subsequently found it. The doctor took possession of the knife, and always carried it in his vest pocket. Forrest merely asked Conklin if the knives were not of a very ordinary pattern, and then let him go. Judge McConnell said Forrest could introduce rebuttal testimony whenever he got ready.

Simon Oleson and Fred Swanson were then called and re-examined on behalf of the State.

Some conversation followed as to how soon the witness, Siegerson, the livery stable man, could be brought in court, and Judge McConnell decided not to wait any longer, but to require the State's Attorney to proceed at once to address the jury.

State's Attorney Longenecker began his address to the jury, but did not complete it until the following day. When the court opened the next morning, Mr. Forrest announced that he had some witnesses to rebut the testimony as to the knives found upon Coughlin, and called for August Lowenstein, a clothier. Lowenstein testified that on April 27th, Dan Coughlin came to his store, and bought a pair of pantaloons. As he changed them, he took the things from the pocket and laid them on a table. Among them were two knives, and witness thought the ones in court were the same. Asked on cross-examination how he recollected the incident occurred on April 27th, he replied, that there was an item on his books of a sale of a pair of pantaloons for \$5.50, on that date.

"Was Coughlin's name attached to the entry?" asked the State's Attorney.

"It was not," Lowenstein replied; "but I remember that Coughlin was the one to whom the sale was made."

Jake Lowenstein, a brother of August, and a discharged member of the police force, followed, and, with never a quiver in his eye, swore that he had, when traveling with Dan Coughlin, often seen Coughlin's knives.

"Are these the ones?" asked Attorney Forrest.

After a careful examination, the witness thought they were, and he based his recollection on the peculiar manner in which the blades were ground. This ended the alibi for the knives.

STATE'S ATTORNEY LONGENECKER'S ADDRESS.

" If the court please, gentlemen of the jury, I want to talk to you in this case about the evidence that you have been hearing from the witnesses. I shall not attempt to talk to any one except to you twelve men, because you are now interested in the case, and it is your duty to come to a correct conclusion, and because the responsibility rests upon you after we have done our duty. I have no doubt that you twelve men are competent to render such a verdict in this case as will meet the demands of the law."

After making a few further preliminary remarks the State's Attorney began a review of the evidence against the defendants, and before the court adjourned for the day he had so lucidly explained the rather complicated workings of Camp 20 as to leave no doubt in the minds of his hearers as to the guilt of the conspirator who appointed the secret committee — John F. Beggs.

Mr. Longenecker did not conclude his address until the following day, November 30th. After spending nearly three-quarters of an hour elaborating upon the incidents and facts pertaining to the original conspiracy in Camp 20, he concluded that feature of the case by calling attention to Begg's reply made to a question on May 3d, that the secret committee would report to the senior guardian and nobody else. Then followed a powerful arraignment of every one of the five defendants, and a masterly statement of all the details of the

testimony against them. He closed his address with the following peroration:

"When you come to consider your verdict, think of the 4th day of May; think of that man gathering his little valise and instruments; think of him bringing to his bosom the cotton to relieve suffering; think of the splints in the box; think of his rushing out to the buggy; think of his crowded seat; think of him moving north to relieve suffering humanity. See him enter as a gentleman into the cottage; hear his cries of God and Jesus when, without giving him time to utter the other Trinity name, he was felled to the floor. Think of his wounds in his head; think of the grave in which he was placed; think of all these in making up your penalty, and may it be such a verdict as when his honor pronounces judgment on it, that he, having an eye to God, may say: 'May the Lord have mercy on your souls.'"

JUDGE WING'S ADDRESS.

Judge Wing, the attorney of Daniel Coughlin, then addressed the jury in behalf of his client.

"*May it please your honor and gentlemen of the jury:*—Speaking for my client, Daniel Coughlin, and for his wife and children as well, and voicing too, the gratitude of my own heart, I wish, at the outset, to thank you each and all for the great patience and close attention you have given to this case during the weary weeks that have passed. What is the charge, gentlemen of the jury, that is made against my client, Daniel Cough-

lin? Stripped of legal verbiage, stated in plain language, it is this: That he made an agreement with the men who sit beside him, and with others, to the grand jury unknown, to kill Dr. Cronin."

Judge Wing then went into a minute examination and analysis of all the circumstances connected with the great conspiracy and murder, and cautioned the jury as to the unreliability of circumstantial evidence. He continued his address on Monday and Tuesday, and had an appreciative audience throughout his entire address. He took the broad ground, in meeting the different circumstances on which the prosecution rests, that the proof of guilt is not established beyond a reasonable doubt. He closed with the following words:

"Gentlemen, I have tried to discuss this case fairly, conscientiously. We are about to part, and I beg you, in conclusion, not to go off upon any prejudice, or upon any passion, or upon any suspicion. I beg of you to give these men a fair show. I believe you will do that. I beg of you to remember that a certain conclusion can only be reached after you have traveled on sure and certain ground. Do what you think is right under the law, gentlemen, and I do not doubt you will. I thank you for your attention."

LAWYER INGHAM'S ADDRESS.

George W. Ingham then addressed the jury for the State and said :

"*May it please your honor, gentlemen of the jury:*
The sanctity of human life in America is in the

keeping of the juries of America. The law provides that a man guilty of murder shall be punished, but it provides no methods for its own enforcement save that which is vested in twelve men."

Mr. Ingham then proceeded to what constitutes murder, under the statutes of Illinois. He then took up the Cronin case from the time that J. B. Simonds purchased the furniture at Revell's, until the day Dr. Cronin's clothes were found in the catch-basin. He showed how Simonds in purchasing the furniture, was particular about procuring a set for temporary use, selecting the articles that the salesman Hatfield first drew his attention to; but that he selected the trunk, strap and valise with great care insisting upon the exact ones he wanted.

Mr. Ingham grouped the facts of the case with wonderful rapidity, and in a remarkably lucid manner. He brought out, distinctly and clearly, the connection between Dan Coughlin, his mysterious friend Smith and Martin Burke, with John F. Ryan, the Hancock man, who is sometimes believed to be no other than J. B. Simonds. The failure of the defense to offer the slightest explanation of the renting of the Carlson cottage by Burke, under an assumed name, his failure to furnish it as a man would who intended to live there, and the failure of his alleged sister to substantiate his story, were given a scathing review.

His closing remarks were as follows:

"On the call of Providence you are here now,



DANIEL DONOHUE, Attorney for O'Sullivan and Kunze.

and your duty is before you. Recollect, gentlemen, that while your duty is serious and burdensome, it is also of vast importance. Remember, gentlemen, that your duty is just as important and as necessary, and the necessity for courage and determination to carry out that duty is as great as it would be upon the battlefield, or in any other walk of life. Deal with these men justly, execute the law, satisfy your own consciences, and the rest of us will be satisfied."

LAWYER DONAHOE'S ADDRESS.

At the opening of the court, Wednesday morning, December 5th, Mr. Daniel Donahoe, counsel for the defendants Patrick O'Sullivan and John Kunze, began his argument to the jury as follows:

"May it please your honor and gentlemen of the the jury: There is no duty in the life of the lawyer that affords him more pleasure than defending the innocent; therefore, I begin to plead for the life of my two clients, Patrick O'Sullivan and John Kunze, with a heart as light as the newly made bride as she goes forth with her husband after the bridal ceremony. I have but one thing to fear for the welfare of my clients at your hands, and that is prejudice."

Mr. Donahoe then proceeded to discuss the testimony introduced against and in favor of his clients at the trial, covering every point of the evidence. His main argument in their behalf was the failure of the prosecution to establish any proof of a guilty knowledge connecting them either directly

or indirectly with the murder of Dr. Cronin. He closed his address with the following eloquent appeal to the sympathies of the jurors:

"The more merciful a man is, the more godlike he is! But, gentlemen of the jury, do not misunderstand me. Do not think that I am asking for mercy for my clients. Oh, no; not at all; not at all. I ask that you carefully weigh this evidence, consider the law, be governed by the legal evidence and the law, and that is all that I ask you to do. I believe that if you banish everything from your minds but the law and the evidence in this case, that the God that gave you a head to think and a heart to feel for your fellowmen, the God that gave you an existence, will never permit you to strangle my clients. Oh, no, unless you are ready to guess them into eternity, you can't convict them on this proof. I tried this case fairly, I have treated every witness fairly, I have been respectful to the court and I have been respectful to you. These two young men's welfare, their lives, are confided to your hands. For God's sake, for their sake, for your sake, make no mistake. Gentlemen, I thank you."

Mr. Donahoe having concluded his argument, the court took a recess until ten o'clock next morning.

LAWYER HYNES' ADDRESS.

At the opening of the court Wednesday morning, December 5th, William J. Hynes, on behalf of the

prosecution, began his address to the jury, as follows:

" May it please your honor and gentlemen of the jury: I congratulate myself, and I congratulate you, gentlemen of the jury, as well as everybody engaged in this case, that we are approaching the close of it. I shall endeavor, as far as I may be able to do it with justice to the duty that I feel called upon to perform, to close the case as soon as possible. In what I have to say I shall address myself to those matters which, I think, will reach your judgment—which, I think, will seem to you to be pertinent to the issue which you have to determine."

Mr. Hynes then went on and showed how the defendants had constructed their plan of defense in advance of committing the crime for which they were now being tried, and how that plan had to be changed after the discovery of the clothes, and the thereby positive identification of the corpse found in the catch-basin as the body of Dr. Cronin. He argued that O'Sullivan's own admissions, supported by the testimony of his room-mate, Mulcahy, clearly showed that O'Sullivan was out of his house on the night of May 4th, and, at the rear of his wagon-shed, a few feet from the Carlson cottage. This settled the alibi business for O'Sullivan, and disproved the testimony of O'Sullivan's friends who swore that he did not leave his house that night. He pointed out the discrepancies in the testimony of the Hylands and others, who tried to make alibis for O'Sullivan. As to the alibi attempted to be set up for Coughlin, he said, that

even if, as claimed by Coughlin, he was standing in front of the Chicago Avenue Station on the night of May 4th, still his connection as a principle in the crime was clearly proven by his employment of Dinan's white horse for his friend Smith from Hancock. Mr. Hynes then proceeded to show how the evidence before the jury had clearly established the appointment of a secret committee by Camp 20 to try Dr. Cronin, and how his "removal" followed soon thereafter.

Mr. Hynes did not close his address on Thursday, but reserved his parting words until Friday morning, and concluded his address Friday noon. His closing words were as follows :

" I want you now, gentlemen of the jury, to take this case. It is a great case and a serious case. There never was a greater or more serious duty devolved upon the judgment, the responsibility, of any twelve men on God's earth. Your duty is as sacred, it is as important, as the duty of the soldier who went out to fight for the flag and to maintain the unity of the States and the sovereignty of the constitution. In committing it to you, gentlemen of the jury, with all its awful solemnity, with all its awful responsibility, I do it, feeling confident that in the breast of every one of these twelve men there beats the heart of an honorable, honest, patriotic, and law-abiding man and citizen. I commit it to you, feeling, gentlemen, that your verdict will be the verdict of your conscience, a verdict that your conscience and your judgment will approve, a verdict that the court will ratify, and that God will

sanctify, and that will vindicate the law, and commit the guilty to a just punishment."

At the conclusion of Mr. Hynes' address the court adjourned to two o'clock.

LAWYER FOSTER'S ADDRESS.

At the opening of the court in the afternoon, Mr. Foster, in defense of John F. Beggs, arose and addressed the jury as follows:

"Of course it is needless for me to say that this is in many respects a most important and remarkable trial. Every trial involving human life is important. When this trial began it was summer. During its progress autumn has come and gone, and now it is winter. For weeks you have been practically prisoners. However, I am justified in saying, that very little of this time has been taken up by my client or by me. Very little of this extraordinary record, the report of which you see piled up before you, relates to the only man for whom I am authorized to speak."

Mr. Foster then proceeded to deliver a most eloquent appeal in behalf of his client. He complained of some things in the conduct of the prosecution, of which he believed he had a right to complain.

He thought he had just cause for complaint, that in this case the State's Attorney had gone outside the ample provision of the statute, which provided him with five assistants, and had allowed the opposition camps, as they were called, to hire lawyers of peculiar adaptation to the case, to come in and

practically take the management of it from where the people had placed it. "I complain of it," he said, "because I fear it. The law only requires in this case, as in every other, a fair and full presentation of all the facts. It never was contemplated that verdicts should be extorted from juries by the force of eloquence."

Mr. Foster did not conclude his address on Friday, but announced that he would do so the following day. At the opening of the court Saturday morning, Mr. Foster resumed his address. He began with a discussion of the meeting of Camp 20, on February 8th. He said:

"One of the counsel for the State asked the question: 'Why did we not call Thomas Murphy to the stand?' Thomas Murphy is the treasurer of Camp 20, and in the 'best recollection' of one of the witnesses here was the man who seconded the motion made by Dan Coughlin for the appointment of the famous secret committee. Mr. Beggs' position is, and always has been, that this committee was never appointed. That is his position, and I am sorry that it is so. Thomas Murphy was the treasurer of Camp 20, and had the books of the camp showing the receipts and expenditures of the money of Camp 20, and the State's Attorney asks why we did not call him as a witness.

"I retort the question on the gentleman's head. Why did not the State call Thomas Murphy? If the State's Attorney will look on the back of the indictment in this case, he will find the name of Thomas Murphy as a witness for the State. He

will find the name of Thomas Murphy among the subpoenas issued by the State. Mr. Murphy was called to testify before the coroner's jury, and the grand jury, and told what he knew. And, more than that, the books of the organization were brought into the State's Attorney, and they have them yet as records. But Thomas Murphy was not put on the stand by the State. After the repeated examination of Mr. Murphy by the State's Attorney, they say to him that they do not want him to testify in this case."

Mr. Foster then stated to the jury that under the law, it was not incumbent on the defense to explain the coincidence in time of the renting of the Clark street flat and Beggs' first letter to Spellman, but that it rested upon the State to show a necessary relation between the two facts, and that if the coincidence could be possible, on any theory consistent with the innocence of his client, the jury could not be justified in inferring a guilty connection. He showed how, from the discovery of Dr. Cronin's body in the catch-basin, down to the present time, the conduct of Beggs had been consistent with the theory of his innocence. Ignorant members of Camp 20, hesitating between their oath of secrecy to the Clan-na-Gael, and their duty as witnesses before the grand jury, had appealed to him as Senior Guardian for direction. " 'Tell everything,' was Beggs' instruction," said Mr. Foster. "While Luke Dillon, the friend of Dr. Cronin, the abetter of the prosecution, the man who had been sent from Philadelphia to purge the

society of crime, said, 'Don't go too far.' By the statement of the public prosecutor himself, corroborated by the chief of police, it appeared that Beggs had been the first to disclose the correspondence with Spellman." Mr. Foster closed with the following appeal to the judgment of the jury:

"I have no peroration to make. I demand your cool, deliberate judgment, and that is all I ask. I make no appeal to your sympathy. On behalf of myself, and on behalf of Beggs, and of my associates, I extend to you thanks for the kind and patient manner in which you have listened to the testimony and listened to my efforts at an argument.

"I hope the time is short when he will be able to thank each one of you, to take each of you by the hand and in person thank you for his deliverance, and then may you be returned to the loved ones at home, and may he be returned to the bosom of his loved wife, for love makes the world so small that all the beauty is in one face, all the music in one voice, and all the rapture is in one kiss. Gentlemen, I thank you."

ARGUMENT OF MR. FORREST.

When Mr. Foster had concluded his address, the court asked Mr. Forrest if he was ready to proceed. He replied that he was, and at once commenced his address to the jury, as follows:

"If your honor please, and you, gentlemen of the jury, you sit in judgment on the lives of your fellow-citizens. You act, you look like men who

are thoroughly imbued with a sense of your responsibility. You have listened attentively to all the details of the testimony. You have listened with admiration to the discussion of the testimony by the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded me. You cannot have failed to note the radical difference between the method of treating the evidence by counsel for the defendant and by counsel for the people. One is wrong, altogether wrong; the other is right, altogether right. The question is an important one. You will hear my discussion on it and the discussion of Brother Mills, and then you will hear the judge pronounce upon the method of treating the evidence.

"Counsel for the defendants," he said, "radically differ in their method from the processes of counsel for the prosecution. They proposed a town meeting method. We used that of analysis, and they object to it, and we submit that ours is the proper method. And, for that reason, I have spent hours in reading these cases, and that it is correct you will see if the court so charges you. This method we insist on. And, with this exhaustive statement of the case, we leave it with you until Monday morning, when we shall take up each circumstance by itself by the method proposed."

Whereupon the court took a recess until ten o'clock Monday morning.

At the opening of the court Monday morning, December 9th, Mr. Forrest resumed his address. For some little time the burden of his argument was the unreliability of circumstantial evidence, and the

worthlessness of theories of prosecuting officers in determining the guilt or innocence of the accused. He cited as an instance of this unreliability the State's theory in the present case, that the clothes of Dr. Cronin had been sent to Europe in the tin box which Burke had so carefully soldered up. Had not the clothes been discovered in the catch-basin, the theory would have been argued and dwelt upon by the prosecution. Mr. Forrest then argued that the testimony of the witnesses for the State should not be given full weight on account of the fact that each one of them had a personal interest in proving the defendants guilty. "Now, for instance," he said, "it is worth \$100 a week to Pat Dinan to have it established that his horse is the horse that took the doctor away. He has told you that on the witness stand. It is worth \$100 a week to him to have that horse in the dime museum." Mr. Forrest then proceeded with an analysis of the testimony given by the various witnesses for the prosecution, and pointed out many inconsistencies therein. Court adjourned until two o'clock p. m. At the afternoon session, Mr. Forrest discussed the cause of Dr. Cronin's death, and argued that the question for the jury to determine was not "Did the man die from violence? but, did he die from the particular wounds charged in the indictment—wounds in the head, face and body?" He then argued that the cause of death had not been proven; that the physicians had sworn that it could not be shown whether the wounds were post-mortem, or ante-mortem, wounds, and

their evidence shows that the cause of death cannot be shown. Court adjourned until ten o'clock next morning. On resuming his argument, Mr. Forrest urged that the State had failed to prove that there was any human blood discovered in the Carlson cottage. If there was blood under the paint, as the State claimed, there was plenty of time to put it there in order to start a museum. The floor was not painted on May 12th, as claimed by the State, for old man Carlson swore the paint was fresh when he went in on May 20th, and it doesn't take paint eight days to dry. O'Sullivan had a bay horse with a white face, so it was necessary that Mertes should swear that the horse was a bay, with a white face. But when Mr. Beck succeeded in persuading Mrs. Conklin, that it was Dinan's white horse, then it was necessary that Mertes change the hour, and should not hear the sound of scuffling, but of hammering. Mr. Forrest then proceeded to show how Mrs. Hoertel's story was just a mere pack of clever lies, gotten up to fix out Mertes' story. "The only thing deducible," said he, "from these stories is, that they both saw the same thing. But they neither mention the other. Therefore, neither of them was present, and both their stories are fabrications."

Mr. Forrest resumed his remarks Wednesday morning, and argued at some length to prove that the white horse, which conveyed Dr. Cronin to his death, was not Dinan's horse, and claimed on the whole that the guilt of his clients had not been

legally established, and that the jury would not be justified in returning a verdict of guilty. He closed his remarks as follows:

"Thus, gentlemen, in the debate on behalf of Martin Burke and Dan Coughlin, no peroration have I to make. A small word, and the word I give you is duty, duty to Illinois, duty to your God, duty to yourselves.

"To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

Court adjourned until ten o'clock Friday morning.

MR. LONGENECKER'S CLOSING ARGUMENT.

When court convened Friday morning, the State's Attorney began the closing argument in behalf of the prosecution — Mr. Mills, to whom this task had been assigned, having become indisposed. Mr. Longenecker began his remarks by saying that the defense did not disclose its theory until the three day's argument of Mr. Forrest revealed it to the jury, and that theory was what? asked Mr. Longenecker, who then answered his own question: "That there was a great conspiracy on the part of the people; that there was a conspiracy to hang innocent men; a conspiracy to murder these defendants under a guise of law." Mr. Longenecker then proceeded to combat this theory and show "how far men will go in trying to mislead a jury." He spent some time in establishing the rectitude of his professional character, and attacking Forrest and Foster for daring to assume

that the State had manufactured its testimony against the defendants. Mr. Longenecker proceeded to take up the various arguments made by the several counsel for the defense, and to point out their defects. He claimed that the State had given to the jury a complete chain of evidence, leading to the irresistible conclusion of the guilt of the defendants. He discussed the question of a reasonable doubt, and argued that the jury were not to go beyond the evidence to hunt up doubts, nor entertain such doubts as are merely chimerical or conjectural. Mr. Longenecker closed with the following peroration:

"Gentlemen, I am through; I promised you I would hurry up. I do not believe that if I were to talk from now till next June I would change your opinion one way or another. If you are settled to turn these men loose, you will do it; if you believe this evidence is not sufficient to convict them, why, of course, you will acquit them. But, I want to call your attention to your responsibility. Gentlemen, this is a serious matter; it has got down to business. I have been sitting here for weeks, and indisputed evidence that must lead your minds to the conclusion that Dr. Cronin was murdered, evidence that must lead to the conclusion that it was done by a conspiracy, evidence that must convince your minds that it was a cold-blooded murder, that it was planned in secret, that it was done with the coolness of those men who swung the men over the cliff—you must have come to the conclusion that if there ever was a

murder case in which the extreme penalty of the law was demanded at your hands by a verdict of that kind this is one. Remember that you are not here to acquit guilty men; you are not here to convict innocent men. Remember that we are here insisting that this evidence is so overwhelming that you, as honest men, under your oaths, cannot resist this volume of proof, and that it ought to convince you beyond a reasonable doubt that all five of these men are guilty of this crime."

JUDGE MCCONNELL'S INSTRUCTIONS TO THE JURY.

At the close of Mr. Longenecker's remarks the court instructed the jury as follows:

"The jury are judges of the law, as well as of the facts in this case, and if they can say, upon their oaths, that they know the law better than the court itself, they have the right to do so; but before assuming so solemn a responsibility they should be sure that they are not acting from caprice or prejudice, that they are not controlled by their will or wishes, but from a deep and confident conviction that the court is wrong and they are right. Before saying this upon their oaths, it is their duty to reflect, whether from their study and experience they are better qualified to judge of the law than the court. If, under all circumstances, they are prepared to say that the court is wrong in its exposition of the law, the statute has given them that light.

"In the language of the statute, murder is the unlawful killing of a human being in the peace of the

people, with malice aforethought, either expressed or implied. The unlawful killing may be perpetrated by poisoning, striking, starving, drowning, stabbing, shooting, or by any other of the various forms or means by which human nature may be overcome and death thereby occasioned. Express malice is that deliberate intention unlawfully to take away the life of a fellow creature, which is manifested by external circumstances capable of proof. Malice shall be implied when no considerable provocation appears, or when all the circumstances of the killing show an abandoned and malignant heart.

“Whoever is guilty of murder shall suffer the punishment of death or imprisonment in the penitentiary for his natural life, or for a term of not less than fourteen years. If the accused, or any of them, are found guilty by the jury the jury shall fix the punishment by their verdict.

“An accessory is he who stands by and aids, abets, or assists, or who, not being present, aiding, abetting, or assisting, hath advised, encouraged, aided, or abetted the perpetration of the crime. He who thus aids, abets, assists, advises, or encourages shall be considered as principal, and punished accordingly. Every such accessory, when a crime is committed within or without this State, by his aid or procurement in this State may be indicted and convicted at the same time as the principal, or before or after his conviction, and whether the principal is convicted or amendable to justice or not, and punished as principal.

“The manner or cause of death which is alleged in the indictment is an essential element of the charge against the defendants, and the law requires the prosecution to establish that averment to your satisfaction beyond reasonable doubt, as it is laid in the indictment, before a conviction of the defendants, or either of them, can lawfully be had. But whether or not the manner or cause of death was as laid in the indictment may be established by circumstantial evidence just as any other fact essential to conviction may be.”

The court then explained to the jury that the indictment was no evidence of the guilt of the defendants, and that the prisoners were presumed to be innocent until their guilt had been established to the satisfaction of the jury, beyond any reasonable doubt; that, if the jury could reconcile the facts in the case, with any reasonable theory consistent with the innocence of any or all of the defendants, it was their duty to do so, and to acquit such defendant or defendants. The jury should presume all witnesses to be credible, unless, in some way, to the satisfaction of the jury, they were impeached. The court cautioned the jury not to consider any evidence of any act, conduct or conversation occurring after the murder, against any defendant not a party to such act, conduct or conversation.

“Under the charge of conspiracy against any of the defendants to commit murder, it must be proven beyond every reasonable doubt that such defendant combined with one or more persons in the common purpose and with the common

design to murder the deceased, before you will be justified in believing that the conspiracy existed as charged against him. Although you may believe that the defendant Burke rented the Carlson cottage, and removed the furniture and other articles mentioned in evidence from No. 117 South Clark street to the said cottage, and although you may further believe that Dr. Cronin was murdered in the Carlson cottage, you are advised that these acts of the defendant Burke in themselves are insufficient to justify you in concluding that he was a party to the alleged conspiracy, unless it further appears beyond all reasonable doubt that such acts of the defendant Burke were deliberately and willfully intended by him to assist in the perpetration of the crime of murder.

" Although you may believe that Dinan's horse and buggy was used May 4 to take the doctor to his death, you are advised that the act of the defendant Coughlin in engaging such horse and buggy is insufficient to justify you in concluding that he was a party to the alleged conspiracy, unless it further appears beyond all reasonable doubt that such act of the defendant Coughlin was deliberately and willfully intended by him to assist in the perpetration of the crime of murder.

" Although you may believe that the contract between O'Sullivan and Dr. Cronin was used May 4 to decoy the doctor to his death, you are advised that the act of the defendant O'Sullivan, in making such contract of itself, is insufficient to justify you in concluding that he was a party to the alleged

conspiracy, unless it further appears, beyond all reasonable doubt, that such act of the defendant O'Sullivan was deliberately and willfully intended by him to assist in the perpetration of the crime of murder, or that he knowingly and corruptly consented to the use of said contract in accomplishing the alleged murder of the deceased.

" In considering the circumstance of the contract made between Patrick O'Sullivan and Dr. Cronin, you are not permitted by the law to take into account or draw any inference from the fact that the witnesses McGarry, Capt. Schaack, Mrs. T. T. Conklin, and others, testified that they expressed the opinion to Patrick O'Sullivan in conversing with him, that the said contract was unbusiness-like, unusual, strange, and suspicious; such opinions furnish you no warrant for concluding that the object and purpose of Patrick O'Sullivan in making the contract was illegal or criminal.

" If the jury believe from the evidence beyond a reasonable doubt, acting in the light of the entire charge of the court, that the defendants now on trial, or some of them, conspired together, or together and with others who were to the grand jurors unknown, to kill and murder Patrick Henry Cronin, and that one or more of the conspirators, in pursuance and furtherance of the conspiracy, did kill and murder the said Cronin in manner and form as charged in the indictment, then any or all of the defendants (if any) who so conspired are in law guilty of such murder, although they may not

have actually killed the said Cronin or been present at the time or place of the killing.

"The doubt which the juror is allowed to retain on his own mind, and under the influence of which he should frame a verdict of not guilty, must always be a reasonable one. A doubt produced by undue sensibility in the mind of any juror, in view of the consequence of his verdict, is not a reasonable doubt, and a juror is not allowed to create sources or material of doubt by resorting to trivial and fanciful suppositions and remote conjectures as to possible states of facts differing from that established by the evidence. You are not at liberty to disbelieve as jurors, if, from the evidence, you believe as men; your oath imposes no obligation to doubt where no doubt would exist if no oath had been administered.

"In this case the jury may, as in their judgment the evidence warrants, find any or all of the defendants guilty or any or all of them not guilty; and if, in their judgment, the evidence warrants, they may, in case they find the defendants, or any of them, guilty, fix the same penalty for all the defendants found guilty, or different penalties for the different defendants found guilty.

"And in case they find the defendants, or any of them, guilty of murder, they should fix the penalty either at death or at imprisonment for life in the penitentiary, or at imprisonment in the penitentiary for a term of any number of years not less than fourteen.

"And I want to say verbally to the jurors that if

you have taken any notes during the progress of the case they must not be used in the jury-room."

At the conclusion of the judge's charges five bailiffs were sworn in the usual form to take charge of the jury, and the latter retired to consider their verdict

AT LAST THE VERDICT.

After three days' deliberation the jury, at 2:30 o'clock Monday afternoon, December 16, returned into open court and rendered their verdict as follows: Daniel Coughlin, Martin Burke, Patrick O'Sullivan and John Kunze, guilty; John F. Beggs, not guilty. The punishment of Coughlin, Burke and O'Sullivan was fixed at life imprisonment, and Kunze at imprisonment for three years, and thus ends the great Cronin mystery. The trial, whose ghastly details for more than three months past have excited a morbid interest in the minds of English-speaking people throughout the world, has now become one of those *causes célèbres* that will always be referred to whenever the great criminal trials of the world are cited, not only on account of its significance in the matter of revealing to the world the dangers which threaten the stability of established institutions, and the proper administration of justice among men, through the existence of secretly organized oath-bound tribunals, but also on account of the further important fact it reveals, *i. e.*, the sufficiency of the self-governed American people to successfully cope with the most formidable enemy to the peace and permanence of their free institu-

tions. It was the longest criminal trial that has ever occurred in this country, consuming something over a hundred and ten days. It required nearly seven weeks to secure a jury. The selection of the jury began August 30th, and was completed October 22d. One thousand and ninety-one men were summoned by special venire, and twenty-four from the regular venire—in all, one thousand one hundred and fifteen. Of these, nine hundred were examined and excused by the lawyers for cause, and one hundred and seventy-five were excused peremptorily, the prosecution excusing thus seventy-eight, and the defense ninety-seven. The actual trial—the hearing of testimony—was begun October 24th, and closed Friday, November 29th. Then followed the arguments of counsel and the court's charge to the jury. At 4 o'clock Friday afternoon, December 13th, the jury retired to consider their verdict, and returned the same into court as above related.

The trial throughout was of absorbing interest to hundreds of thousands of people, and the newspapers of Chicago exhibited remarkable enterprise in promptly gathering and reporting all the essential features of the trial. The *Herald*, at an enormous expense, engaged a special force of the best shorthand writers that could be employed in Chicago, superintended by John W. Postgate, the well-known writer and reporter, to prepare the detailed proceedings for its columns. Through this independent enterprise of the *Herald*, that paper was able to give to its readers an accurate

account of the trial in narrative form, which was at once intelligible and pleasing.

It is very much owing to the newspapers that the great trial was carried through to its proper determination. They dragged into daylight all the midnight plottings of the prisoner's friends, and brought to naught the wicked endeavors of those who sought, through the corruption of jurors, to obstruct the due administration of justice in the tribunal of the people.

THE END.





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